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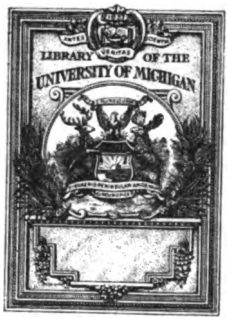
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FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XIX AUGUST, 1912. No. 1

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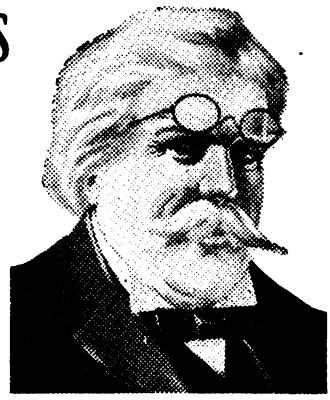
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A Magazine of the Times devoted to
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VOL. XIX. AUGUST—1912. No. 1

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Poems, Items of Interest, etc.

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A Magazine of the Times devoted to
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VOL. XIX. SEPTEMBER—1912. No. 2

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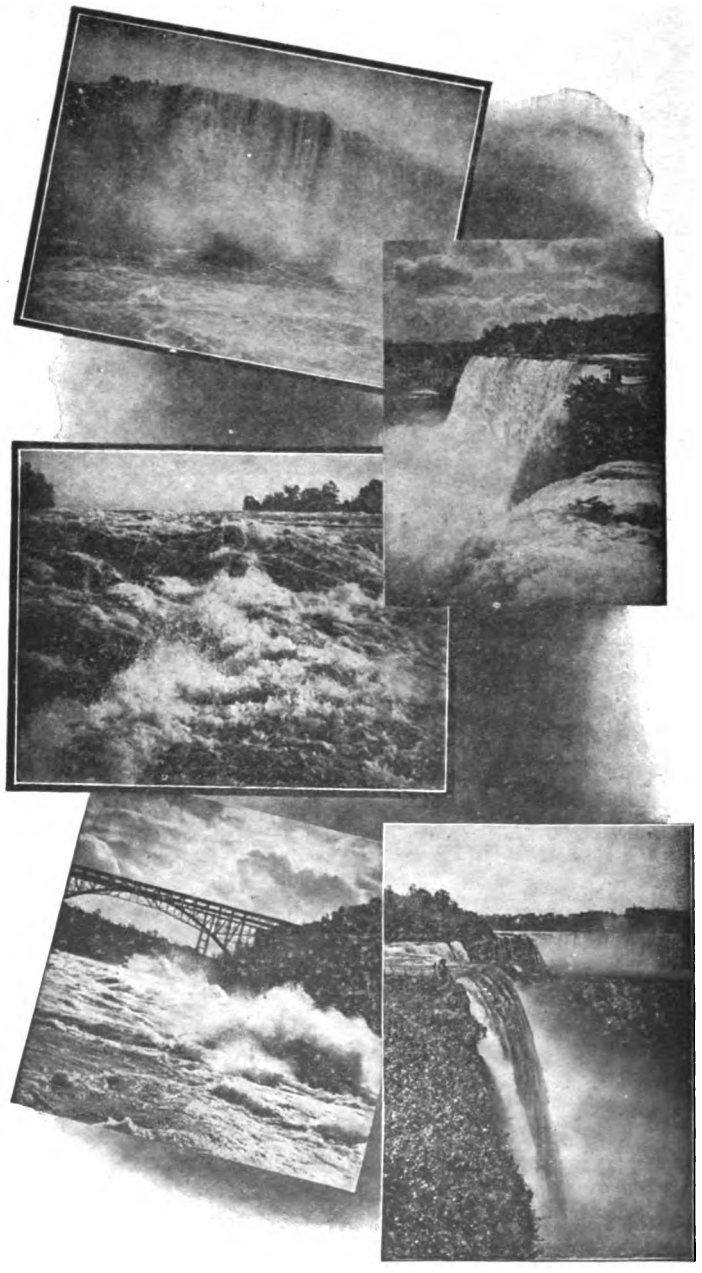
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ONE OF THE MANY WONDERS OF AMERICA



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THE CONSERVATION OF LABOR

THE NEW WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION AND LIABILITY LAW; WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT MAY BE CARRIED OUT.

by GEORGE L. BRAUN

Johnson's horrible shriek of agony, as he was caught in the fast moving machinery startled every workman in the room. The foreman was the quickest to act. "Throw off the belt," he shouted and with a bound he clutched the safety brake and threw it over to one side. Almost instantly, the machinery stopped. Friendly hands gently released the crushed and mangled arm of their fellow workman and carried him to a pile of blankets. A doctor was immediately summoned, the ambulance soon arrived and Johnson was taken to the hospital. Within an hour he was minus an arm. Three months afterward, he was looking for a job so as to earn sufficient to pay his doctor's bill and hospital care, as well as support his family. During all the time he was laid up his dependent family were almost destitute. Their income had been automatically cut off with Johnson's accident. Appeals to the hard hearted employer brought forth nothing but a scanty sum, grudgingly given. Threats of a law suit were laughed at by the employer who told him to go ahead. "You knew what the risks were," he stated, "and if your fellow workers were negligent and careless, why that is your fault and not mine." And sad to relate, the law proved to be so. Food had to be obtained from the poor commission; even his wife had to take in washing!

Johnson's case is only one of hundreds of thousands that happen every year. Labor, the principal asset of our manufacturing life, was being destroyed at a rate that was alarming—and with almost no effort, except in the past few years, to conserve it. The problem was one so great as to engage the best minds of the country. How to prevent accidents was the first thought; safety appliances and educating workers to the dangers of their occupation was the answer. How to properly take care of the injured so as to conserve this great working asset of our nation, and minimize suffering and poverty of their families is to a large extent, answered by the Workmen's Compensation and Liability law, which becomes effective in Michigan September 1st. Inasmuch as this act is the result of united efforts on the part of both employer and employes, it is fair to assume that the law is equitable and just and furthermore assures a fair and reasonable trial of its operations.

Some months ago, a man was employed to clear off snow from the roof of a large building in a city in the western part of the state. He fell through the skylight and was so badly injured that he became permanently disabled. A suit for damages was begun against the company. The injured man lost his case on the grounds that he knew it was risky and therefore he and nobody else should be held responsible for any accident that might occur. The man and his family now destitute.

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will probably remain a charge on the poor commission of the county. Under the terms of the new law, this defense of the employer known as the assumption of risk, is swept aside. Had the new law been in effect, that man or his dependents would have received from his employer, a sum of $7.50 per week for 500 weeks. That is only one way the law will operate.

Reading in part from a report of a commission to investigate industrial accidents, we learn that the Michigan Commission to investigate and report as to employers' liability and workmen's compensation was created by Act 245 of the Public Acts of 1911. It assumed that its creation resulted from a wide dissatisfaction with the present system of employers' liability for negligence as to employes. It directed its investigation, as the report will indicate, to an inquiry into the facts in connection with the number of industrial accidents, the extent of the damage suffered by reason thereof, and responsibility therefor, and the financial compensation which the injured receives. The result of this injury cannot be understood without a brief and general statement of the present system of employers' liability as defined by the statutes and the decisions of our courts.

THE OLD SYSTEM OF EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

This system known as employers' liability at common law, is based upon a showing of the employers' negligence. The law has imposed upon the employer, or master, certain duties, and holds him liable to the employe for any accident which may occur by reason of the master's failure to perform any of these duties. Failure to perform these duties is deemed negligence. It may in general be said that the employer is required to furnish an ordinarilyy safe place in which the employe may wark; to provide ordinarily safe machinery; to inform his workmen of the dangers of their work; to select competent servants; not to engage his servants or workmen in a different kind of work than that which they are employed to perform; and to provide reasonable inspection of his machinery and the place of work of his servant. If the employer violates any of these duties, and from such violation injury results to the workman the workman can recover in an action of law in the courts, and secure damages for such negligence, if he has established that he, on his part, has not violated his duties. The workman's duties are, briefly, that he should obey the orders of the employer, perform his work without negligence, inform the employer of defects he may discover in his work, machinery, place of work, and as to the incompetency of his fellow workmen.

In the application of these rules which govern the employer's duties, and define the duty of the workman, there have arisen three main defenses which have been known as, first, the defence of *assumed risk;* second the *fellow-servant doctrine,* and third, *contributory negligence.* These three defences have been the subject of much criticism, and the discussion that has arisen concerning them plays an important part in the agitation for a change in the system of employers' liability.

DOCTRINE OF ASSUMED RISK.

Under the doctrine of assumed risk, an employe is held to assume and consent to the ordinary and obvious risk incident to his employment, and if he is injured thereby, as a result of these risks, he cannot recover.

It has been argued in this respect that the employe practically cannot refuse to work at a hazardous task, and is thus compelled to assume the risk. The Michigan courts have not applied this rule with as much rigor as have some other courts. They have held than an employe assumes no risk which he is incapable of appreciating, and that where there is a doubt as to the safety of the machinery, the employe can rely upon the assurance of the master. But, nevertheless, earnest criticism has been made of the doctrine as inapplicable to present conditions when workmen are not entirely free to select their employment.

THE FELLOW SERVANT DOCTRINE.

The rule known as the fellow-servant doctrine bars a recovery in an action of negligence when the employe has been injured through the negligence of a fellow servant. This doctrine is of a

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comparatively modern development, and was first announced in 1837. It is closely related to the theory that the servant assumes the risks of his employment. It has been accepted by all courts, sometimes on the theory that servants should co-operate for their own safety, sometimes on the theory that they jointly undertake that they are responsible to the master for each other's acts, and again on the theory that there is an implied contract to assume the risks attendant upon the employment of the other servants.

This fellow-servant rule has been criticized severely as an unjustifiable exception to the rule that the master or employer is responsible for the acts of each of his servants in the course of their employment. The chief difficulty as to this doctrine seems to be in its application rather than in the doctrine itself. The courts have radically disagreed as to what is a common employment, and as trades and employments have multiplied, an increasing difficulty has been found in the task of properly classifying the workmen.

It has, however, been insisted that this rule should be restricted to cases where an accident results from the act of the fellow servant who, at the time of the injury, was directly co-operating with the injured workman, in the particular work or business in hand, or where their duties brought them into habitual association so that they may exercise an influence upon each other promotive of proper caution.

The Michigan courts have held that the character of the work determine the character of the servant, and that whenever the duty of inspection is placed upon a servant, he is a representative of the master, and so not a fellow-servant in that particular work. In short, whenever the servant exerts the power of the master in the particular work in which he is engaged, he ceases to be a fellow servant, and therefore, the servant, his fellow, who may be injured, is not denied recovery because of the first servant's negligence. Even with this modification, the rule has aroused much opposition.

CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE.

As has already been stated, the workman must show before he can recover, that he, on his part, was not negligent. The Supreme Court of Michigan once said that this rule fails to produce justice. Some other states have inforced the same rule, but in the courts of the United States, it is otherwise, and the defendant must show that the plaintiff has been guilty of negligence. Our own court has modified the rule when the manner and circumstances of the accident themselves raise a presumption that it could only have occurred through the defendant's negligence (res ipsa loquitur.)

The doctrine of contributory negligence is severely criticized, and it has been urged that the admiralty rule of a division of damages where there is negligence proven as to both parties should be substituted. Still others insist earnestly that the question of contributory negligence should always be left as a question of fact for the jury to determine. The practicability of such a solution is, on the other hand, questioned, since if the negligence of the plaintiff was in each instance to be left to the jury, a verdict for the defendant would undoubtedly be extremely rare. The Michigan rule permits recovery even where contributory negligence is shown, if the employer's negligence is wanton or wilful. The comparative negligence rule which permits the plaintiff to recover even when guilty of some negligence is the rule in the State of Illinois and has many supporters.

RULE OF DAMAGES.

In general, the amount of damages in a given case is fixed by the jury at an amount which in its opinion will fairly compensate the injured for the injuries sustained. The law of Michigan, however, is unique in one respect. The right of action for damages in case of death is given by two statutes, and does not exist otherwise. One of these statutes is called the Death Act, and was placed upon the statute books of the state in 1848. This statute applies where death is instantaneous. The right of action vests immediately in those who have suffered pecuniary loss by reason of the death, and permits the jury to give such damages as they "deem fair and just with reference to the pecuniary

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injury resulting from such death to those persons who may be entitled to such damages when recovered."

The second statute is called the Survival Act. It became a part of the law in 1838, but did not cover negligent injuries until 1885. It applies where death is not instantaneous. It gives a right of action to representatives of the decedent, irrespective of whether he left dependents or not. If any interval intervenes between the accident and the death of the injured, the right of action vests then in the injured and upon his death descends to his representatives for the benefit of his estate, and a recovery may be had without reference to the dependence of his family or heirs for an amount which may equal what the deceased would probably have earned during the remainder of his lifetime, without any deduction for what it would have cost him to live, or what he might have spent in the course of his lifetime.

After a thorough inquiry as to whether or not there occurred during the course of industry in the State of Michigan industrial accidents to a number that would justify or demand any legislation of the character proposed, it was determined by the commission that the industrial accidents of Michigan were sufficient in number to justify remedial legislation. The Workmen's Compensation and Liability Law is the outcome.

THE LAW.

Taking effect September 1, 1912, the employers' liability act provides compensation for the accidental injury to or death of employes of Michigan corporations, the amount being on a sliding scale proportionate to the wages of that employe. Employers have the right to elect whether they will become subjects to the provisions of the act.

Assuming that a Michigan workman or workwoman receives an average weekly wage of $15, the state puts this value on various parts of their anatomy for the purpose of carrying out the new compensation law:

Thumb	$ 450.00
Index finger	262.50
Second finger	225.00
Third finger	150.00
Little finger	112.50
Big toe	225.00
Other toes (each)	75.00
Hand	1,125.00
Arm	1,500.00
Foot	937.50
Leg	1,312.50
Eye	750.00
Both eyes	3,750.00
Both hands	3,750.00
Both arms	3,750.00
Both feet	3,150.00
Both legs	3,750.00
Life	2,750.00

In case of death those dependent on the victim receive the regular weekly amount for not more than 300 weeks. In case there is no dependent on the victim, funeral expenses up to $200 are paid.

No compensation is paid unless the injury incapacitates an employe for at least two weeks. Medical services and medicine are furnished for the first three weeks. Arrangement is made for substituting a lump sum for the weekly compensation, based on the weekly rate.

BOARD TO SUPERVISE OPERATION.

Employers are allowed to pay more than the amount fixed in the schedule with the bill, but may not pay less.

An industrial accident board, consisting of three members to be appointed by the governor for two years each at a salary of $5,000 a year, is provided to supervise the working of the law. It will hear all disputes arising from the working of the law and if necessary to arbitrate differences, one member will act as chairman of a board of arbitrators with a member selected by each of the other parties. These other members will receive $5 a day. A secretary for the commission at $2,500 is provided and extra clerical help may be employed.

Household servants and farm laborers are excluded from the benefits of the law. Persons employed by the state or any branch of the government of the divisions of the states and of public service corporations are included.

In case of accident negligence is not considered a defense for the employer, unless the negligence was wilful. Negligence of a fellow employe and the argument that the employe had assumed all

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risks, waiving his rights to compensation under the act, also are barred as defenses.

No payment under the act is assignable or subject to attachment or garnishment. In case of insolvency of employer, the liability claim will constitute a first lien.

FOUR METHODS OF PAYING.

When an employe files his election to become subject to the provisions of the act, he specifies one of four methods of paying. Paying directly from his own treasury; insuring against such liability in an employers' liability company; or an insurance association; letting the commissioner of insurance assume the administration of the disbursement. Insurance and liability companies must fix their policies to agree with the new act.

Liability for compensation will not be reduced or affected by any insurance, contribution or other benefit, due to or received by the person entitled to such compensation, and the person so entitled will, irrespective of any insurance or other contract, have the right to recover the same directly from the employer; and in addition the right to enforce in his own name in the manner provided in this act the liability of any insurance company or of any employers' association organized under the laws of Michigan, or the commissioner of insurance, who may, in whole or in part, have insured the liability for such compensation: Provided, however, that payment in whole or in part of such compensation by either the employer, or the insurance company carrying such risk, or the commissioner of insurance, as the case may be, shall, to the extent thereof be a bar to recovery against the other, of the amount so paid.

Where injury results in partial incapacitation, the injured employe receives half his average weekly wage for no longer than 300 weeks, providing, as in all cases, that the minimum be $4 a week and the maximum $10. In case of loss of a member the term of disability is deemed to continue for a specified period. This period in the case of loss of a thumb is 60 weeks; first finger, 35 weeks; second finger, 30 weeks; fourth finger, 15 weeks; first phalange finger, 15 weeks; first phal lange of a thumb, finger or toe, equal to loss of half the member; loss of more than one phalange is considered equal to the loss of entire member; great toe, 30 weeks; other toe, 10 weeks; hand, 150 weeks; arm, 200 weeks; foot, 125 weeks leg, 175 weeks; eye, 100 weeks.

Average weekly wage is defined as one-fifty-second of the average annual earnings of the employe. Where the victim has not worked for the company a year the yearly salary is computed at 300 times the average daily wage.

An employe who attempts to circumvent the provisions of the act forfeits his right to benefit by it.

Appeal from the findings of the industrial board may be to the supreme court.

An injured employe is required to make a claim for compensation within three months of the injury. Provision is made against protest against such a claim on the technical ground of wrong information given in the report.

The state will sue for the money when an injured person is unable to recover.

While workmen's compensation and liability protection is new in this country, it has been in use in nearly every country in Europe. Great satisfaction has resulted to both employer and employe wherever this system has prevailed. Mr. Ferd. C. Schwedtman who was chairman of the committee appointed by the National Association of Manufacturers, to investigate conditions in Europe, is most enthusiastic in praise of the results accomplished. While in general, the laws in Europe are similar to the Michigan, Illinois and other state laws, one striking difference is noted in the source of the income to pay these liabilities. In Europe, it may be said in general, the state, the employer, and the employe pay in different proportions; in Michigan, however, the entire burden of this great expense must fall on the employer. He alone must foot the bills. When it is known that cost of insurance under this new law is, on the average, 500 per cent. greater than under the old liability table rates, the importance of this act is clearly recognized. To particularize, one large enterprise in Detroit paid $6,500 last year;

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under the new rates, the premiums will amount to $45,000 at least. How is this added burden to be met and how is he to operate at the lowest net cost, are naturally questions of keen interest to him. Somebody must pay this additional expense and somebody who knows how, must look after the injured and assume all the many details in connection therewith.

HOW COST WILL PROBABLY BE MET.

Fire and other kinds of insurance protection are generally recognized as belonging to overhead charges and naturally are included in the cost of production. Advices received from a number of manufacturers in the state clearly indicate that the cost of workmen's compensation and liability is to be included in this overhead expense. This means a slight increase in the cost of goods.

HOW PROTECTION MAY BE CARRIED.

How to carry this insurance, however, is a greater problem. The law offers four methods. First, an employer may carry his own insurance providing he can convince the Industrial Commission of his solvency. As this clause was included at the request of large railroads and one or two large industrial concerns already equipped in this respect, it seems unlikely that permission to carry their own insurance will be given to any execpt these large institutions with fixed and permanent income. And this is wise, because a solvent business firm may earn 50 per cent. this year and be insolvent two years hence. Few concerns, it may be noted, carry their own fire insurance.

The second proviso allows the State charge of these cases at the request of any employer. The serious weakness in this method, while otherwise good is the fear of politicians running it for their own good and having no limit to their expenses. It smacks of paternalism.

The mutual or co-operative feature is temporarily quite popular with business institutions associated in similar lines of endeavor. At first thought this mutual plan seems to offer the best means to obtain safe protection at lowest rates of cost. Efforts to induce association of employers to carry their own protection have made slight progress in Grand Rapids and Detroit. A number of weak points are so plainly revealed in this system that employers are moving cautiously. The Detroit Employers' Association, generally conceded to be one of the strongest and most conservative in the United States have not fallen over themselves to recommend the mutual plan and until it does so, it is wisdom to hold off and go slow. "As only 8½ per cent. of mutual companies have been successful in the past," remarked an insurance expert to a promoter of a mutual company, "you will find in the beginning that the odds are too great for you to progress with much degree of success." The expert knew.

A mutual company means partnership with equal voice to the employer having ten men or the employer with 1,000 on the pay roll. How long will the "little" fellow stand for the losess of his "big" neighbor? How long will the "big" fellow permit the "little" fellow to have an equal voice in matters in which the "little" fellow's interest is equal to about one-hundredth of the "big" neighbor? If partnerships are the best forms of associations, why, it may be argued, is it that even with "little" fellows, this form of co-operation has invariably given way to stock corporation in which a man's interest in the corporation is measured by the amount of stock he owns or controls. The conclusion must be that a partnership or mutual association is not and cannot be perfectly equitable and fair to each member. Sooner or later, trouble results. Someone will think he is getting too little for all he is contributing. The result will be dissatisfaction, disunion and disruption. At least it so proved with 92 per cent. of mutual companies.

The fourth and last option of the employer is to transfer the risks to a stock liability company approved by the Insurance Commisisoner. Up to the passage of the new law, this method of handling liability cases was the usual plan in operation. All an employer had to do in case of an accident to an employe was to notify the company, which in turn, settled with the injured party. Although this plan relieved the employer

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of further liability, nevertheless as a result of hard bargain driving on the part of the liability corporation, much bad feeling was aroused causing dissention and trouble between employer and employe. Then, too, it was believed that rates were too high. Agents were paid extra large commissions and other unusual expenses were added to the actual cost of the risk, all of which eventually had to be borne by the employer. An insurance expert who is engaged at the present time in organizing a stock insurance company to operate in Michigan under the new law claims that one old company paid 48 cents to get one dollar in premiums! This gentleman assures the writer that under certain plans prepared by him, the cost of getting new business will be less than eight cents on the dollar. This man is recognized as one of the best insurance experts in Michigan so that his claim must be given consideration.

However, all insurance companies don't pay 48 cents to get one dollar in premiums and furthermore all companies are not without souls. Then, too, the new law is specific as to the amounts to be paid so that little friction is likely to arise in the future because settlements for injuries sustained.

The operations of this law ought to tend to closer and more intimate relations between capital and labor. The employer is pleased with the law and the employe is entirely satisfied. Out of that mutual feeling of satisfaction should result good will—an asset earnestly desired by every employer of labor. Can it be that the end of labor disputes is in sight and that the beginning lies in the thorough trial of this new order of things? Let us sincerely hope so.



If We Understood.

Could we but draw back the curtains
  That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
  Purer than we think we would;
We should love each other better,
  If we only understood.

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
  If we only understood.

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Good Bye, Bill, Good Luck

An appreciation of "Wild Bill" Donovan, the famous pitcher of the Detroit Tigers, published in the Detroit Evening News. We seldom republish articles from the daily press, but our readers will no doubt agree with us that the following is worthy of recognition in any publication.—EDITOR.

Good-bye, Bill.

This town will be darker when it loses the glow of your effulgent smile. You've been here so many years, Bill, that we looked on you and that grin as one of our institutions. We who knew you as a man with an arm of steel and a heart of oak, just kind o' hate to see you go. We get thinking back to the days when a tip would be feverishly passed out that "Donovan is to pitch" and we'd rush out to the park pell mell. You were the idol of the fans in these days, Bill, and it is a remarkable tribute to you, that with your passing as a pitcher you still retain that love of the base ball public.

We remember, Bill, when you first came to the city, a lean, smiling giant from Brooklyn. What speed you had, Bill! How you mowed them down! And, Bill, what rotten support you got! We remember how you lost game after game, though you held the opposition to one, two and three hits. But you never quit, Bill; you gave them the best that was in you.

We remember, Bill, those sensational pitching duels with Rube Waddell, then at his best. It was enough to announce that you and the Rube were going to battle—the park would be filled. And we remember how after the passing of the lean years you stepped forward to get your just reward in 1907—when you set a world mark as a winning pitcher.

What a year that was! Hey, Bill? Remember that 17 innings fight in Philadelphia that year—the game that broke the spirit of the Athletics and sent the Tigers on to the flood tide of victory? We do. We recall now how you stood in the breach that day in the gloom of early evening with your smile as wide as ever, encouraging the boys to keep at it.

"Give me a one run lead, boys," you kept saying, "just one run, and they'll never beat us."

We remember the excitement, too, when you landed on Monte Cross' jaw when Silk O'Loughlin had his back turned. It was funny, Bill, to see Monte sprawling on the ground with 30,000 wild-eyed fans roaring for your life blood. And there you stood smiling and serene. Poor Claud Rossman! Silk thought it was he who hit Cross and he fired him from the game.

And, Bill, we remember how you pitched the next year. Remember that wonderful game you pitched against St. Louis that Saturday afternoon in August, the game that started the Tigers on their winning streak to the pennant? Bill, we've watched base ball since early childhood and we've seen the best there is in action, but never did man pitch as you did on that day.

And, Bill, we remember that day in Chicago, the last day of the league season when the three teams—Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit—practically tied for first place, you were the man of the hour for us. Remember how telegrams, letters and telephone messages poured into the hotel for you that night?

"Detroit depends on you, Bill," was the gist of them all.

And we who were on the inside remember, Bill, the tragedy of that night. You were there with your smile, telling the boys that you never felt better—and they believed you. They did not know, Bill, of how you writhed in agony from rheumatism all that night with Trainer Tuthill and two rubbers working over you, Bill. They were kneading your pain-racked body into shape for a battle that meant the American league pennant. And by morning they had you in pretty good shape. You slept a few hours and then told the Tigers that you could win in a walk. You were working on your

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nerve alone, Bill, but you didn't want the boys to know for fear it would affect their playing.

And well do we remember the game, Bill. We remember how once you got warmed up, big Ira Thomas staggered every time that ball shot into his big mitt, so terrific was your speed. We can see you now with your ever present grin, holding the fighting clan of Comiskey at bay while the famous old Tiger scoring machine drove "Big Ed" Walsh from the box and declared themselves champions of the league.

And we remember that night while the rest of the boys were making merry you sat alone, a man sickened by pain, but still happy.

And now you're going to leave us, Bill. Your arm may not be as strong as it was, but your eye is as clear, your wonderful old noodle is working as well and your heart is as stout as ever.

You can bet, Bill, we'll remember you, not only for your deeds on the diamond but as a man, gentle, kindly, thoughtful of others and full of the humor that goes to make up a true Irishman.

Good-bye, Bill—and good luck.



The Fruit That Never Fails.

Though crops may fail from year to your
And leave us very sad,
There is one fruit, it doth appear,
That's always to be had.
In apples, peaches and in pears
A shortage may be found,
But constantly in lifes' affairs
The lemon's passed around.

It greets the simple sighing swain,
It scares the soldier bold.
It bids the statesman oft complain
And in finance 'tis sold.
Though drought and bug may prowl about
This sturdy fruit prevails;
'Tis always freely passed about;
The lemon never fails.

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What Shall It Profit a Man

by HUGH MOLLESON FOSTER

"A gentleman for you, sir,—Mr. Lawton." There was no answer.

John Heartstone did not look up from his desk. He gave no sign of hearing and his words sounded as if they were clicked out by some sharp steel mechanism. "Well, show him in. Don't stay there, swinging on that door like a monkey on a trapeze. Haven't you got anything to do? I guess I'll have to see about your pay." Mr. Heartstone looked up and the office-boy jumped. "Well, what are you waiting for? Didn't I tell you to show Mr. Lawton in? No, don't show him in. Let him sit there for half an hour. Tell him I've got the head of the United Railroads with me now and the President and the Secretary of State are waiting outside and I expect the Emperor of Germany in fifteen minutes. Tell him—O, tell him anything, but keep him waiting half an hour and then bring him in. Understand that? Now go."

The door-catch clicked behind the boy and John Heartstone leaned back in his chair. He put his hands together, finger-tip to finger-tip, and smiled, but it was a smile that chased the sunlight out the window and made the walls harden as they looked down on him.

He had heard much about Lawton. It was five years ago that he had first met him and he had heard about him for years before that, and the more he had heard the more he had wanted to get at him. All the little men he had beaten said that when he got to Lawton he'd find his boss. Well, it didn't seem to be turning out that way. He opened the lower drawer and took out a file of papers and began turning over page after page. No, he couldn't find anything wrong. The letters from his secret agents among the employees in Lawton's private office only confirmed what he already knew, so he really didn't need them—except perhaps for confirmation. Lawton had lately bought a place on the Sound and was spending too much time with his wife and children. Domesticity was all very well, but it should never be allowed to interfere with business. Mr. Heartstone forbade his wife to call him up during business hours and he gave himself only just so many minutes a day to see his children and kiss them good-night. Yes, undoubtedly Lawton had been neglecting business. He was either too sure or not sure enough. Either was a good sign for him, Heartstone. Now he controlled the situation and Lawton could do nothing. Any way, Lawton might as well come in.

The door swung open and Mr. Lawton entered with his head high. He was always as punctilious about his clothes as Mr. Heartstone was slovenly.

"Sit down, Mr. Lawton. You don't have to stand up. Take a cigar."

"Thanks. Mr. Heartstone, I've been thinking over the situation and if I go on with this fight, it'll be hard enough on the jobbers but it'll practically annihilate the small retailers."

"You should have thought of that before, Mr. Lawton." He sneered out "Mr. Lawton" in a way to make each repetition sound like a new opprobrious epithet, till his own name sounded to Lawton like an insult. It's a little late for sentiment now, Mr. Lawton."

"I heard he was hard—he's called 'Old Stone-heart'—but I didn't believe he was as hard as that," Lawton said to himself. Aloud he added, "O, very well, if that's the way you feel about it. I don't like to brag, but of course you know something of my reputation. I never undertake what I don't carry through. I shall prosecute my campaign to extermination if necessary. Remember that. What I have done to other men I can do to you."

"Let's not have so much talk about 'I's,' Mr. Lawton. The end's time enough for that. You may find then that the Nays have it, and that might make you feel uncomfortable."

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"Well, then, what have you to propose?"

"Propose? I haven't anything to propose. I didn't go to you—you have come to me, Mr. Lawton. If you expect me to make any proposition, you're wasting your time; and no proposition that you can make, except absolute surrender, will interest me. If you are ready this afternoon to sell all your plants at my figure and will deliver the certificates of what stock you have left, I will talk; otherwise you don't interest me. If you have come here with a boy's idea that you can force my hand, I won't detain you any longer. I'm rather a busy man and you'll excuse my saying so, Mr. Lawton, but this is a busy afternoon."

"Well, of course you have the money. I admit that; but you——"

"Money! In this business I control seventy per cent. of the country, I own the majority of stock in every one of my own companies and in the last six months, through dummies, I've bought out the stockholders in every single one of your companies. When have you called a stockholders' meeting, Mr. Lawton? I have the date right here and a copy of the minutes. Don't you think you might have kept yourself a little better informed if you had had a meeting or two since then, Mr. Lawton?"

"What I was going to say, when you interrupted, was that I think perhaps you don't make due allowance for public opinion."

"Public opinion be damned."

"Come, come, Mr. Heartstone, you don't hold yourself superior to public opinion. No man can afford to do that now-a-days."

"I didn't say I was superior to anything, and I don't care a toss about superiority any way. I'm doing business, I'm not giving a show for the public."

"You mean you don't give the public a show," thought Lawton. "Very well, then," he said as he got up, "there's one thing I can do. Perhaps you've overlooked it and I'll——"

"There's nothing I've overlooked, Mr. Lawton. You've been getting to your office a little late, Mr. Lawton, and you've been leaving a little early. You looked rather worried yesterday afternoon in the Cafe Savarin when you were talking to Joe Harson. You took a few more drinks than usual and you told a little more to Harson than I thought wise, and I didn't feel exactly flattered by what you called me. It's better to wait for that sort of thing till the game is over. Don't you think you're a little premature? You see I keep myself informed, Mr. Lawton."

"God what doesn't this man know," thought Lawton as he sat down. "I suppose he keeps the statistics of the number of times a man kisses his wife. Well, then, Mr. Heartstone," he added aloud, "perhaps we can come to some settlement."

"Don't try to compromise, Mr. Lawton. The man who first mentions compromise only shows his own weakness. You don't need to show me the weakness of your position, because really I know more about even that than you do."

"I'll be frank with you, Mr. Heartstone. I'll give up the Atlantic States and keep to New England. That's fair, isn't it? That's little enough, and I'll——"

"Now you've made a worse mistake, Mr. Lawton. If you'd asked me for concessions first, that would have been bad enough; but to offer to give up and before you've had anything from me,—that's too bad."

"Now you begin to interest me, Mr. Lawton. No, I think I've changed my mind now. I can put you out of business without buying anything more from you, and it won't take years, Mr. Lawton. From all I've heard of you I expected to find you much stronger, so I'm a little disappointed. I always like to get some excitement out of the game, but as it is now, it's hardly worth it. Still, I like to keep you just where I want you, and that's where I've got you now. No, you don't interest me as much as I had hoped, but you amuse me,—yes, you're amusing, Mr. Lawton."

Lawton went red and then white. He got up and sat down. A paper cutter dropped from his hand. He stared at it, lying on the rug and obliterating three cloisoner scrolls of the pattern, and envied it for being inanimate. It was strong and clean and white and sharp. It didn't care whether the rug liked to be lain on or not. It was

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straight and stiff, it couldn't bend for anybody or anything. It was a class above jack-knives—they could be shut up and put in your pocket. Its only business in life was to cut paper and it did that perfectly. Any mis-cut was the fault of the hand that directed it. It wasn't yanked out of sleep at night, with fears of the future; it didn't stagger at the end of the day, weary with worry of the past; it didn't even have to think and it didn't care about anything or anybody. He found himself beginning vaguely to wonder if it had a wife and little ivory book-markers who might grow up to be successful cutters or perhaps big blade erasers and be held by the hand of the President.

He came to and found himself in Mr. Heartstone's private office. He was in a chair opposite and across the desk from the big man, and he felt Mr. Heartstone looking at his eyes. He collapsed in his chair and his elbows fell on the desk and his head in his hands. "Well, I might as well let it out," he moaned. "Yes, Mr. Heartstone, you've got the money, you've got the following, you've got the ability. You've got everything and I've got nothing. I *am* nothing—I'm done. Go ahead—you can do what you like. Don't call a meeting of my own stockholders and make them ask for my resignation. Let me call the meeting and hand in my resignation. Let me resign, Mr. Heartstone, don't fire me—please don't fire me." Lawton's mouth worked and his fingers twitched.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Mr. Lawton. You're nervous. You can resign any way you like if you do it within ten days. I don't want the show of power—all I want is the power. Anybody can have the show that wants it."

"Nervous? I'm not nervous," whispered Lawton. "I'm—O, I don't know what I am. Mr. Heartstone, you don't know what I've been through. The doctor says I'm—he says I can't go on. I'm—he's—I can't sleep—I can't think—I can only walk. I've got to walk—at night—all night across fields and over stone walls and up rocks and—and—I don't know what." Lawton got up and unconsciously began pacing the room. When he discovered himself he sat down and was ashamed.

"Well, walk," sneered Mr. Heartstone. I've—you've—no, I mean—anyway, there's one thing, Mr. Heartstone, —I know the business. I've worked up from the bottom and you've only bought your way in. I was brought up in Meadesville, I know every bolt and nut in the place. Can't you make me superintendent of Meadesville or assistant or anything? I'll take less than my salary, I'll take half—I'll take anything. Mr. Heartstone, it's my wife and children—and they—I mean I—but it's my fault. The little one's sick and I—O, Mr. Heartstone, I want a job—I'll do anything." His voice sounded as if he was about to go down on his knees.

"Sorry I haven't anything for you, Mr. Lawton. If you'll give your application to my clerk he'll keep it on file and let you know if anything turns up."

"Next month, Mr. Heartstone?—six months?—a year?"

"No time. I can't tell you any special time. You'll be notified if we want you. Now that'll do, Mr. Lawton. I'm sorry but I'm busy this afternoon and you've taken about an hour of my time already coming to your point. There's the door. No, don't come again. I can't have you hanging around here. You take up time and space, Mr. Lawton." He rang the bell and turned to the work on his desk.

Lawton slumped in a heap. He felt that he had debased himself. He thought over his behavior and the memory felt like a cold plunge, but the shock stirred his blood. He straightened up and became again a man. Half way to the door he stopped and turned round and delivered himself at Mr. Heartstone, bent over his desk.

"In the name of God, what are you, old Stone-heart?" he called out. "Yes, I asked you for a job—but I wouldn't take the biggest thing you could offer. Keep your money—there's nothing else to you—you've got nothing else to keep. Yes, I once believed as you do—I thought money was the whole thing, too; but thank God, I've found I was wrong. Yes, thank God I'm down and out. Any way, I'm cleaner now. Why, you damned old fool, you! you're worse than a habitual drunkard, because he's sometimes sober. You're worse than a professional thief, because you rob men of hope. You're worse than an old-time

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tyrant—with your damnable modern methods you can ruin thousands where he killed one. O, there's a day of reckoning coming for you, all right—yes, and all money-hogs like you. No, I'm not talking about the Judgment Day—I mean right here, in this world,—and it's not so far off, either. The trouble with you money men is you forget everything else. There is something else in life besides money, Mr. Heartstone, even if you don't know it. You can go straight to hell with your money, Mr. Heartstone. The highest priced ticket will take just about all you've got, but you'll get it, all right. That's your whole investment. Good-day, Mr. Heartstone. Devil-speed to you."

Mr. Heartstone got up and turned to his assailant. His face looked as if it had been lashed by Lawton's words and the welts showed in hard lines of fury against the white skin. "Good, Mr. Lawton,—that's not bad," he sneered as his jaws clinched in unison with his fists, "you ought to go on the stage. They like that sort of rot in the Bowery. You'd make more money there than you ever will in business."

His only answer was the slam of the door, and the blank wall angered him. Mr. Heartstone went back to his desk and sat down. He leaned back in his chair and laughed. Anyone who had heard him would have run from the sound. "Any way," he thought, "Lawton wouldn't have raved so if he'd won. All this wicked money-business wouldn't have troubled his mighty soul if he hadn't been down and out. Well, he was easy enough to beat. I guess I'll never hear from him again."

On his way home that night Mr. Heartstone stopped in the street and looked over his shoulder. He thought he felt somebody following him, but he didn't see anyone. When he entered his doorway the house seemed loaded with emptiness. He heard a strange sound from somewhere—"strange" because he couldn't account for it. He remembered reading the autobiography of a famous deaf mute. She said that she was conscious of sounds, otherwise incommunicable to her, by her sense of touch. It must have been in some such way that this sound was conveyed to him. He felt it as one feels the gaze of another, though one does not see the starer. Whatever it may have been, it seemed so characterless that he decided to disregard it.

He went upstairs to his room and sat at his desk and took out a book. The book was his private diary. He often read it for pure enjoyment and instruction—instruction for the future from records of the past. It tickled him to think how secret he had succeeded in keeping it and what a sensation it would make after he was gone. It gave him a glow all over to remember how the magazines and newspapers had besought him to publish it. In it were the details of every deal he had been in since his old mother had died and he had had to leave school and go to work. He was only fourteen then. To-night he would write the particulars of his affair with Lawton and he enjoyed it now even more than before. Lawton had a wife and three children. It would be hard on them, but it would serve him right. Now he might learn to pay a little more attention to business. Well, the innocent must always suffer with the—There! What was that? He felt sure he heard something this time.

He went out into the hall and hung over the banister, but the whole space was filled with silence thick and heavy. He came back into the room that had been his favorite for years, but it was no longer the same. The walls seemed to shrink from him. He sat down again at his desk and took up the diary. It, too, was no longer the record he had so often gloated over. Instead he found there a man he hated—a juggernaut of sub-human cruelty. Nonsense! this couldn't be true. He had read the thing a thousand times and rejoiced not simply in the money but more in the wit by which he had got ahead of the other fellow. Pshaw! he was nervous—that was all. Well, that wasn't strange. He'd been working too steadily. Sentimental?—he didn't think he'd ever get soft-hearted. What was that? He certainly heard that sound again. What was it?—a knocking or a faint voice? It was like the ghost of a sound—not at all the sound of a ghost. Surely he was not nervous for that. It was about as much like a real sound as a dream is like fact. Like a dream it was more vivid than

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reality, though without the substance of truth. It went through him and he started, but he could not get rid of the sensation of a wound.

He went into the hall again and looked down. There—on the wall, at the beginning of the flight below him, what was that? It was only a shadow, but he wished he had not left the light lit in the foyer. But there was nothing there to make a shadow—everything was taken away for the summer. The family were all away, the servants were out and he was alone. The house seemed unaccountably big and vacant. The shadow moved—he saw it move. It was small and misshapen. It was not human. He wished it had been a man or an ape—anything he could name. It started upstairs, it came on without stopping. Slowly, steadily it mounted step by step till it reached the top. It turned and came down the hall nearer and nearer to him. He knew nothing would stop it. He felt as if stone, steel and fire-arms would be useless. He caught the door-frame, staggered back and, with an effort beyond any strength he knew as his, yelled, "In the name of God, who or what are you?"

"In the name of God," came a feeble echo from shrunken lips. The thing waved him back into the room and as it entered its head sank on its breast and it actually crossed itself. "Don't speak loud," it went on too quietly and with supreme calmness, "I hear you. I hear your thoughts before you know them. Now sit still and be at rest."

It passed a hand again through the air and he obeyed instantly, while the creature sat and was lost in the big chair opposite. "Obeyed" yes, but it is folly to use a word that even implies the possibility of disobedience. He acted as mechanically as a wheel follows a piston.

There the two sat in vacant silence staring at each other—he and that little creature in the big chair. He could see nothing else. What was it? It was too large for a child and too small for a man, an yet it seemed unutterably old. It would be useless to describe it as "large" or "small" because he knew nothing with which to compare it. There was some indescribable likeness to humanity, but it was nothing he knew as human. If you have ever seen a full grown man a hopeless idiot without the intelligence of an infant, you will have some idea of what he saw; but only faint, for it was not that. Mr. Heartstone remembered reading about forms of life which, by an almost endless process of evolution, develop into familiar animals. This looked like something that might become a man. Had it life? It must have had, but there was nothing but eyes and voice which showed it. Nothingness—or, if it had ever been there, now lost, or at least undeveloped. That thought oppressed him. He felt himself in a dream of which a shriek could break the spell and wake him, but he was powerless to force a whisper. To his toes and finger-tips he quivered at every tone of the voice, as the strings of a musical instrument vibrate at the touch of the musician. The eyes shot into him; but not through and so out and away, as a rifle ball might. They poured in and stayed, and he knew that they saw in him all past, present and future. In silence there was no release. Cost what it might he was determined to shake off this power and to remember himself, and he tried to laugh himself free. He struggled to shout, and at last from somewhere he heard a memory of his real voice gasping, "What are you?"

"In the beginning I was with you," came a low intoning, "to the end I shall be with you—and you don't know me! But you will know. And now I will ask that same question of you—What are you?"

Somehow this reassured him. It sounded almost human. He began to find something like kinship. His outstretched hand wandering over his desk unconsciously came upon his diary. His hand grasped the book firmly and he seemed to feel some ground of business-like reality. At once he felt more confidence in himself and less pity and accusation from those eyes. "Well," he said comfortably, "I thought everybody knew me—at least in the civilized world. Of course I don't know what part of this world—or the next—you come from."

"Not even that," muttered the uninvited visitor.

"If you were in business," Mr. Heartstone went on, "you wouldn't ask such a question. Well, I'm a practical businessman—financier is a fancy name for it."

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"That's what you do, not what you are."

"Well, then I control the bread output. I've raised the price all over the world. That's something I've done for the bakers."

"The price of bread," murmured the visitor, "all over the world. What of the buyers?"

"O, come, come, don't give me socialism. I can't stand any more of that. It's only another name for envy, hatred and laziness and all uncharitableness."

"What are you?" persisted the voice.

"What am I? Why, I'm rich, if that's what you mean. I'm called the richest man in the world—in history, they say."

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. Even the man in the parable spoke of his soul. Have you ever even thought of yours? But God said unto him, 'Thou fool! this night shall they require thy soul of thee.' All this is what you have, but what are you?"

"I don't seem to satisfy you," he laughed.

"Not satisfy," was the rather frank reply.

"Well, then," he surrendered, "to come down to first principles, I'm a man."

"In His image," mused the creature. "How proud a title! How great an ancestry! An origin divine! In the beginning so were you made. Such you were, but what are you?"

"See, here," Mr. Heartstone called out. He would have liked to throw the thing out the window, but he didn't move nearer. "I don't know what you mean, any way. I don't know who you are or what you are. I don't care. I don't know how you got in and I wish you'd get out."

"Still you don't know me," said that still small voice as if in wonder, "and without knowing you want to rid yourself of me. O, foolish wish! What are you?"

"Look here," he cried, "I'm tired of that. I've tried you on business and I see you don't understand that."

"And ye have made it a den of thieves," said the voice in its same steady, quiet persistency. "At least you see I don't understand business."

"Well," he tried again, "naturally I'm not a socialist. It's always the fellow that has nothing that wants to share. We'll never agree on that."

"'Never agree,'" came the echo. "'Let him that hath two coats—'" The voice was so slow and quiet and sure —yet nothing could have stopped it and he could have heard its whisper thousands of miles away.

"O, the devil can quote scripture."

"The devils tremble and believe."

"Well," he sneered, "I don't suppose you want politics—I'll try you on religion; perhaps you're more that way. You look that kind. Yes, I suppose I'm a Christian."

"God forgive you," was the last answer he expected. "What a boast! and 'suppose,'" repeated the voice. The creature actually stretched forth its hand as if in absolution.

"Any way," he justified himself, "I was brought up right. Why, even now I say my prayers and go to church sometimes. Yes, I even teach Sunday school and I give to charity, too."

"Charity seeketh not her own," came that everlasting voice.

"O, yes, I've read the Bible," he retorted. "I do now, but I had too much of that when I was a boy. I used to read all it had to say about Christ. By the way, have you heard that some people say now that He was the first socialist? Really. I told you I couldn't stand socialism, but that's too much."

"'But who say men that I am?' That too, eh?" was all he got for an answer. Suddenly the creature in the chair turned and came closer and spoke straight into him. "There is the story of the talents. There is the talent of making beauty. Men have it, and those who know enough give thanks to God, and the world honors them and rejoices and is made glad and is a better place. There is the talent of being good. Some have it and praise God, and the world looks on in wonder. There is the talent of being poor. Those who have it pray to God, and the world forgets—or dies, with the stamp of the gift. But there is the talent of making money. Those who have it are called 'self-made' and truly they worship the false creator and arrogate unto themselves all things. The

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world honors them and listens, deaf to all others, and seeks them and loves them and gives them all that the world can give. Is it fair?"

He began to feel baffled by this low, even, gentle voice, steady and insistent as a trickle of water, as he had never felt baffled before. He was sure there must be answers if he could only think of them. He longed to silence it. If you have ever tried to smother a small spirit flame by clapping somethig over it, only to see it break out elsewhere; or taken up whatever you put over it, thinking it as last extinguished, only to find it come up again as persistent as ever; then you will know something of the hopelessness he felt in the struggle.

"But money is a necessity," he asserted.

"And therefore should never become a luxury," he heard.

"O, I don't know," he sought to palliate, "we're not all as bad as we might be. A few generations ago it was the fashion to get drunk. The best gentlemen in the land had to be carried to bed after dinner. At least we don't do that now-a-days or any way, we don't boast of it; and those were the good old days when everything was better than it is now."

"Moderation in all things," the creature in the chair meditated scarcely aloud.

"You sound as if you'd just discovered the Bible," taunted Mr. Heartstone.

"Is the root of all evil less than the fruit of the vine?" went on the voice, "a besotted generation is this, staggering under its load of heavy purses and babbling vainly of money; but I say to you that as temperance in wine has come now; even so, in less than a few generations hence, shall men learn the blessing of temperance in money. It has already begun."

"But money is a natural desire," he urged.

"And an unnatural passion," was the answer. "If you sent your son to school," the voice went on, "and at the end he came back with only a collection of marbles, you would not think he had gained much learning."

"Of course the boy is sent to school for an education," he argued.

"Have you ever thought what you were sent here for?" was the reply. "In this world you love and you think loves you, what are you? Go forth to-morrow, stripped of your last penny, and see how this world will heed you. It is the money—not you. Even in your world what are *you?* Christ was poor. He worked for the poor, He sought no rich man. If He came back to-day what would he say to your homes, your buildings, your cities and above all what would He say to your rich churches? O ye Christians! There is yet another story—'Sell all that thou hast.'"

"Nonsense," the man cried out. "If I gave all I'd be a pauper and somebody'd have to give to me; so you'd simply be turning it round."

"'All that thou hast'—laid up—not all that you must use for daily need," came that eternal voice.

"Besides," Mr. Heartstone added, "you don't seem to understand what great organizations we have now for finding out the deserving."

"'Distribute unto the poor,'—I. don't seem to remember the word 'deserving.'"

"O, enough of all this," he protested. "I'm tired of it. I will think it over some day. I can't listen to you now. You've asked me enough, now what are you?"

Suddenly the figure rose up before the man. It loomed to a height he could not describe—lofty, majestic, appalling; but still hideous—still more hideous. Its deformities grew with its size, so that the man, as before he had been repulsed in loathing of the shrivelled thing, now felt engulfed in awe and abject terror. The more he looked at it or disregarded it, the more he hated it or shrank from it or opposed it; the more deformed it grew. It spread out voluminous and vague. It stretched its hand over him and spoke through and through him in a voice that drew him on, forgetful of himself and all other things.

"Listen! You have asked. Now you shall know. I will tell you what you are and what I am, and at last you shall know that whether you will or no we two are one. I will open the napkin and show you your single talent lying hidden there, and then you shall see what you

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have done unto me. 'Thou Fool! they shall require thy *soul* of thee.' When you die and your body rots away and your heaped up riches fall as spoil to other hands and you go out alone into that dark beyond—what are you? In the beginning you were given a soul, but the last state of this man is worse than the brutes; for it was not so with them. You are one who does not know his own soul—you are not sure you have a soul—you do not know your soul when you encounter it. Now, in this hour, you meet me face to face and you quail. You are afraid of your own soul. Look at me now! See, you shrink from me—you loathe me. Look at this head,—unformed, caved in—it is because you have never thought in your soul. Look at what should have been a face,—it is because you have never smiled from your soul. Look at this body,—it is because you have never lived in your soul. Look at these withered limbs, these hated hands, like some yet unbegotten things,—it is because you have never worked with your soul. Look at this shrunken, hollowed chest,—it is because your heart (or what strange emptiness as substitute you yet may have) has never known one pulse of love that came from your soul. And when you die—in that dark night when your poor little shrivelled soul shall go before the awful throne of God and kneel there upon the bare stones before the chancel-rail of that high altar in the cathedral of time; when you shiver and shake in the blasts of the universe, that are the breath of life, when you tremble and are afraid, crouching between the celestial choirs of the heavenly hosts that rise, bank on bank, up and up forever to the very walls of infinity; so, when you come to answer, What are you?—That I am. Take heed, therefore, that when we meet again it may go well with thee because it is well with me."

John Heartstone felt a shock—as if he had been shot from an explosion, as if he had violently come back to life from unconsciousness, as if he had been born again. He started from his chair, his book dropped to the floor, he looked round the room. The creature had gone and he was alone. The lamps glimmered faintly, paled by light filtered through the curtains. He went to the window and gazed at the commonplace glow of street-lamps. He stood stupefied.

Without hat or coat he hurried downstairs and out into the street. The rain beat his face and smeared his hair in streaks. The wind rushed into his nostrils and down and tried to crush his breath before it could leave his lungs. He turned the corner and the wind tried to push him back, but he put out his hands as if he would catch hold of it and pull himself along by it or tear it aside and toss it behind him, like a desperate swimmer in a current. Block after block he went on, relapsing into a walk only when he was out of breath from running, jumping over building obstructions, cross-cutting corners. At last he got to the house and ran up the stoop and rang the bell.

" I'm sorry, sir," said the nurse who opened the door, "he's sick."

"So am I. Let me in—let me in."

"I'm afraid it's pretty serious, sir."

"Serious! It's a matter of life and death to me."

"The doctor's been here all night."

"Worse than the doctor's been with me all night."

"But he's giving him his medicine now."

"I've got better medicine for him than any drug."

"I'll tell Mrs. Lawton, sir. She's not dressed but perhaps she'll take your message. Will you wait?"

"Wait? I can save his life, I tell you—I can save his life, but its more than that to me."

Mr. Heartstone was not slow when he had made up his mind. He quickly overcame Mrs. Lawton's repugnance when he explained his errand and was allowed in the sick-room for three minutes.

As he sat on the chair beside the bed he felt a new sensation of awkwardness. He was more accustomed to be sought and let the other do the talking. He did not know how to commence.

"Lawton, Lawton, old man," he began brokenly, "I'm sorry—I didn't understand—O, forget this afternoon." The prostrate patient did not turn his face from the wall, but now Mr. Heartstone did understand and did not blame him. "Lawton, I want you at Meadesville. No, this isn't charity—I want you there

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—I can't get along without you. I found out you're right—there isn't anybody in the country that knows the business as you do. Nobody could take up Meadesville the way you could go on with it. Any way, I've got to have you. Will you take it at double the salary?"

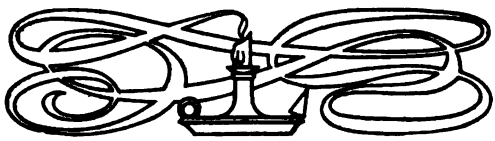
The sick man turned and looked at Mr. Heartstone and the look was not comfortable for Mr. Heartstone. It was not going to be so easy as he had planned, but evidently Lawton thought better of what he had meant to say, for he whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Heartstone, I'll—

"Don't thank me, Lawton. I've got to thank you—yes, and for more than this." He slipped a blank check under the medicine glass on the little table and stood up and held out his hand to Lawton. Lawton stared at it. Mrs. Lawton came into the room to get something and went out again. Then Lawton reached out and shook hands heartily.

Mr. Heartstone thanked Mrs. Lawton and hurried away. Out in the street the young day seemed to have made headway against the storm. It was still gray but it certainly was a lighter gray and the rain did not feel so wet. He could walk leisurely now. No, he would allow himself the comfort of a cab. That would be quicker and besides it would look queer to walk through the streets bare-headed. What was that?—there, in front of the cab door. A cloud on the ground? and almost exactly the size and shape of a man? He hurried, but when he reached the cab it was gone.

He got out of the cab in front of his house and started up the steps. It surely must be getting mistier. Well, that was better, because there must be hardly any wind now and probably the rain would soon stop. Look there! Why, he could scarcely see his own door. It seemed as if all the mist there was had collected in the vestibule. He opened the door and there, just inside, stood the figure—the apparition of the night—welcoming him home. He saw it clearly this time. It was tall and almost straight now, only a little round shouldered, and the face—why, the face was interesting—it was a good face. Somehow he felt that some day it might grow to beauty. He put out his hand. He wanted to take him upstairs and talk things over in a different way. He no longer thought of his visitor as "it." He would like to know him better—he wanted him as a friend. He closed the door and turned to lead the way, but the vision was gone; but as it went it smiled on him. With such a smile, he thought, Christ might have received St. Paul when he had fought a good fight and finished his course and kept the faith.

Up in his room he took the big chair, in which his friend had sat, and put it away by itself and stood by it wondering. "All that thou hast," he meditated. "I can do it. What would people say? I wonder if I'd be the first one. What an example!" He went to the window and looked out. The only thoughts that came were strange for John Heartstone: "Where am I?—What am I?—Why am I? What questions! Who can answer them? And then—what was my uninvited visitor? Was it a figment of my own imagination? There are realms of psychology yet unexplored. Was it a form of hysteria? There are mental reflexes we know little of. Was it a visitation—a warning apparition—my own soul? Are there spirits hovering about us and spiritual forces working for and against us we have not yet discovered? I will give all that I have to any one who can assure me. And yet—what am I?"



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How To Break In.

This is the story of *Rivers Bankes,*
Whose writings for long were declined with thanks.

He wrote an epic of Huns and Franks
Which *The Pink-'un* promptly declined with thanks.

He wrote a ballad of childish pranks
Which *The Athenæum* declined with thanks.

His skit "On a Fine Tale-bearing Manx"
Was declined by *The Daily Mail* with thanks.

He took to pathos and tears in tanks,
But *The Tatler* declined his work with thanks.

A dialogue full of suggestive blanks
The Guardian sadly declined with thanks.

A story of pirates walking planks
The Woman at Home declined with thanks.

A talk that he had with a ghost that clanks
The Spectator even declined with thanks.

A yarn that was spun in unending hanks
The Review of Reviews declined with thanks.

A thoughtful paper, "With Rod and Spanks,"
Scholastic organs declined with thanks.

Some field-path rambles in Yorks, and Lancs.
The Automotor declined with thanks.

A Life of the King who was called Long-shanks
The Live Stock Journal declined with thanks.

Some talks with cabbies upon the ranks
Were declined by *The Connoisseur* with thanks.

Indeed, it appeared that the whole phalanx
Of the Press would decline his aid with thanks.

But he now writes essays on new food cranks,
Which no one ever declines with thanks.

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Move to Norway, Servant Problem Solved.

Practical solution of the eternally vexatious servant girl problem, diplomatic advices state, is already an established fact in Norway. In such places as Bergen, Christiania and other large cities, the municipal government takes entire charge of the matter. There is a central employment bureau under municipal control, and twice a year—once in summer and once in winter—dissatisfied servants can look out for new masters and mistresses, and dissatisfied employers can in turn seek to improve their service.

This employment bureau is open for one week, and the mistress who wants a servant can go to it, fill in a form stating her requirements and the wages she is willing to pay; and then leave all the rest to the bureau. Her card is placed on file, and the place she offers is posted in a conspicuous position on a big blackboard. Men and women servants in want of work examine these cards, and when they decide upon applying for any position, submit their recommendations to the bureau of examination. If these are satisfactory the applicant receives a card to the prospective employer, good for one day only. Should the lady hire the servant, she fills up the card with a list of duties, the wages, and forms of service agreed upon, and then she returns it to the bureau, where it is carefully filed for future reference, if necessary. If the applicant does not suit, the card is returned, endorsed "not satisfactory," which, of course, indicates that other applicants may be sent. No matter how great the emergency the new mistress cannot expect her servant for one week, for the girl must give her old employer that length of time to fill her place.

This law protects alike the employer and the employes. The rights of the servant include a comfortable home and bed, good and wholesome food, and prompt and regular payment of wages. In return she must perform her duties faithfully, and be strictly honest, obedient and respectful during her term of service. Should either party fail to comply with these requirements, complaint must be made to a magistrate, who investigates the charges and makes a decision. The offended servant and the offended mistress cannot settle the matter by parting company. No matter how tired of the bargain mistress or maid may become, it cannot be terminated until the time agreed upon, except by permission of the magistrate. If a servant leaves without the knowledge or permission of her mistress, she is subject to arrest, fine and imprisonment. On the other hand, the servants' wages are a first lien upon the property of the master or mistress.

Rest.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere;
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow traveler down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will us tumble
All men together, like leaves in a gust;
All of us humbled down into the dust.

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Dreams

THE NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL

by JEANNETTE GOLDEN

The belief that in sleep are revealed many things hidden from the common daylight is coeval probably with the beginnings of human history. The savage cult of spirits and the belief in survival after death are traced by modern anthropologists to the mysterious visions of dreams. The dreamer and the interpreter of dreams are alike held in high honour amongst primitive races: and it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that soothsaying by dreams is not even yet obsolete in our own and other civilized countries.

Now we may claim that the hypothesis of telepathy has given a new meaning to the interpretation of dreams. It was no doubt the frequent occurrence in dreams of mysterious correspondences with things actually happening in the world outside the dreamer's mind which first called attention to the subject; and in sleep, if anywhere, we may expect to find traces of the operation of telepathy, for the quiescence and comparative freedom from external disturbance which characterize that state are precisely the conditions which are indicated as favorable to the reception of stimuli so weak as are presumably these messages from other minds.

We have evidence, of course, that other stimuli, too faint to make their presence known in the tumult of our waking hours, frequently emerge into consciousness in sleep. In this way we seem to revert in dreamful sleep to a more primitive stage of consciousness which was ours, perhaps, far back in planetary history, before our lives were sharply divided up into alternating periods of helpless slumber and waking activity. But, though in the study of dreams we may find interesting and valuable illustrations of the working of telepathy, and may hope ultimately to come upon some clues which may lead to the final explanation, the demonstration of a supersensuous mode of communication between mind and mind rests primarily, as has already been said, upon the experimental results of which brief samples have been given in the preceding articles. For dream-coincidences, however striking, can in themselves afford but a slender support for the hypothesis; and that for several reasons. In the first place, dreams are as the sands on the sea-shore in number; many persons probably have several dreams every night of their lives. St. Augustine tells us in his "Confessions" that a wise friend warned him that astrology was a false science. "Of whom," said the Saint, "when I had demanded how then could many true things be foretold of it, he answered me, 'that the force of chance diffused throughout the whole order of things brought this about.'" The force of chance still operates, and undoubtedly many dream-coincidences must be attributed to normal causes. Further, most dreams leave but a slight impression on the mind even of the dreamer; and the memory of them is usually very vague and elusive. There is a serious risk, therefore, that when the partial correspondence of a dream with some external event comes to be known, the details of the indefinite picture preserved in the memory may be filled in to suit the facts—a process, it may be added, which implies no want of honesty on the part of the narrator; most of us probably "improve" our dreams unconsciously even on the first telling. The indefiniteness of dream memories comes partly from the fact, as already said, that the original impressions are in most cases weak; partly from the circumstance that the dream, unlike a vision seen with the eyes open, has no relations either in time or space, and forms no

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part in an associated chain of memories. This last objection does not, of course, apply to dreams which occur in a brief sleep in the daytime; and it is worthy of note that we have in our collection several remarkable coincidental dreams, of unusual vividness, which have occurred in such brief moments of slumber snatched from the waking hours.

From all this it follows that only those dreams are worthy of record in this connection which were noted down before their correspondence with the event was known, or which were at least told to someone else beforehand. In any case, in a dream-story, the interval between its occurrence and the committal of it to writing should be of the briefest. Again, dreams are of little account unless the coincidence is very striking, and unless the dreams themselves are distinguished from the common ruck of our nightly visitants by some unusual quality—e. g., by their superior vividness or by the intensity of the emotion which accompanies them.

But even when the dream is well attested, when the experience was unusually vivid, and the coincidence striking, there are many cases in which the dream can be explained by normal causes. There are, for instance, several dreams in our collection dealing with lost property; a valuable brooch hidden under leaves and loose gravel in the garden, a box of stolen property secreted by burglars in the coal cellar—to quote two instances only—have been recovered through dreams. But in cases of this kind it is probable that the dream may be founded on slight indications actually seen by the eyes, but which failed in the crowd of waking sensations to gain attention at the time, and did not actually emerge into consciousness until sleep offered a vacant opportunity. Again, we have a case in which a Bank Director was awakened from his sleep by the noise of a heavy explosion, dressed himself, and went out in the town to see what had happened. Notwithstanding the fact that on that very night the safe at a bank thirty miles away in which he had a large interest was blown up by dynamite, I should hesitate, in view of the frequency of unexplained noises, to ascribe a dream of this kind to telepathy. Again, a neighbor of mine on the night of June 24-25, 1894, dreamt that President Carnot had been assassinated, and told his family before the morning paper which announced the news had been opened. But in a case of that kind it seems possible that the information may have reached the sleeper in his dreams from the shouts of a newsboy, or even from the conversation of passers-by in the street.

The reader will be able to judge for himself how far the examples which follow conform to the standard set up, and how far it is probable that the coincidences described have been due to normal causes.

In the first case to be quoted, two friends, at a distance of some miles from each other, had the same bizarre dream. The first account comes to us from Dr. Adele A. Gleason, of the Gleason Sanitarium, Elmira, N. Y. It was written in February, 1892:

The night of Tuesday, January 26, 1892, I dreamed between two and three o'clock that I stood in a lonesome place in dark woods; that great fear came on me; that a presence as of a man well known to me came and shook a tree by me, and that its leaves began to turn to flame.

The dream was so vivid that I said to the man of whom I dreamed when I saw him four days later, "I had a very strange dream Tuesday night." He said, "Do not tell it to me; let me describe it, for I *know* I dreamed the same thing.'

He then *without suggestion* from me duplicated the dream, which he knew, from time of waking from it, took place at the same hour of the same night.

ADELE A. GLEASON.

The account of the second dreamer, written at about the same time, is as follows:

208 East Water street, Elmira, N. Y.

On Tuesday, January 26, 1892, I dreamed that in a lonely wood where sometimes I hunted game, and was walking along after dark, I found a friend standing some ten feet in the bushes away from the road, apparently paralysed with fear of something invisible to me, and almost completely stupefied by the sense of danger. I went to the side of my friend and shook the bush, when the falling leaves turned into flame.

I was awakened soon after, and noted the time from a certain night train on a railroad near by, and so am certain that the dreams took place at the same hour of same night.

J. R. JOSLYN.

Dr. Gleason was so impressed by the dream that on the following morning she made an entry in her diary: "Night

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of dream. J. R. J."

It is difficult to suppose that any incident in their common waking life could have suggested this dream to both persons, and we are led to infer that a kind of nightmare experienced by one was transferred by sympathy to the other dreamer.

In the next case a real and very alarming experience was communicated from the mind of one sleeper to the other. It will be seen that the dream was written down on the morning after its occurrence. The narrator, who is an Associate of the Society for Psychical Research, is unwilling to have his name published. He writes on October 7, 1900:

I woke abruptly in the small hours of this morning with a painful conviction upon me that my wife, who was that night sleeping in another part of the house, had burst a varicose vein in the calf of her leg, and that I could feel the swelled place, three inches long. I wondered whether I ought to get up and go down to her room on the first floor, and considered whether she would be able to come up to me; but I was only partly awake, though in acute distress. My mind had been suddenly roused, but my body was still under the lethargy of sleep. I argued with myself that there would be sure to be nothing in it, that I should only disturb her, and so shortly went off to sleep again.

On going to her room in the morning I said I had had a horrid dream, which had woke me up, to the effect that she had burst a varicose vein, of which just now care has to be taken. "Why," she replied, "I had just the same experience. I woke up at 2:15 feeling sure that the calf of my leg was bleeding, and my hand seemed to feel it wet when I put it there. I turned on the light in alarm, noticing the time, and wondered if I should be able to get up to thee, or whether I should have to wake the housekeeper. Thou wast, in the dream out which I woke, examining the place."

Though I did not note the hour, 2 o'clock is about the time I should have guessed it to be; and the impression on my mind was vivid and terrible, knowing how dangerous such an accident would be.

Mrs. —— corroborates as follows:

I felt twinges of pain in my leg off and on in my sleep without being entirely roused till about 2:15 a. m. Then, or just before, I dreamt or had a vivid impression that a vein had burst, and that my husband, who was sleeping in another room, up another flight of stairs, was there and called my attention to it. I thought it felt wet and trickling down the leg as if bleeding, passed my hand down and at first thought it seemed wet, but on gaining fuller consciousness found all right, and that it was not more painful than often when I got out and stood on it. Thought over the contingency of its actually bursting and whether I could so bandage it in that case as to make it safe to go up to my husband's room, and thought I could do so.

Looking at my watch found it about 2:20.

In the next case also the dream was written down within two or three days of the occurrence; the vision, it will be seen, did not quite accurately correspond with the facts, since it confused the identity of the two sisters; but this scarcely affects the value of the coincidence.

Miss C. Clarkson writes on May 8, 1894:

On Sunday, May 5 (a slip of the pen for 6) my sister and I were boating on the river Derwent, in Yorkshire (near Kirkham Abbey), with a party of friends in a small steam launch. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon we had all landed to gather cowslips in the fields, and on returning to the boat, for some reason, the usual plank for landing was not in position, and we jumped in turn from the bank on to the flat end of the boat. I was the last, and in jumping missed my footing and slipped into the water, catching the edge of the boat, however, with my hands as I went, and supporting myself —so that I was not totally immersed, though the water was a good depth where we were. Two of the gentlemen rushed forward and pulled me out by my arms. I said as I was being hauled up, "It is no use pulling so hard, you hurt me." One of them said, "We *must* pull, if we are to get you out." I was got on to the boat in a very short time and was never in any danger.

We returned to our own home the next day, and never mentioned in the slightest way the little accident to anyone, lest my father, who is a very old man, should be alarmed or worried at what had happened. Shortly after we returned, my step-mother said *to my sister*, "Have you had an accident on the river?" "I? No," said my sister. "Because," continued my step-mother, "I had a very distressing dream about you last night—I dreamt you fell into the river, and I was in the boat and got hold of your hair, and tried to pull you out. You said, 'Don't pull so hard; you hurt me.' I said, 'You had better be hurt than drowned.'"

Then, and not till then, did we tell her that one of us really had had an accident precisely as she had dreamed, but that her dream had made a mistake in the identity of the sisters.

According to my step-mother's account, my father also seemed to have been a little anxious and uneasy in his sleep that night, and in the morning rather pointedly asked her if she had dreamt anything, but said nothing further; and nothing was afterwards said to him to make him aware of what had happened. My step-mother's dream was during the night after the accident occurred.

CHRISTABEL CLARKSON.

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Miss Clarkson adds:

I have asked Mrs. Clarkson if she ever had any other dreams of that kind, but she says not.

Miss Clarkson's sister and her stepmother give similar accounts of the incident. It will be noted that the dream occurred in the night following the accident; and it may be suggested that it was possibly caused by Miss Clarkson recalling to her mind at night the picture of the accident and her own narrow escape from death.

If such minor crises as a boating accident or the alarm of sudden illness suffice to set in motion the telepathic energies, it may be anticipated that the profoundest crisis of all—the death of the agent—will not pass unrecorded. We have, in fact, in our collection numerous dreams in which the death of the person who figures in the dream is announced. I select for reproduction two cases, in each of which the occurrence of the dream and the conviction of death produced in the mind of the dreamer were noted down before the actual fact of the death was known by normal means.

The first case is nearly sixty years old, but not the less interesting or valuable on that account. The account was given us in 1895 by the Rev. E. K. Elliott, then rector of Worthing, in Sussex. Mr. Elliott in his youth had been in the navy, and when cruising in the Atlantic in 1847 he had a dream, which he thus recorded in his diary: "14th Jan., 1847. Dreamt last night I received a letter from my uncle H. E., dated January 3rd, in which news of my dear brother's death was given. It greatly struck me."

On his return to England Mr. Elliott found that his brother, who had been ill, but whose death was not expected, had indeed died on the date mentioned in the diary. Here, it will be seen, the dream-warning came several days after the death. If the dream was caused telepathically, we must suppose that it originated in the mind of one of the relatives brooding over their loss.

In the next case the dream actually occurred on the night of the death. My colleague, the late Dr. Hodgson, received on the 19th of July, 1897, a letter bearing the postmark, New York, July 17, 11:30 a. m., from a frierd, Dr. Holbrook.

DEAR HODGSON—Five minutes ago Mr. J. F. Morse, who has all his life had dreams which were more or less verified later, came to my room and said, "I believe my wife died last night, for I had a dream of a most remarkable nature which indicates it. I shall be able to let you know soon, for I shall get word at my office when I reach there. I will then send you word." His wife is in a country place in Delaware Co., Pa. She is ill, but he had no idea she would not live for months, as the enclosed letter of July 15 will show, but she was ill and would be likely to decline slowly and gradually.

I will get this off or in the mail before I hear any more.

Mr. Morse in his appearance looks like one who had just lost a dear friend and is in a state of great mental depression, with tears in his eyes. . .

M. L. HOLBROOK.

On the evening of the same day a telegram was received announcing that Mrs. Morse had died unexpectedly at 9:15 on the evening of Friday, July 16.

The cases so far cited have conformed to what may be called the normal type of a telepathic dream. The agent's thoughts appear to have so influenced the mind of some friend as to call up in dreams an image of the painful or exciting occurrence with which his own mind is preoccupied. But there are other dreams in which the experience is so vivid and the coincidence so remarkable that it is difficult to dismiss them as merely the result of accident, but which do not admit of so plausible an explanation. One is tempted to suppose either that a random telepathic shaft may at times hit the mark and work its effect in the brain of a casual stranger; or even that a multitude moved to common emotion by some striking disaster may set going a wave which shall affect any susceptible persons within its range.

In the following case which came to us from Mr. Wack, an attorney of St. Paul, Minn., it would almost seem as if the thoughts and feelings of the railway officials, with all their accompanying horror, were reflected in the mind of the sleeping lawyer, many miles away. The fact that the sleeper was familiar with the scene of the tragedy had, it may be conjectured, some influence in facilitating the communication:

Court House Street,
St. Paul, Minn., Sebruary 10, 1892.

I believe I have had a remarkable experi-

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ence. About midnight on the 29th day of December, headsore and fatigued, I left my study, where I had been poring over uninspiring law text, and, climbing to my chamber door, fell into bed for the night.

The weird intonation of an old kitchen clock fell upon my ears but faintly, as it donged the hour of two. The sound of the clock chime had hardly died when I became conscious (of) my position in a passenger coach on the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railroad. I was journeying to Duluth, Minnesota, from St. Paul, in which latter place I had gone to sleep. I was aware that I had been on the train for about four hours, and that I was somewhere near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., distant from St. Paul about eighty miles. I had often been over the road, and as I peered through the coach window, I recognized, in the moonlight scene, features of country and habitation I had seen before. We were plunging on, almost heedlessly as it seemed, when I fancied I heard and was startled from my reverie by a piercing shriek, which was protracted into a piteous moaning and gasping, as if some human creature were suffering some hideous torture.

Then I felt the train grind heavily to an awkward stop. There was a sudden commotion fore and aft. Trainmen with lanterns hurried through my car and joined employes near the engine. I could see the lights flash here and there, beside and beneath the cars; brakemen moved along the wheels in groups, the pipe voice of the conductor and the awe-stricken cry of the black porter infused a livening sense to a scene which I did not readily understand. Instinctively I concluded that an accident had happened, or perhaps that a break to the train had occasioned this sudden uprising of trainmen. A minute later I was out upon the road bed. The brusque and busy search and the disturbed manner of the attendants did not propitiate elaborate inquiry rfom a curious passenger, so I was appeased to be told, in very ugly, snappish English, that if I had eyes I might see for myself that "someone got killed, I reckon." Everybody moved and acted in a spirit of stealth, and each, it appeared, expected a horrible "find." The trucks were being examined from the rear of the train forward. Blood splotches were discovered on nearly all the bearings under the entire train. When the gang reached one of the forward cars, all lights were cast upon a truck which was literally scrambled with what appeared to be brains —human brains, evidently, for among the clots were small tufts of human hair. This truck, particularly, must have ground over the bulk of a human body. Every fixture between the wheels was smeared with the crimson ooze of some crushed victim. But where was the body, or at least its members? The trucks were covered only with a pulp of mangled remnants. The search for what appeared of the killed was extended 500 yards back of the train and all about the right-of-way with no more satisfactory result than to occasionally find a bloodstained tie.

All hands boarded the train, many declaring that it was an unusual mishap on a railroad which left such uncertain trace of its victim. Again I felt the train thundering on through the burnt pine wastes of northern Minnesota. . . . On the morrow I—who usually forget an ordinary dream long before breakfast—recounted to the family the details of the night's distraction. From my hearers there followed only the ordinary comments of how ghastly and how shocking the story was as told and how strange the nature of the accident—*that no parts of the body had been found.* The latter circumstance was, to me casualty.

The evening following the night of the dream (December 30), at five o'clock, I returned to my home, stepped into my study, and, as I am in the habit of doing, I glanced at a page of the *St. Paul Dispatch,* a daily evening newspaper. It had been casually folded by a previous reader, so that in picking it up flatly, the article which first fixed my attention read: "Fate of a tramp. Horrible death experienced by an unknown man on the Omaha Road. His remains scattered for miles along the track by the merciless wheels.

"Duluth, December 30.—Every truck on the incoming Omaha train from St. Paul this morning was splashed with blood. Trainmen did not know that there had been an accident till they arrived here, but think some unfortunate man must have been stealing a ride between St. Paul and this city. Trainmen on a later train state that a man's leg was found by them at Spooner, and that for two miles this side the tracks were scattered with pieces of flesh and bone. There is no possible means of identification."

We have received from Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Rose Hamilton, the three persons to whom Mr. Wack related his dream on the following morning, full corroboration of his narrative.

The last case which I shall quote is one of the most interesting in our collection. It will be remembered that William Terriss, the popular actor, was stabbed on December 16, 1897, by a man called William Archer, who had been employed as a super at the theatre, and who cherished some imaginary grudge against poor Terriss. Terriss was taken from the theatre to the Charing Cross Hospital, where he died a quarter of an hour later.

On the evening of the 16th, Miss H——, a member of the company, told a friend of mine of the murder, and added that Mr. Lane, understudy to Terriss, had related to her in the course of the morning, some hours previously, a remarkable dream which clearly foreshadowed the tragedy. I at once wrote to Mr. Lane, and received the following

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account:

Adelphi Theatre, December 20, 1897.

In the early morning of the 16th December, 1897, I dreamt that I saw the late Mr. Terriss lying in a state of delirium or unconsciousness on the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms in the Adelphi Theatre. He was surrounded by people at the theatre, amongst whom was Miss Millward and one of the footmen who attend the curtain, both of whom I actually saw a few hours later at the death scene. His chest was bare and clothes torn aside. Everybody who was around him was trying to do something for his good. This dream was in the shape of a picture. I saw it like a tableau on which the curtain would rise and fall. I immediately after dreamt that we did not open at the Adelphi Theatre that evening. I was in my dressing-room in the dream, but this latter part was somewhat incoherent. The next morning on going down to the theatre for rehearsal the first member of the company I met was Miss H———, to whom I mentioned this dream. On arriving at the theatre I also mentioned it to several other members of the company, including Messrs. Creagh Henry, Buxton, Carter Bligh, etc. This dream, though it made such an impression upon me as to cause me to relate it to my fellow artists, did not give me the idea of any coming disaster. I may state that I have dreamt formerly of deaths of relatives and other matters which have impressed me, but the dreams have never impressed me sufficiently to make me repeat them the following morning, and have never been verified. My dream of the present occasion was the most vivid I have ever experienced, in fact, lifelike, and exactly represented the scene as I saw it at night.

FREDERICK LANE.

January 4, 1898.

At a meeting on the 20th December Mr. Lane explained to me that he was in the neighborhood of the theatre when Mr. Terriss was stabbed on the evening of Thursday, the 16th December, 1897. and ran to the Charing Cross Hospital for a doctor. On his return he looked in at the private entrance and saw Mr. Terriss lying on the stairs as in the dream.

Mr. Carter Bligh and Mr. Creagh Henry have written stating that Mr. Lane related his dream in their presence on the morning of the 16th December, 1897.

The dream, it will be seen, was apparently prophetic—that is, it preceded the murder which it represented by several hours. But there is scarcely any evidence worth considering for the occurrence of prophetic intimations of any kind.

We are not, however, limited to the prophetic interpretation in this case. It is at least conceivable that the dream was telepathic. But on that supposition the only possible agent, it would seem, was the one person who had reason to foresee Terriss's death—that is, the murderer, whose thoughts must surely have been brooding long beforehand over the contemplated crime. Such an interpretation may seem far-fetched, but there are other cases which give some support to it; and it is, at any rate, less irresistible than to conclude that coming events can really cast their shadows before. For it need scarcely be pointed out that, whereas telepathy, if accepted, could take its place in the natural order with hardly appreciable disturbance of our existing scientific system, proof of man's ability to foresee the future would involve an entire readjustment of our present conceptions, not only of our own relation to the cosmos, but of the nature of the external order itself.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

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In Time of Peace

... III ...

by WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS

FEUDALISM ON SWAN CREEK.

"Monsieur! Do you not think Mr. Snore should give me more as $4 for to spend for the Fourth of July?

To the young men without family he gave $3, to the married man $4—but my family she got so many children, $4 is not much money for to buy de torpedo, de firecracker, de rocket, the orange and the banana!

My wife and I we see you have a little one widge you on the boat, so you will know how de children do not understand about money—but each wants what dey see another have—and Alexis and Antoine, who live by me, each have only five or six children to buy for, while wid $4 I must buy for my wife and me, and Marie, and Isabell, little Joe, Benjamin, Jean Baptiste and Catherine, Axie, Suzanne, and Anne, Francois Xavier—the rest is big and work for deir own white money—and so the other chilren have two orange to our one, more and bigger banana, and can even have lemonade or maybe red pop, if the day be hot.

So I ask Mr. Snore if I may not have some dollars more this year, but he say:

"$4 for de married men, dat is the rule—if I give you $2 more, it is not $2 but 200 times $2 which I must give—for one man tell another and all say, 'We got same right as Pete Chevalier!'

I must pay money for de tax, more as last year because of the war for Cuba—and should rather give each man $1 less as give him more!"

"So what you think, Monsieur?"

"Monsieur" gazed around the neat cabin, with its well-tilled garden and thrifty-looking fruit trees, all betokening habitant industry, and asked:

"Who owns the place here?"

"Mr. Snore."

"Who runs the store down by the creek bridge?"

"Mr. Snore."

"Who owns the mill where you work?"

"Mr. Snore—and he owns de bank at New Baltimore—and say we not need to go so far to put money in the bank for the sickness and the 'lot' and the burial, just leave it on the book, and when we want things get them at the store—if he don't have them he will get them—and no matter if we have not enough coming on de book, we can get them and pay by'mby, when the work she is rush. Saturday he mark down on the book what so many thousand staves we have make, on de one side de page, on de other how much the rent, the groceries, the meat and the clothes we have bought—and say to the femme:

"'See how nice dis dress will look wid dose red cheeks of yours!' or, 'Dere is a hat now, wid just the right colored flowers to look well on you. My, you look just like a bride again—and you got how many children—thirteen?—and not one day older you look than when your father bought you your confirmation dress!' And then he mark de dress and de hat in the book and say, 'Here is some white money for the church tomorrow—the good God keep you so young looking and strong you should give much to His church in return. Father Ruet say the church should be fix up nice dis year, and the cross and the saints regilded.' $1.75 a day I make me always, and when de rush she comes and we work hard and at night, sometimes I make me $2.50, $3, and once when I feel fine and work very late, $4—but no odder man ever do that!

"When the roof she leak Mr. Snore give me plenty good shingle to fix it,

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when de paper is dirty he have very pretty paper in the store, full of roses, which he give the femme to make new again—but always when we want to go Detroit or Algonac, he say:

" 'For what you go to dose place, loss time at the mill, spend the money for the carfare and come home all tired out and wid de headache and de bad taste in your mouth from the poor whiskey they sell you on Cadillac Square? If you go on the Michigan avenue and shake de "Klondike," the bass bartender he let you win once, twice, when you bet the small money, then get you bet big, throw all sixes, and tell you, "Nide home on the "Squirrel" which you have drunk!'

"Den you walk all night to get to New Baltimore and catch ride on the 'Hattie' to the mill.

" 'Nothing what is good for you can you buy better or cheaper as in my store!"

If we say we want to go to Algonac to see our people what live there, he say:

"Dere's 'nough Injun now in you French habitants—you best keep way from Walpole!"

If I want know how much money should be for me on the book, he say, "For what you want know now—is dere marry or funeral in de family—if so, how much you need? If not, come some other day when I be not so busy."

But he is always busy, and mine father's father live in dis house, my father live in dis house, and I and my femme we live here sixteen year—yet it is Mr. Snore's. So we want to have place of our own, like Americans have—and he will not sell nor tell me how much money I have to buy! What shall I do, Monsieur?"

A light north wind rippled the quiet waters of the blue bay and on the far horizon line, past the mouth of the Clinton and across L'Anse Cruse, lay the smoke-haze that marked where Detroit spread its allurement. An empty lighter swung at anchor in the shallows near the shore and "Monsieur" said, pointing to the lighter.

"If you really want to leave the Haven and be like other Americans, the wind is fair for the city, and bedquilts make good sails!"

When morning dawned the lighter was gone and the ancestral cabane empty! But whether the Chevaliers found free individuality in the noisy, crowded city, better than paternal feudalism in the quiet cote on the blue bay, "Monsieur" never knew.



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The Pagan Father

A SIMPLE STORY OF DUTY FAITHFULLY CARRIED OUT.

by EDWARD GERMAN

The little holes which seamed his rugged Berber face had given him the title of the Father of Small-pox, which he—after the fashion of his countrymen, who take all, rain, wind, sun, good and bad fortune, wounds, prison, mutilation, even death itself, as being actual and direct manifestations of the Will Divine—had cheerfully accepted, and bore as uncomplainingly as he had borne the illness from which he took his name. Half Pagan, half Mohammedan, after the fashion of the race from which most likely sprang St. Augustine, although he thought himself a firm believer, Bu Gidri was employed as soldier in the British consulate at Fez. Dressed in the Arab clothes which rarely suit a Berber, for the two races are as distinct as are the English and the French, he strove, though mean of stature and appearance, to look a swaggerer, and had grown the two long locks on either temple which are the outward visible sign of the official of the court. His pointed fez, and sword cocked up behind in the Arab style, gave him an air as of a monkey on a barrel organ. Such was his outward mien, but those who knew him knew that he was brave, staunch, obstinate as a mule, and one of those able to knock a nail into a plank by beating on it with his forehead, and then, if the necessity arose, to draw it with his teeth. Being a Berber, he had the catlike love of places, unknown to Arabs, who for the most part live and die, as it were on a journey, sleeping and dying on the road. Their very cemeteries are often unenclosed, and merely set about with pieces of rough stone, through which run shortcuts, death-traps to horsemen, who, trusting to the will of Allah at night, cross them at highest speed, knowing that those who sleep below the stones all were bold riders to a man.

Withal, Bu Gidri was an honest and a conscientious man, one that no gold could buy, a thing unknown amongst the Arabs, with whom a key of gold opens all locks. Slow-witted, but tenacious of ideas when once they filtered through his skull into his brain, those who employed him knew him for a man to send upon a desperate errand should the necessity arise, certain that he would reach the place to which they sent him, or die upon the quest.

Though, as a Mussulman, one portion of his life was shut from all mankind, as with all the Arabs, with whom a frank exterior serves as a water-tight bulkhead between them and the world. At times, when asked about "his house" —the formula employed by Mussulmen when asking after one another's families—he would launch into details, and say that "she" was well, and then, pull himself up and stammer and drift off into praises of his little boy, who he averred, with the innocent fatuity of fathers, Mussulman and Christian alike, was a wonder.

To the outward eye, the marvel was a dirty little boy in a torn yellow shirt, barefooted and black-eyed, and with a little close-shaved bullet-head, on which you could have struck a match had it not here and there been spotted with a white eruption, nauseous to behold. But, for his reticence about his family affairs he quite made up by his garrulity about a certain little pacing pony that he had bought in the Ait-Yusi country, and which he swore could go from Fez to Tangier in three days, and that so smoothly that he could carry in his hand a glass of water and never spill a drop. This equine paragon was a cow-hocked and fiddle-headed beast, of a light cream color with black points, and had an eye bloodshot and dangerous-looking, which did not in the least belie his temper, for to approach him was to expose oneself to be kicked or bitten, or to receive a

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blow from his fore feet, which if it carried home would have been fatal, for rising up he used to launch his feet into the air, just as a boxer hits, and scream with fury, if he did not know his man. Once saddled and the Moorish bit jammed home between his yellow teeth, which operation usually entailed tying his feet together with a rope, or putting on a twitch, he then became as gentle as a sheep, after the way of many horses in the East.

Tied to a tree or post, nodding his head, with the flies clustered in bunches round his eyes, the high red Arab saddle towering like a howdah on his back, he looked fitted for nothing but to draw water from a well. Yet when his master got upon his back, which feat he executed indifferently from either side, holding his gun, full five feet long, enclosed in a red case, and drove the edge of the sharp Arab stirrup into his belly, he pricked his long lop ears and a light shone in his red eye which gave a promise of interior graces not revealed by his exterior, and he impressed you just as St. Paul when he had begun to launch into his theme must have impressed the men of Athens, who had despised the ugly little Jew. But, with defects and all, he was the apple of Bu Gidri's eye, and though he seldom rode him but for powder play, when he would gallop him about as if possessed, wheeling and turning him with the strong Arab bit just as a gull turns wheeling in the air, it yet was his delight to tend him and, above all, to talk about his powers. Most of his time the horse spent in a yard, exposed to rain and snow, up to his fetlocks in the mud in winter, and in the summer a prey to flies, and screaming savagely if any other horse came near him, as he laid back his ears.

His master during the daytime generally sat inside the doorway of the British Consulate, looking at nothing, now and then drinking a cup of sweet green tea flavored with leaves of mint. His duties sometimes took him to the post-office or to some other consulate, and now and then mounted upon his horse, his gun in hand, he rode behind the consul into the country to a picnic, his features fixed and quite impressionless and his blue cloth "selham," which if he had but been an Arab would have been draped in graceful folds or flown behind him as he rode, swathing his body like the clothes which in more Christian lands a monkey wears upon an organ when it flops up and down as the Italian turns the handle which grinds the music out.

Never in all his time of service, which had extended over years, had he been sick or sorry, or been away upon a holiday, so that one morning when he appeared, expressionless as usual, to ask permission to be absent for a week to go to Tangier, he got it willingly. Thanking the consul in the unceremonious way a man returns his thanks in countries like Morocco—where, if permission is not given at once, the man who asks usually takes it on himself to grant it—he said, as if the thing had happened to another, "My son is dead; little Hamido whom you knew. I want to bury him amongst my people, after the fashion of my folk." Without a word about the will of Allah, which, had he been an Arab, he would have quoted gravely, partly to show his faith and partly to conceal his grief, he turned and left the room. What passed that afternoon in the mysterious interior of his house only himself could tell. Early next morning, just as the furtive streaks of red which split the sky into a sort of pattern had appeared, about an hour before the dawn, the sleepy gatewards in the dark passage under the massive archway of the Babel-Gizeh received his salutation as he passed out of the town.

Mounted upon his pacing nag, his gun beneath his thigh, and balancing a little bundle wrapped in white rags upon the pommel of his saddle, he twitched his bridle, and making the pony toss his head, and change his feet twice or thrice hurriedly before he fell into his pace, struck into the road.

The crenellated walls of Fez, flanked here and there by towers, on which stood storks asleep upon one leg or flapping lazily as the dawn slowly crept across the sky, ran on the right, and on the left a vast flat plain, dotted with tents which sprang like mushrooms from the sandy soil, extended to a range of hills, now wreathed in mist through which the scattered houses just appeared, ghostly and white, and dripping with the dew. When he had passed be-

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yond the walls he turned, and, looking back at Fez, saw it rise from the sandy hollows where it lies, transformed and glorious, dazzingly white as is a water-lily, silent and ghostly in the early morning air, with every marking on the houses and the mosques so clear and well defined that it appeared that he could touch them with his hand. Rising a little in the saddle, he settled all his clothes, and pressed the stirrup in his pony's footsteps deadened in the sand, struck into a pace between a trot and canter, swaying his rider to and fro, just like a camel, as he shuffled through the sand.

Muffled in his white haik, which swathed him like a mummy, silent and sorrowful, bearing his little dusky bundle balancing between his body and the pommel of his high red saddle, the pony's footsteps deadened in the sand, Bu Gidri passed so quietly through the now sunlit plain, that he appeared like death on his pale horse, prowling round stealthily to mark his sheep. All day he paced along, jerking his pony's mouth occasionally after the Arab fashion, making the bridle ring against his teeth when the beast broke his pace or seemed to weary, and with his stirrup pressed into its side. He passed the great red hill, traversing first the sandy lanes, hedged on both sides with aloes, and then the wood of olives, till he stood on the ridge, from which Fez looks like a mere blotch of dazzling whiteness floating in the air. The noonday heat caught him close to a brick-arched well, beside which springs a palm-tree, with its roots in water and its head in fire.

Lighting down carefully as must a man who wears voluminous clothes and keeps his slippers on by a perpetual contraction of the feet, he led his horse into the shade, balancing carefully the precious bundle on the saddle with his other hand. Then laying it upon a stone he pulled his horse towards him sharply by the tail to see if it stood firm and had not felt the five hours' steady work upon the road.

Loosening the girths, he put the hobbles on its feet and let it browse upon the scanty grass which grew about the well. Then sitting down he ate a piece of brown and gritty bread, moistening his thumb to gather up the crumbs, not on account of hunger, but from the sacred character bread has amongst the Moors, who hold it impious to waste a particle of the chief blessing God has given man.

Kief, smoked in a minute and curiously shaped pipe, the stem of which was a light cane about a foot in length, carved in concentric patterns, threw him into that state of half contemplation, half of dreaminess, which overtakes all those who fall into the habit, and then, rising to drink a little water, he tightened his girths, bitted his pony, and swinging slowly into his high saddle, leaned back against the cantle, now and then slipping one of his feet out of the heavy stirrups to rub his stiffened knees, and once again took up his march, refreshed by his brief halt.

Night overtook him at the Hajara Cherifa, on the Sebou, where he entered a zariba, and, after looking to his horse, sat talking of the price of barley, the doings of the tribes, always either in rebellion or ready to break out, till the food was ready, and after eating heartily of the wheaten porridge, known as coucousou, threw down more barley for his horse upon a saddlecloth, and lying down close to him, fell into the broken sleep usual to horsemen on a solitary ride. During the night he awoke occasionally, and watched his horse munching his corn, and later standing sleeping, resting a leg, and with one ear laid back upon his neck.

Long before daylight he had saddled up, and joined a caravan to cross the river, which lay deep down below the village, a mere white ribbon in the mist. Slowly the train of horses and of mules, followed by a long string of camels, slithered and stumbled down the slope. At first they crossed a tract of stones, on which grew tamarisks, stunted and broken by the browsing of the goats, then they passed several branches of the stream, and lastly entered the main channel, which, gray and cold, brawled through the stones, affording a precarious footing for the beasts.

Pressing in front, Bu Gidri passed the river with the water to his saddle skirts, the current edging his horse sideways, until he reached the bank. The pony scaled it like a cat, and shook the water off him like a Newfoundland dog,

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and as his rider turned to see the others cross, the dawn just lit up the encircling hills, making the tops float in the mist, mysterious, and looking like extinct volcanoes in the moon. It fell upon the rock from which the crossing takes its name, of Hajara Cherifa, and showed it standing gaunt, a natural obelisque upon its plain, a palm tree growing at its base, and giving it an air as of a temple, raised by nature to some strange deity, never known to man.

Leaving the caravan, Bu Gidri pushed on over the stony plain, crossing the Ardatz and the Wergha, high up in their course, where they present an infinity of little streams, meandering through sheets of pebbles, and came by noonday with his horse still full of strength, to where a stream just issues from a ruined Roman wall. Fish played about the entrance of the pool, and, as the shadow of the horseman fell upon the water, darted into the dark recesses of the arch. Here he passed the hottest hours, waiting for when the sun, the enemy of man in Africa, should fall a little —and once again pushed on.

The heat rose from the stones as from a lime-kiln heated to its extremest point, and with his head bowed in his haik he still pushed onwards, the sweat dripping from off his horse's belly, and drying white and saltish on his coat. At times Bu Gidri crooned a high-pitched Berber song, but always kept a watchful eye on the horizon, just as a sailor scans the sea, observing nothing near him, but on the watch for anything unusual on the limit of his view. The setting sun saw him just passing down the steep red track, from where, amongst the orange gardens, Alcazar just appears set in its woods and cultivated grounds, a league or two away. Fear fell upon him that he should find the gates all closed against him, for he knew that raiding mountaineers from Gibel Zarzar and the adjoining hills made the outskirts of the town dangerous at night to him who sleeps alone. So he pressed on, after a good look at his horse, and after feeling him sharply in the mouth, to try his spirit, with the fixed look and constant shogging of the feet, which come upon a horseman, all unknown to him, towards the evening of a long march, when there is still a mile or two to do before the sun has set.

Nobly the pacing pony answered to his call, switching his scraggy tail, and scurrying along the road so smoothly that the little bundle scarcely moved, just kept in place by a light pressure of the rider's hand. He reached the Koos, which runs between high banks, and where the ford makes a great horse-shoe bend, to avoid the fury of the stream. Putting its feet together in a bunch the pony slithered down the muddy bank, and in a moment Bu Gidri found himself contending with the flood.

The men who hang about the ford to help the passers-by and to point out the passage, had returned to town, leaving the river desolate, gray, foaming, and broken into rapids here and there, the outer one of which was certain death to the unwary horseman who essayed to cross. Carefully fixing both his eyes upon a tree which stood out on the further bank, he spurred his pony into the deeper water, which in the twilight seemed about to overwhelm him as it banked up upon the weather side, and flowed across the saddle for a step or two. Then suddenly it shallowed, and entering the slack water Bu Gidri waded to the bank, and, coming out amongst the orange gardens on the top, set his horse galloping, and did not stop, till he came to the gate, which he found just about to close, and passed into the town just as the call to evening prayer rang out from the high towers cased in dark metallic tiles, which rise like light-houses from the flat sea of yellow houses and the thatched negro huts. But sixty miles were left to ride, so he slept well, and rising early took his way across the black alluvial plain, where by the Wad M'hassen runs the long bridge which marks the battlefield on which the ill-fated King of Portugal was slain, although some look for him still to come back and claim his kingdom after three hundred years. Knowing he now could reach his village in good time Bu Gidri rode along less anxiously, his pony eating the road, as say the Arabs, like clockwork, pacing so steadily that his master never felt the pace, which seemed to skim the surface of the ground just as a sledge flies on the surface of the snow. Towards evening he crossed the Ackbal Hamara, leading his

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horse down the steep, craggy track that goes down to the plain. He passed Ain Dallia, and then in an hour more, upon a little hill, rode into the sea breeze, which seemed like coming into paradise after a day or two in hell.

He reached his village outside Tangier just at nightfall and dismounted at a house. Almost at daybreak he was afoot with one or two companions and an old woman whom he had hired to wail beside the grave. With hoes they hacked a hole in the rough stony village cemetery, and quite impassively Bu Gidri laid the bundle in the grave; the woman broke out into a shrill, ear-piercing lamentation, and the brief ceremony was at an end. All day he lounged about Tangier smoking a pipe or two of kief, and drinking tea occasionally just to show he was in town. Next morning saw him on the road, and on the eighth day after leaving Fez the consul, going to his office, found him at his post seated at the front door, and with an air as of a man who has performed a duty, sheepish but still self-satisfied, and a little blackened by the sun.

Personal Opinions on Current Events

John Mitchell on Strikes and the Labor Forward Movement.

"There is no one phase of our industrial life so much discussed and so little understood as the strike. It is not true that unions are organized for the purpose of striking. A strike is resorted to when unavoidable to secure better conditions of life. The prevalence of strikes is grossly exaggerated. A strike lasts, generally speaking, twenty-three days, but the average worker peacefully carries on his business for thirty years without the interruption of a strike. More men are killed in election brawls than in all the strikes for the last twenty years, but no one advocates that elections should be abolished. Strikes and lockouts will become less frequent when employer and employe come to understand each other. The trade union movement is neither revolutionary nor destructive. It seeks not to disrupt society or the institutions of our country. Its purposes are constructive, its work evolutionary, and it makes for the perfection of society. It seeks the wider and more equitable distribution of wealth in order that all our people may be enabled to develop to their highest and best possibilities. The movement will be helped on in days of prosperity and retarded in days of adversity. There can be no doubt that the movement is onward and upward. Said that great humane philosopher, Thomas Carlyle: 'This that they call the organization of labor is the universal vital problem of the world.'"

State Railroad Commission Can Fix Rates, Declares Chairman Glasgow.

'The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the D. & M. railroad case is a great victory for the state railroad commission. The decision settles the question whether the commission is vested with the power to fix rates. In the particular case it was not a question of making an entire new rate in one sense, but rather to lower rate. However, the opinion gives us the right either to lower or raise freight rates, a power which we have always supposed we had, yet were not certain. The decision will mean that several fights now being put up by railroads in attempts to prevent the commission from changing rates will be dropped, as already manifested in communications received by us. It is the greatest victory the commission has obtained since I have been a member."

Wilson Will Purify Politics, Says Judge Westcott, Who Nominated Him.

"Time and circumstance have at every crisis during the ages evolved a genius, a man who is more than an ordinary man, to wield the reins of power, to fight for right and against wrong, to honor truth and decry evils, and destiny has laid her hand upon Woodrow Wilson to pilot the ship of state of this nation, through the greatest national crisis this country has ever known, excepting possibly the civil war. Wilson is about to purify politics to an extent entirely unforeseen and to plant the business affairs of the nation upon a stand where they will realize morality, integrity and right in all relations.

"Newspapers are the most efficient agents of modern times for promoting the widespread knowledge of veracity and the

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placing of truth before the people in its correct light. This agency cannot be overestimated, either by letters or figures."

Governor Wilson Favors Local Option.

"I am in favor of local option. I am a thorough believer in local self-government and believe that every selfgoverning community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or of the withholding of licenses.

"But the questions involved are social and moral and are not susceptible of being made parts of a party program. Whenever they have been made the subject matter of party contests, they have cut the lines of party organization and party action athwart to the utter confusion of political action in every other field. They have thrown every other question, however important, into the background and have made constructive party action impossible for long years together. So far as I am myself concerned, therefore, I can never consent to have the question of local option made an issue between political parties in this state. My judgment is very clear in this matter. I do not believe that party programs of the highest consequence to the political life of the state and of the nation ought to be thrust on one side and hopelessly embarrassed for long periods together by making a political issue of a great question which is essentially non-political, non-partisan, moral and social in its nature."

Fall Millinery

ADVANCE NOTES FROM THE MILLINERY TRADE REVIEW

by FASHION

While it is a trifle early to predict just what is going to be most popular for the coming season, a number of interesting styles are being brought out each day that will prove of interest. Many of these include fancy ostrich effects, paradise mounts, pheasant and heron effects. While the present prediction is for a big feather season the general opinion is that fancy ostrich, in all the beautiful combinations of colors and shadings, will be in the lead. Combinations of ostrich and numidi, which by the way, has lost none of its popularity and will be seen on many of the smart fall tailored hats, form an unusually effective contrast, as do such combinations as numidi and pheasant. The pheasant fancy in the soft shades of brown and gold, which may be used to such good advantage, will be largely seen on tailored hats. In fact, any high-up-in-the-air trimming promises to find much favor. For plain tailored hats many new small fancies in bright color combinations are being brought out. The narrow ostrich band, used on the edge of the brim of many of the fall models, are wonderfully attractive. Flat bands of this style trimming are used for entire facings on small hats. These bands are also seen underneath the brim next to the face, which is exceedingly effective in softening the entire lines of the hat besides beautifying it.

NEW OSTRICH FEATHER EFFECTS FOR FALL MILLINERY.

Defrisé ostrich in such combinations as white and emerald green, or the beautiful new fuchia tints, is an effective as well as very fashionable trimming. A new model shows the use of this trimming on a large white silk hatters' plush mushroom shape, having a black velvet facing. The ostrich band is used gracefully around the crown of the hat, and is finished with a high cockade of the same material.

Clusters of small tips in various combinations of colors lend a smart air to a number of the new fall models. The use of ostrich on the under brim is shown on a large purple mushroom velvet hat, having a gray velvet facing and a gray ostrich band running more than half the length of the brim. The top of this model is entirely without trimming.

WINGS TO BE POPULAR ON FALL HATS.

Reports from Paris are to the effect that wings will be largely used this fall,

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in many cases taking the place of the paradise where its price is prohibitive.

Pasted wings and fancies, placed on the crown and extending high into the air, will be seen on a number of the smart tailored hats. The mercury wing is particularly good style, as in the case of a small blue corduroy turban, which shows a blue and mustard colored breast used partly around the brim, which is completed by a collar of the corduroy. A pair of mercury wings to match are shown placed on the crown, giving the height.

MATERIALS FOR FALL HATS.

Hatters' plush is used on quite a few of the fall hats. A model is shown having the entire crown and part of the brim of this material. A pleated band of gold colored satin about six inches wide forms the brim, with a high pleasant fancy at the side.

Beaver cloth is also noted on the tailored hat. Heavy diagonal silk faille is shown as a new feature for facings and trimmings on the fall hats, coming in such combinations as white and taupe, black and white, black and cerise, black and orient, and others. This fabric is being sold in large quantities to the manufacturers and promises to be very popular.

Dresden taffeta is also shown, used mostly for bows, and is decidedly effective with the black background on which are placed tiny French bouquets. Art silk, a two-toned color effect, is shown for trimmings and bids fair to become popular.

Oriental Roman stripe plush is to be seen, bringing out all of the beautiful Oriental Durbar colors.

FALL HATS FOR THE CHILDREN.

The kiddies are not forgotten in the making up of materials for their headwear. There is a cotton seal plush in white and colors suitable for children's hoods and caps, as well as for brims of ladies' hats, for the entire hat or for turban effects.

Velvet manufacturers tell us that great quantities of black velvet have been sold ahead, not only for the making of pressed velvet hats but for trimming, and also for drapery effects. Of course, ribbons will be utilized to no little extent. Satin and moirés are again to the fore. The latter will be the favorite of the two items. All these items, especially in piece goods, will be represented in the manufactured hats, in plain shapes, tailored hats, pattern hats, trimmed hats, as well as in the stock of the millinery jobbers.

Moiré used as facing and trimmings will be featured widely for early fall. Moiré ribbon, both narrow and wide, is shown, from which is developed many new and interesting high ribbon cockades. An imported model that was seen by the writer shows the use of mustard-colored moiré ribbon forming a stunning high-pleated fancy with a base of the shirred moiré ribbon. Another clever use of this ribbon about two inches wide is noted, forming a succession of flat bows, which are placed in a high standard of velvet of the same shade as the ribbon, making a simple but effective trimming.

MAKING THE FALL AND WINTER HAT.

Among the hat shapes that are being shown by manufacturers for the forthcoming fall and winter season are various styles in white wools with velvet flanges, also some of the high shades known as pastel shades, in the same lines. These are especially for misses and children. Many are trimmed with sashes, scarfs, grosgrain ribbon bands and bow effects and some of the brims have rolled or cable edges.

One of the new features in a wool felt hat is termed iridescent wool, which has the appearance of a changeable effect, and imitates high grade velours. A patent has been applied for this particular make of goods.

Beavers, with cable edges in white and colors in two-toned effects, are presumed to be the leading article, but that remains to be seen.

Bright finished wools in all the colors of the rainbow, and in all shades, trimmed and untrimmed, with plain and cable edges, is another strong feature of the season.

Some of the new wool hats have the flanges and bands in contrasting colors, worked or dyed in the material, having the appearance of another material, but all made in the one piece.

Brush felt effects are likewise a feature of the season. Some of these appear in two-tone combinations and are very pretty in the children's lines.

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Plain furs, or French felts, as they are always termed by the trade, are likely to have an inning this season. They are made in all grades, and in great variety of shapes.

Another feature is pointed fox goods, giving the appearance of the familiar camel's hair hats of several seasons ago.

Long Distance has possibilities for Every Retail Merchant

It makes no difference whether you are a large retailer or a small one, there are new possibilities for you to extend your trade by means of toll telephone calls in and out of your store.

Here are a few suggestions:

Every retail house with representative stocks in places of 10,000 population and upward can do a jobbing business with country merchants and cross-roads peddlers. This is merely a matter of canvassing such trade by telephone and arranging for quick shipments of goods to take care of telephone orders.

It applies not only to small lots of staple groceries or dry goods to fill out the country dealer's assortments, but can be used to make him a salesman for more costly goods that he does not carry in stock. Show him the possibilities of being able to fill an order for a piano, a sewing machine, a harvester, a steam heating plant, a cream separator, a gasoline engine over the telephone. He has inquiries for such goods, or can develop them. Telephone him, get acquainted, post him on points and prices, and make him your sales agent.

Suppose there is an exceptional opportunity to get staple goods at a quantity price. You cannot handle the whole quantity yourself, but the price is especially advantageous, and widens your profit on something that sells all year round. What is easier than to call up retailers in outlying towns and selling them a portion of the goods? They are beyond your selling territory for most of these small staples, and therefore not to be considered competitors.

The hardware man knows exactly at what time of year farmers are getting ready for work requiring machinery or tools that he sells. He can call them up two or three weeks in advance and remind them to order repair parts or additional machinery needed for harvesting, planting, threshing.

The retail clothier can work up long distance telephone trade in children's wear a week or two before the public schools open.

The feed stores can arrange too to concentrate purchases when the markets offer favorable prices.

The plumber and steamfitter can take the initiative in developing business, instead of supinely bidding in competition with others on the jobs that have developed themselves, and by securing contracts in the same town, send his men into territory that he is not able to touch under present conditions. He can use the long distance telephone to make business in the dull spring season, quoting exceptional prices and keeping his work-force together through the slack part of the year, usually so disorganizing.

The coal dealer can add to his local sales by calling up farmers, quoting them prices on fuel less delivery cost, and filling the wagon-box of every farmer who is going home after selling a load of grain or hogs.

The grocer and butcher can take orders for supplies during the harvest and threshing seasons, when the farmers have extra hands to feed, and can organize groups of buyers in the country who will take and distribute regular shipments of fresh meats and supplies.

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Any disadvantage of poor location or small local demand can be offset by intelligent use of salesmanship over the long distance telephone, and when this direct, quick contact is maintained with people in the outlying districts mail order competition can be successfully met and overcome.

Plays and Players

by W. W. AULICK

Perhaps never before have so many different sections of the globe been witness to the arduous work involved in the preparation of a stage spectacle of the first magnitude than in the present instance of the forthcoming presentation of "The Daughter of Heaven" at the Century theater, New York.

In the little town of Rochefort, in the Basque country and at the foot of the Pyrennes, Pierre Loti, one of the authors of the play, and George C. Tyler, representing The Liebler Co., the play's producers, are at present engaged in daiy conference over the details of staging. In London, George Egerton (Mrs. Goding Bright), is putting the finishing touches on her English adaptation, keeping in touch with the progress of the others concerned in the production through Frederick Stanhope, stage manager of the theater at which "The Daughter of Heaven" is to be played. Hugh Ford, the stage director, under whose supervision the dreams of the authors are to be visualized, is working out his problems in his native California, far away from the job-hungry mob of actors, who have heard that there are to be four hundred parts in the new play.

In Milan, Italy, in the workshop of the foremost theatrical costumer of the world, the designs for many of the five hundred costumes to be required in the production have already been drawn. In an obscure corner of Europe sits a famous musician, writing entre-acts music for the drama, though he refuses to let his name be used in connection with the production, until he has assured himself that he has succeeded in catching the dreamy yet convincingly Chinese atmosphere of the original work. In China, the locale of the play, a princess of the blood is compiling a careful record of the ritual and ceremonial of the imperial court, so that the scenes in the palace may be faithfully enacted. From there has just returned the American journalist sent by The Liebler Co. to Pekin and Nankin, to secure photographs, sketches and descriptions of the actual scenes of the play, as well as a full set of Chinese musical instruments and such properties as it would be difficult or impossible to reproduce here.

In Australia, a popular actress is struggling to be released from contracts that will enable her to appear in an important part in the play to which she is particularly well suited. In New York, the preparatory activity is to be discerned in several places. At the studio of the scenic artists, Gates & Morange, who painted the beautiful "Garden of Allah" scenery, the scenes representing the interior of the palace is being prepared from photographs and authentic models. In a store-house in Jersey City, the scenes representing the Tartar wall, to be used in the big battle scene, is being built. At the Century theater itself, in the wardrobe department, materials are being gathered against the return of Carramba in August, that the work of costuming the spectacle may be carried out without loss of time.

On the stage of the theater itself, the electricians are experimenting with the effects of various blue and violet lights upon bits of canvas painted in shades of grey and slate, in order that a stunning moonlight effect may be obtained for the battle scene. And finally, in the lost dynasty.

"In this I was very successful, though

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her little tower of ivory, on the top of a Paris apartment house, Judith Gautier, collaborateur with Pierre Loti in writing the play, sits engrossed in astronomical calculations, figuring out the most auspicious moment in the latter part of September for the premier of the play.

While the production of "The Daughter of Heaven" is still one month off, there are already over ninety people spending the bulk of their time in its preparation. It is inconceivable that a spectacle of such proportions can be staged at an initial cost of less than $100,000, and it is not improbable that the total may exceed this amount considerably. Once produced it will require another year of record-breaking business, such as that enjoyed by its predecessor, "The Garden of Allah," to meet the expense of maintenance. The gamble involved is one for high stakes, yet the chances seem all in favor of the producers. The American public has time and again indicated a partiality for spectacle built upon mammoth lines. The authors, in this instance, are both of the highest literary attainments, one being a member of the French academy and the other the only woman to be admitted to the Academy de Goncourt. And the story—on which everything hinges—seems to be comparable to that which, of all stories, has enjoyed the greatest popular vogue, that of "Romeo and Juliet," retold in settings that are both interesting and bizarre.

Just at present, interest in the production centers in the return of Heywood Broun, the newspaper man sent to China by the management. Mr. Broun returned from his 15,000 mile journey last week with some 800 photographs, besides the unusual baggage that has been mentioned. On his arrival, he gave out the following description of his trip:

"I made extensive visits to Pekin and Nanking, the scenes of 'The Daughter of Heaven.' In the latter city my task was that of an investigator rather than that of reporter and recorder. In writing the play Pierre Loti has taken advantage of a Chinese tradition that has been tenderly nursed by the patriotic Chinese ever since the overthrow of the native or Ming dynasty by the invading Tartar or Manchus, some 250 years ago. This tradition held that in some obscure corner of China, which until recently has been a country of great distances and impassable barriers, the defeated Mings still maintained their ancient dynasty, surrounded by a court no less magnificent than that of Pekin, awaiting the day when smoldering patriotism would burst into a flame and drive out the usurper.

"Loti declares this secret court at Nanking, now a three days' journey from Pekin. Had such a court existed. it is inconceivable that recent events should not have brought it to the light. Still the tradition is so persistent, that it is more than probable that some such court was maintained for many years after the overthrow of the Mings. It was my duty to explore the grounds to discover what traces, if any, existed of I must confess that I got my material from a source not anticipated—the theater. In rooting up all things that would keep alive the memory of the Mings, the Manchus made one fatal error of omission. All Chinese plays date back to the days of the Ming glory, and it was the theater that spread the watchword of the late revolution, 'Down with the Manchu.' And it was in the dressing room of a theater that I secured faithful reproductions of the costumes of a Ming empress, a Ming viceroy and Ming warriors.

As to the scenes in the Manchu court and on the battlefield, my task was an easy one. As the Manchu nobleman, recently rolling in wealth and power, is now stripped of both, I was able to drive some bargains with persons lately of high prestige in the empire. I visited the Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven and other scenes to figure in the play, and was able to photograph spots which a year ago would have been inaccessible—even to an Amreican newspaper man.

"In Pekin my researches were conducted to the accompaniment of continuous rifle-fire in those sections of the city where the riots were in progress. One of the most remarkable things in 'The Daughter of Heaven' to me, was the accuracy with which events that have actually transpired since were forecasted."

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by Joseph I. C. Clarke

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by An English Woman

BY WARRANT OF THE KING
by Katharine Clare

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FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XIX. OCTOBER, 1912. No. 3

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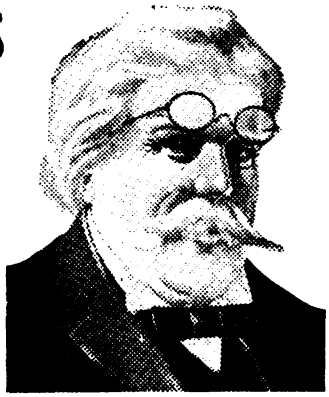
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
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VOL. XIX. OCTOBER—1912. No. 3

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The Season is Now On.

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Sullivan, 1779

Commemorating the Victory of General John Sullivan and his army over the Indians, Tories and British Regulars near Elmira, N. Y.

by JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE
Poet, Journalist, Author

A spirit walked the smiling hills of morn,
And over the waving forests at her feet
The wild harps of the summer winds played sweet;
And the rivers sang, now loud, now low,
While the valleys echoed to their flow.
The lake flashed silver laughter back
To the flaming sun on his mounting track,
For joy that another day was born.

The spirit gazed from her calm, clear eyes,
And she saw the morning mists arise
To melt like a pray'r in the August skies.
The wild sharp scent of the mountain pine
Like the breath of Freedom her bosom filled,
As dewdrops clinging to branch and vine
Shed diamond spray by the night distilled.
And higher she rose in the fields of air
Till the broad expanse touched the ocean's rim,
Then northward turned her glance to where
The mountains lifted their foreheads dim;
West with the prairies spread beyond,
Then southward glanced where, bole and frond,
Arose the wide-plumed palm.
And it all breathed joy in its morning hymn,
And her lips replied in a golden psalm:

"Lord of the worlds, the stars, the suns,
Within whose web existence runs,
And all stands open to thy ken,
If thou has given this world to men,
Let it, O Father, ever be
A world of the true, a world of the free,
Where hearts may love and souls aspire,
And Faith pile high its altar fire,
Knowing no other God than thee."

Bathed in the glory that upon her shone.
The spirit still prayed bravely on:
"I see through a tangled, wooded glen
The glint of weapons shine,
And a long array of stalwart men
Marching in warlike line.
They stretch 'twixt the hills from crest to crest,
Their sweat is thick upon brow and breast,
Their muskets trailing low.
They peer through the forest round about
For pitfalls of the foe.
Their horses tug at the traces stout
Of cannon rumbling slow.
And swarms of boats and rustic floats
Down the babbling river come,
And I catch the thrilling of bugle notes
And the rolling of the drum.
On through the thickets a way they trace;
They pause at the river's bars.
They follow a man of the Fighting Race,
And he follows a flag of stars."

* * * * * *

Thus Sullivan, with battle-flag outflung,
Marched grimly by the banks of the Chemung;
Vengeance his mission, a mandate to destroy:
Death to the slinking murderers who crept
By night upon our settlers as they slept,
And slew them—woman, girl and boy—
By the blazing of their log-built homes,
Carved from the age-old wilderness
Where the Susquehanna foams.
Savage and Tory in a pact of shame:
Plunder and scalps for the Indian braves,
A dance of murder, a path of flame,
And the pride of trampling white men's graves.
For the Briton a grip on the mighty West,
An empire! if Freedom should win the rest.

But Washington clear in his ample view
(While he faced the English beside the sea)
Four thousand men from his scant force drew,
This their warrior warrant to be:
To pierce the wilderness through and through;
To hunt out the recreant Tory crew;

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To burn and waste where the Indians hived
Till they knew that no murder-treaty thrived
Where the flag stars shone and the eagle flew.
For leader he singled a true-souled man,
Brave of the brave—John Sullivan.

There be those who strive for the hero's meed,
And storm the hilltops of endeavor
With the onrush of one blazing deed,
And win to live forever.
And there be those of a hundred flights,
As bold of hand and high of spirit,
Who charge with eager feet the heights
Of victory and merit,
Only to find high fortune fail,
And foes and forces new assail.
Yet, beaten down, such grace inherit,
That at the foot, still constant, true,
They bare their sabres to ascend anew.

John Sullivan was of these last.
No thrice-crowned child of battle-rapture he,
But when he threw his law books by
And life and fortune for his country cast
That she should rise up free,
His sword shone dazzling in the front of war,
And over many a field
He saw the Briton and the Hessian yield
Or 'fore his onset turn and fly.

Oft at his stern-browed Leader's feet,
He learned to hearken to the true-man's call:
That men upon the battledores of fate
Have but their Souls, their lives.
Hither and thither thrown; advance, retreat;
Smiting or falling, laden, ay, with gyves,
They must be single-minded to be great,
The cause they follow is their all.

The column writhes along its hard-won trail
In swelter of the noonday heat,
When a forest scout comes hurrying down
On noiseless, moccasined feet.
"At the river's bend an Indian town,
A score of rough-hewn huts tricked out
With barbarous colors, blue and brown,
But none make answer to our shout."
And Sullivan's face went death-like pale,
On his brow a deepened frown.
"Burn it to ashes; let the flames outspread
Till their fields are bare," he hoarsely said.
'Twas quickly done,
And the smoke still hung o'er the blasted vale,
When Sullivan gloomily rode ahead
In the blood-red setting of the sun.

Night, and the burning embers mock the stars;
Morn, and the ashes all are gray;
The soldiers toiling on the forest way;
The boatmen poling at the river's bars.
Sudden the rifles' stinging crack,
Shot after shot on the hot, dense air.
The scouts once more come hurrying back
Through the forest's dark defiles.
"The game we're hunting's at bay up there.
They've built them a breastwork of brush and logs
From river to creek on a rising ground—
A thousand of Indians and Tory dogs."
And Sullivan shortens his rein and smiles.

The riflemen, gaunt, lank pioneers,
Are rushed to the front, a sparse, fierce line.
"Amuse them, lads, till the trap is sprung."
A hill is found for the cannoneers
To sweep the curve of the Chemung,
And Poor and Clinton are marched to the right
Behind the woodland screen
To strike the foe in the flank.
The rifles ring by the river bank
In stealthy, deadly frontier fight.
The aides are moving to and fro,
While Sullivan hastily gathers his might
To strike the frontal blow.

Behind the heavy barricade,
Four hundred Tory picaroons
Have here the chance they boastful prayed,
Till now unheard,
And with them, hapless dupes of fate,
A thousand Iroquois crouch and wait
Theyandenaga's word,
On white men's throats to pay the red man's debt
In scores of lives.
They fondle their crown muskets, and they whet
Their scalping knives.

A cannon booms; another and another rolls,
Till the valley quakes with the thundrous roar—
Thunder the red man never heard before.
The crashing round-shot and the rattling grape
Tumble the breastwork till its timbers gape,
Taking their toll of souls.
Tory and Indian rise and flee pell-mell,
As Poor comes charging on the frantic rout—
A chase and a race for a hiding place
Till the scattering mob on-stumbling blind,
A grave or a shelter in the forest find.

Sullivan views the quick-swept field with scorn;
The buglers call in the outflung men;
The torch is laid to the Indian's corn.
The column takes the rough trail again.
Through the virgin forest it hews a path,
And the breath of the young Republic's wrath
Goes up in a cloud of smoke by day.

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And pillars of fire by night,
Like Israel in the wilderness of old,
Filling the wild things with affright,
While the red men far through the forest flee.
So, Sullivan out of the savage wold
Comes on the valley of the Genesee
In its glory of tasseled gold,
Swaying in beauty, mile after mile outrolled.

Leader and men stand fast and gaze,
In pity and amaze,
For this their goal where vengeance might expire—
The red man's homeland doomed to flame and spoil.
Silent of man but eloquent of toil.
Pity still whispers, bidding Duty fail,
But Duty sounds its loud insistent call,
And swift the bannerets of ruthless fire
Have down the smiling valley waved.
Fields, houses, granaries and orchards, all
Are blotted out beneath the smoky pall.
Deep from the forest rises one long wail.
Vengeance is sated, and the West is saved.

When Cupid plays the Caddie
There wander to the links
A winsome lass and laddie
At whom he smiles and blinks.
He cares not how they foozle
Nor kiss at leading off—
He makes them all bamboozle
In love's great game of golf.

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By Warrant of the King.

by KATHERINE CLARE

I was born in the wardhouse overlooking the narrow bridge of gray stone that spans the Loar; and the nurse—so she often said—carried me straight to the window to look out upon my inheritance. The wardenship of the bridge had been in the family for two hundred years, since six of my ancestors fell there covering the retreat of their king, who, with royal gratitude, had granted to John Rix, whose name I bear, and to his lineal descendants, the right to take toll of all who passed so long as the bridge stood.

Old age had come upon it in my day, and it was held together rather by the weight of the stones, and the moss and weeds which clung around them and filled their joints, than by the crumbling mortar. Often, as a boy, I watched awesomely as it shook in the winter wind; and it trembled whenever a carriage passed. There was room for this and no more, for I could hold a hand over each side at once when full grown (being a large man). It seemed strange, indeed, that it had endured so long, for it stretched seventy feet from one sheer bank to the other, supported only by two warped stone piers; but I deemed it would last my time, and never doubted to take toll, in my graybeard age, as my forefathers had done. It was a livelihood for a man and his family, for there was traffic to and from the coast, and the fords were many miles round, and impassable in the rainy seasons of the year.

There was a time, however, when I was like to forfeit my privilege. My mother—God rest her!—died when I came, and my father scarce forgave me to the end for costing him so dear; and since he showed small pleasure in my company, and great impatience of my youthful freaks and follies, I left home when a lad and took service in the wars in France. I rose to be captain of a company of mercenaries, and dreamed, as boys do, of rising to be a great leader. But my soldiercraft lay in my arm rather than in my head; and, coming to the wiser age of thirty, I judged my chances of further advancement but small. So, thinking it better to sit at the bridge than to march in the field, I claimed my discharge, and, taking such moneys as were due to me—I was never unthrifty—made my way home.

I returned none too soon; for my father had died some months before, and I found a crafty knave of a scrivener installed in my house, pleading leave and license of the Lady of Eastlake, who had lately come of age and been freed from wardship, and ruled the lands between the river and the sea.

The man could not look me fairly in the eyes, but he drew out a long roll of parchment and read many outlandish phrases that were neither English nor French, and argued his rights with much citation of the law till I pricked him with the point of my sword. Then he fled, shrieking as if all the fiends were after him, and threatening me with the wrath of his patroness.

The lady herself rode out with a following the next morning to demand the house from me, and rated me with many angry words. A tall, headstrong maid she was, and one to gladden a soldier's eyes.

I heard her in patience, knowing that a woman's tongue must run, until her breath seemed exhausted. Then I told her calmly that by the king's gift the wadrenship of the bridge was mine, and the right to take toll from those who passed thereon; and she had no power to grant leave or license otherwise. "Unless," I concluded courteously, "you can show me warrant, madam."

"Warrant!" She tossed back her hair and turned a little to the men-at-

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arms. "My warrant is easy to read."

"I am a poor scholar, madam," I answered; "for I can read nothing there to set aside the king's word; and I will move from here for no other."

She tossed back her hair again, which was a trick of hers.

"Your blood be upon your own head," she cried, "if you are foolhardy enough to resist a score."

"Nay, madam," I said; "upon yours, since you would set twenty men upon one who but holds his own."

She bit her lip and hesitated; for a woman is swift of speech but slow to action, and I think her heart was softer than her words. But her men began to move in upon me, and I drew my sword sharply. The flash of the steel frightened her steed, and suddenly he reared and threw his mistress. I dropped my sword to catch her, and staggered against the doorway with her in my arms. Then I set her courteously upon the ground. Her men would have seized me unarmed, but she turned and drove them back and stamped her foot.

"Fie!" she cried. "Fie! He has dropped his sword to aid *me!*" Then she turned to me and bowed. 'Zounds! she was a fair maid.

"I have no mind to set twenty on one, Master John Rix," she said, "even were it not that I owe you some thanks for saving me from the stones. They tell me that you have fought in the wars and gained much honor."

"I fought in the wars, madam," I told her.

"What rank held you?"

"I was captain of a company."

"Will you take my service, and be captain of four?"

"You honor me greatly, madam," I replied; "but I am weary of serving."

She looked at me under her eyelashes; and a woman's eyes have won more soldiers than all the silver of the king.

"Would my service be so irksome to you, sir?" she asked.

"It would be pleasant service," I vowed, "but dangerous."

"Why?" she laughed merrily. "Think you to lose your head in it?"

"My hand can guard my head," I answered; "but there is no guard for my heart."

Therein I spoke lightly, thinking a compliment, even to so great a lady, not amiss. Yet by accident I touched the truth.

The lady tried vainly to frown down my boldness, but laughed outright at last.

"Keep your heart," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "and your tottering bridge; but I will pay no toll when I pass."

"My eyes will take toll every time," I answered boldly, forgetting too much the difference in our degree.

She glanced hotly at me for a moment, and gave herself a haughty shake; but she spoke no more till I had helped her to mount and she was riding away. Then she bent down from her saddle and whispered quietly:

"I will take toll of *you,* Master Rix, before I have done. Every dog has his day, and this is yours; but——"

"You speak truly, madam," I whispered, as softly as she. "Today I have held the world in my arms."

She flushed like a fire that is fanned, and gave her horse the spur; and I stood bareheaded, looking after her.

"So," I mused, "my tongue has run too far; and it is war between us, my proud lady! I am like to fare the worse; but you will remember that John Rix, the bridge-warden, held you in his arms. What a maid of maids it is!"

I held counsel with myself how the lady would seek her revenge on me; and it seemed likely that she would take occasion of some error of mine to lay a case before the king to deprive me of my wardenship. So I was wary in my doings and gave offense to none. But when I came to know her I found that I had judged her wrongfully, since she was above all underhand doings. So next I thought that she spoke without intent, as woman will, and would have no revenge at all on me. But she stopped whenever she rode my way unattended — and that was often — and greeted me fairly, and spoke with me as with an equal, laughing and looking at me with her great eyes, and displaying many little airs and graces; and then it dawned on my slow understanding that she would take her toll in another way, with a woman's weapons;

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and pay I must, and pay I did in many a peevish day and restless night. Yet I concealed my vanquishment from her, and looked her fairly in the face, and answered her speech like one heart-free, lest she should laugh me to scorn.

"The king bids me to court to find a husband," she told me, glancing to see if I winced. "What think you, Master John?"

"That if you tarry too long the king will find a husband for you," I answered.

"Even so he vows," she said; "but it seems that none will dare."

"It needs daring, madam," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "But there are some who lack the wisdom to fear, and one will come riding over my bridge some day."

"And then?" She smiled at me.

"And then—I shall take toll of him." I slapped my pocket till the coins jingled.

"If he is bold enough to come for me without my leave," she declared, "he will be bold enough to pass without yours."

"If he is bold enough to pass without my leave," I retorted, "he is bold enough to take you without yours."

"Truly," she vowed, "that would need a braver man than you, Master John."

I contradicted her not, believing that she tried to tempt me to my downfall, and having no mind to give her occasion to laugh my presumptuous folly to scorn. Though I doubted that the event would find her nearer to tears than laughter. For she was a true-hearted maid, her wilfulness withal, and when she had won her revenge, would think less of her victory than of my hurt, and be like to blame herself for playing with me. Sometimes I was minded to be open and tell her so; but then I knew she would come my way no more, and, poor lovesick fool that I was! the day had no light unless I saw her. So I piqued her still that she might come; and, since she permitted me to speak frankly with her, I advised her concerning her marriage as a friend to whom her welfare was dear, and especially that she did unwisely to flout the king.

"A great lady like you must marry," I said, "and have a husband to rule her lands, and heirs to govern them after her. Among the nobles of the court there may be some whom you would like well, and a wilful maid makes often a willing wife."

"I will make none," she cried hotly.

"It is worse to be an unwilling one, and if you try the king too long he may send you a husband little to your liking." liking."

"Then I will send him back again." She drew herself up hotly. "I have four hundred good men to hasten him on his way, and perhaps one more. For you would take my service then, Master John?"

"Nay, madam," I answered. "My service would not profit you, and I am grown too old to fight a vain battle."

Then she grew angry, and cried that I was a coward, and she wanted none in her service; and touched her horse with the spur and rode away, leaping the hedges and brooks in her reckless fashion.

Toward the end of the summer there came across my bridge a messenger from London, a lusty man with a fearless voice and a soldier's bearing; and I saw on his wallet the royal arms. He paid treble toll and took no change, and asked the road to my lady's castle; and my mind misgave me. It misgave me more when he returned, looking angry and biting his moustache; and as he flung me a coin he cried that he would pay no toll when next he came my way. So I judged that he thought to return with the king's army, which passes free.

The next morning I was early at my door, looking for my lady, and not in vain.

She was flushed with riding fast, and could scarce stop her steed till I caught at the bridle.

"It will gladden your heart to know that you will take your toll soon," she cried, tossing back her hair.

I steadied my look and voice with difficulty.

"It is as it should be, lady," I said, "if he is a good man and worthy of you."

"That might easily be," she said, with a bitterness in her voice, "as *you* think of me. But even you will scarce think so of—the Earl of Lanby." She looked

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across the river, where his earldom lay as far as the eye could see.

"The Earl of Lanby!" I grated my teeth for a moment; for the Earl was well at fighting, and ill at all else. "I have been a soldier, lady, and drilled to hold that the King can work no evil; else I had said that he has done you grievous wrong."

"The wrong is not yet done," she cried. "I will defy the King; and *now*, will you serve me, John?"

I leaned one arm upon her horse and stared across the narrow gray bridge, and seemed to see myself and a few good men holding it against the army; but I saw them, in my mind's eye, surrounding us by the fords and taking us in the rear, and myself hanged—that mattered not—and her men; and I shook my head.

"My life is little to me, madam," I said, "if it would profit you; but it would not. You will but add to your bitterness the humiliation of defeat. Neither will I ask your men to follow me in so hopeless a cause. You cannot resist the King."

"Do I care so little for my brave men —or for you?" she cried. "Ask them to follow you—and me—across the water. Discipline them into soldiers worthy of the acceptance of the King of France. They would fain serve under you, John; for they say that you are a good soldier, and that there is no swordsman like you in France."

I had, indeed, some skill with the weapon, and her men-at-arms loved to learn from me.

She smiled down at me as she sat on her horse; and I was sore tempted, but steeled my heart against her wiles.

"No, madam," I answered. "I am yours to the death if I can render you useful service; but I will not serve the enemies of my King."

She swerved her horse aside, pulling angrily at the rein.

"You are a poltroon," she cried—"a poor knave with no mind above taking toll at your bridge. Come against me with the army of your King!" And with that she was gone.

I stood gloomily looking after her till she was out of sight; then I walked out upon the bridge and sat upon the parapet, staring moodily at the water and communing with myself.

I was ready enough to fight for her, even against the King, if that would save her from a distasteful marriage—for the thought that I would not have her love her husband I dismissed as unworthy; but this was beyond my power; and even if I refused service against my countrymen, I saw no profit in following her to France. Since my presumptuous love for her grew every day, I should but increase my tortures by seeing her, and at the end should dance at her marriage with some finnicking French nobleman whom I could stifle with one arm. To France, I resolved firmly, I would not go.

There was only one way in which I could free her from the need of flight to escape this hateful marriage. If I could meet the Earl and kill him! They would kill me afterwards; but that would not matter, for life held nothing but trouble for me since she was out of my reach. But I could not bring myself to so unsoldierly a deed as to take him unaware, and he would disdain single combat with one of my degree. Indeed, they would thrust me from his doors if I sought audience of him.

I pondered all day upon the matter, and, thinking still of it at night, I could not sleep. So I rose and dressed, and went out on the bridge and rested my arms on the parapet and looked down on the river hurrying by. There had been a storm in the evening, and the wreckage of the trees raced down the stream, and sometimes a great bough struck one of the slender piers and made the bridge tremble. The wind blew fiercely towards Lanby, and the keen air and the cold moon peeping through the scurrying clouds chilled my hot passion to a pensive mood.

I had stood there a while when I heard, beyond the far end of the bridge, a sound that I knew. I should have recognized it before but for the contrary wind. It was the thud of horses at a trot—horses that were ridden in close order together.

I thought with a quickness unusual to me—though my wits are apt to wake at times of action—it could not be the King's army, for the messenger had

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barely returned. It must be the crafty Earl coming with a force to seize my lady ere she fled to France, as one might well judge she was like to do. There was no time to run back and saddle my mare to give warning. I could but die for her.

PART II.

I crouched under the shadow of the parapet with my sword in hand, for I had not yet disused my soldier's custom to go always armed. The horses drew nearer and nearer till they clattered on the bridge, and now and then a rough voice reached me against the wind. It seemed as if hours passed instead of minutes, and in a strange fantasy I made pictures out of the black clouds driving in the wind. At last they were upon me, and I leapt up and faced the big Earl.

His great black horse, nervous as horses are, snorted and fell back on his haunches. I think the creature wrenched his back, for he did not rise; but the Earl freed himself swiftly, and stood raving and cursing at me, and, taking me for some belated vagabond, bade his men seize me and throw me over the bridge; and when I laughed he smote at me. He knew that I was no yokel when he met my guard, and shouted quickly to his men to keep back lest they hampered his arm. I withdrew a step, and challenged him to come past his horse, which lay between us, if he dared. He came quickly enough, and then we fought.

I would that I had skill of words to tell the story of our sword-play, for I had some renown in the army as a swordsman, and never have I met so strong and skilled an adversary. We feinted and smote and parried and advanced and retired for a quarter of an hour, and sometimes when the moon was hidden for a moment we waited cautiously on guard, resting our arms. I had two flesh-wounds and a deeper one in the shoulder, and I had touched him thrice, when at last my sword went home, and he fell without a groan, and as he touched the ground his followers rode forward. Happily the body of his charger impeded them, for their horses shied at this and at me, and would not advance. So the men dismounted, but foolishly came on two abreast, hampering each other, as their dead lord had foreseen; and I smote down eight, one after the other, fighting across the dead man as he lay on his charger. I can see in my mind's eye his dark, pale face as it stared with glazed eyes and open mouth at the moon; and behind lay the others, and those who still came on had to step on them.

Two stout men were now to the front, smiting not, but pushing me back with their guard, and giving no opening to strike them. Once I was driven off the narrow bridge I knew full well that they would surround me. Therefore, when they paused for a moment I turned and ran, thinking to get to my house. They followed closely, and the bridge filled from the other end till it was full; and since I was faint with loss of blood — for I had received several more wounds—and could not run, I turned to face them as I reached the bank. As I turned I heard a great shriek of many in one, and saw the bridge sway and disappear, broken by age and unwonted burden; and presently there was a great crash, and the water flew up in clouds. The spray fell on me where I stood. I heard a few shrieks, fewer and fewer, and saw a white face here and there in the stream, and an uplifted arm!

Some few of the Earl's followers had escaped on the bank at my side; but they had no heart to fight further, nor had I. They slunk away, and I staggered to my house, and stanched my wounds and bound them. Then I went to the stable for my horse; but one of the knaves had stolen him while I was within. So I set out on foot to my lady's castle, thinking that some might cross by the fords and take her by surprise. I was faint and dizzy, and the wounds broke out again, and I reeled before the wind that blew upon me. There is an ill dream that I dream yet of a wild moon riding fast in a wild sky, and a fierce wind racing over a bare land, and a wounded man stumbling on to a place that was always far.

I reached it at last, and leaned against the gateway and knocked; and when they opened it I fell senseless within.

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When I came to from my swoon my lady, with her hair hanging loose, as she had risen from her couch, and clad in a long wrapper, was bending over me and dressing my wounds; and not till they were all bound would she hearken to me; and then I told her how I had taken toll of the Earl.

She called her men to arms, and set guards upon the walls, and had some tree-trunks hoisted, as I advised her, to let fall upon the enemy where they must crowd to attack the gateways; but they came not. So in the morning I counseled her to flee without delay, since she would not submit to the King; and when she dallied with preparations, as women will, I took matters into my own hands and gave orders for the wagons to be loaded, and sent a troop to the port to secure such ships as were there —they found two, beside my lady's own barge—and bade all march straightway; and they made no demur, but obeyed me.

My lady would have had me embark first, with her; but I refused flatly, telling her that in a retreat the captain's place was at the rear. Then she said she would stay to the end with me; but I vowed that she should go straightway aboard or I would carry her. For a countryman had brought news that the King's army had crossed the ford, and it was no time for courtesy.

Finding me resolved, she yielded with good grace; but before she went she took a little gold brooch from her neck and fastened it at mine.

"Since you have served for no wage," she said very sweetly, "and only my heart can repay. Have a care for yourself, and follow safely, or you will cause me great sorrow."

But I filled the three ships full and saw them go, and bade the men who were left scatter along the shore and save themselves by flight. Then I went back to surrender to the army of the King. For I would not follow my lady to France to see her marry there, and take service against my King; and I judged surrender better than flight, since the end was speedier. Nor did I care greatly what became of me.

The captain of the advance guard, to whom I gave my sword, cursed me for a braggart until one of the men who had fought on the bridge bore witness to my story. Then he cursed me again for coming to him to put my neck in a halter.

"It is the best deed that ever a man hung for," he declared; and he gave me meat and drink before he sent me, under guard, to the King's lieutenant, Lord Marvin.

His lordship examined me with no more harshness than his duty demanded, and ill concealed his pleasure that I had slain the Earl. I owed it to his favor, I make no doubt, that I was not sent before the King till the morrow, when his anger had cooled somewhat; and he gave me a veiled hint to plead that I had but held the bridge against those who would cross it for purpose of unlawful and unauthorized violence. His wife, I learned afterwards, was a second cousin of my lady's, and I credit him with some voice in the strange events which followed.

He sent me to a tent, on parole to stay within; and I slept most of that day and night, being spent and sick of my wounds. The next morning they led me forth to a court which the King held in my lady's hall; and when I was seated—for I was not able to stand long —I discovered my lady seated beside me. Some of the King's ships had sailed round the coast and captured her. She was greatly angered that I had not followed her, and turned her back on me; and when I whispered would not answer.

An usher called for silence, and the King turned to us sternly.

"You, lady, we know," he said, "and your proud, rebellious spirit; but who, sir, are *you?*" He looked severely at me.

"John Rix, sire," I answered, "some years captain of a company, under Sir William Evesham, in your service; and lately, for service of my ancestors, unworthily warden of the Loar Bridge, which I guarded with my life against those who would pass it unlawfully to commit violence upon your Majesty's subjects.

Lord Marvain nodded approval; but the King's gaze did not relax.

"Did you risk your life for *my* sake, John Rix?" he demanded, striking his

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hand upon the table in front of him, "or for—my subjects?"

"For this lady, sire," I said steadily; "but I chose to surrender to you rather than to seek service with your enemies in France."

"Did she invite you to such service?" he asked quickly; but I did not answer, although his eyes pierced me. "Well, I will not force you to accuse her, only yourself. You aided her flight?"

"Yes, sire."

"Knowing that she fled from my will?"

"Yes, sire?"

"What is your excuse?"

"To *you,* sire, none."

He pulled his beard and frowned.

"Did you know that Lord Lanby had no warrant of mine to pass the bridge when you fought him and slew him?"

"No, sire."

"But you thought so?"

"I did not think about it, sire."

He smiled grimly.

"I think it would have made little difference if you had, Master John. It is plain that you preferred this lady's service to mine. Yet in all else I judge you to be a loyal servant, and a brave one. It shall rest with yourself what punishment you suffer." His look upon me was not unkindly; but his face was stern again when he turned to my lady. "You, madam," he said, "have openly defied my will; neither have you submitted your error to my judgment; neither have you held to me against my enemies. If you were a man your life were surely forfeited. As you are a woman, I will cure your wilfulness in another way. Since you demur to my choice of a husband, you shall choose one for yourself—from my scullions! Unless"—he leaned forward and shook his finger at her—"unless the sturdy knave beside you, whom you have seduced from his duty, will take pity and marry you.—Come! will you take her for punishment, Master John, or shall she put up with a kitchen knave?"

I looked at my lady, but she kept turned from me.

"The lady is nobly born, sire," I pleaded; "and I am but a poor yeoman. Punish me more, I pray you, and her less. She is but young, and——"

"Dare not to parley with me," the King thundered. "Make your choice, and that without another word."

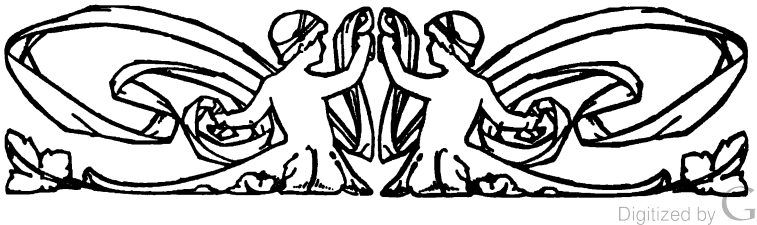
There was but one choice that I could make; for though it irked me to be the instrument of her punishment, and I could but expect that she would hate me and revile me, yet it was surely less shame for her to marry me than a kitchen knave; and I answered speedily lest I should seem to put scorn on her.

"I will marry the lady, sire," I said; "and but for the wrong I do her my punishment would be great reward. For I think there is none to compare with her on earth."

And then my lady did a thing at which I marveled; for she rose and bowed to me very courteously.

"I thank you, sir," she said calmly. "You do me no wrong."

I thought first that she spoke but to anger the King; and then I thought—knowing her noble nature—that she spoke to show courtesy to me, since she knew full well I would have died for her sake; but when we were alone she held at my jacket with both her hands, and smiled the sweetest of smiles in my eyes. And then I knew that her punishment, like mine, was light!



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An Open-Minded Beggar.

Reader, tell me, if you know,
What, on earth, is Socialism.
Is it—men have told me so—
Some preposterous abysm,
Into which we all may drop—
With the criminals on top?

Is the vehement Express
Justified in all it mentions;
And are Wells and G. B. S.
Worse than Sikes in their intentions?
Do those Fabian beasts of prey
Wish to take my wife away?

Or—observe that I am quite
Open-minded, gentle reader—
Are they sometimes nearly right
In the shocking Labor Leader?
Will the coming commune be
Paradise for you and me?

Do you think it can be true
That the death of competition
Guarantees for me and you
Sinless Edens—new edition?
Or was Stuart Mill correct—
Will there be some grave defect?

Shall we all be servile wrecks
With the brand of Marx imprinted
On our miserable necks,
As The Referee has hinted?
Or—see Justice—shall we share
Perfect freedom with the air?

Will that entity, the State
Of Collectivist Utopia,
Actually operate
Something like a cornucopia?
Or will Hardie's fatted friends
Leave me only odds and ends?

In this monster maze of doubt
I am groping like a blind man.
Shall I boldly blossom out
As a follower of Hyndman?
Or continue to exist
As an Individualist?

So, dear reader, will you, please,
Tell a poor, distracted seeker
Whom, in troubled times like these,
He should put his little bit on?
And, philosopher and guide,
Do pick out the winning side!

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A Woman's Plea Against Woman Suffrage

by AN ENGLISHWOMAN

To the sugraffist the one thing needful for women is the vote. It is held out as a universal and never-failing remedy, whereby the rough places in the world of women are to be made smooth and the crooked paths straight.

This faith in the efficacy of the suffrage is magnificent; but is it based on the solid foundations of reason and the public welfare?

Men and women are not two opposing armies seeking one another's destruction. The one sex is the complement of the other; their interests are one and indivisible. That which brings good to the man inevitably brings good to the woman, for they are indissolubly linked together. By the unalterable decree of Nature man was marked out to be the protector and guardian of the woman. He is expected to work for her, and, so far as he can, guard her from danger, though it be at the risk of his own life; and civilization insists that, where life is in peril, it is the women, and not the men, who must first be saved. The privileges of a woman are neither small nor few, and she holds them by virtue of her womanhood. Have we ceased to think them of any account? Are we prepared to give them up, to forego what Samuel Johnson called "the super-eminent influence" we at present exercise over men, which makes so largely for the benefit and betterment of the world, in order that we may fight our way through life, not as the helpmates of men, but as their competitors and rivals?

Let us consider for a moment how we have fared without this coveted vote. Have the interests of women been specially and markedly neglected? If we look over the field of legislation, it will be seen that as each class has been enfranchised it has brought its share of good alike to the men and women of that class. Since the working classes were enfranchised legislation has been greatly quickened in passing measures for the improvement of their position. The conditions under which they live and work have been made safer and healthier, and they are now entitled to compensation for injuries received and diseases contracted in the course of their employment. But these and other safeguards and advantages have not been given to men alone. Women, in so far as they are workers, have profited equally with men in these beneficial laws. Indeed, in some cases, such as the case of laundries, the beneficiaries are exclusively women; and as to that part of the new act which gives compensation to domestic servants, the vast majority of those who will benefit by it are women.

This does not look as if the interests of women had been ignored or forgotten. The Married Women's Property Act gives further proof, if such is needed, that laws are not made in the interest of either sex exclusively, but for the good of both. No one can justly and reasonably doubt that whatever is deemed to be for the real benefit of women will be obtained for them, through the good will and sympathy of men, without the agency of the vote.

It is frequently urged that women's wages will never be properly raised until they have the vote. But does the history of the men's efforts to raise their wages prove that the vote is such an indispensable factor in the case? The fact is that it is on the strength of their unions, rather than on their votes, that the men rely to push their wages up. If women had as strong unions as the men, they would know, as the men do, that that is the solution of the wage difficulty.

It must not be forgotten that the low scale of women's wages is partly attributable to the fact that many a woman

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—a wife or a daughter living at home —can work and will work for a smaller wage than would be required for the maintenance of the woman who keeps herself wholly on her own earnings. The trade of many women is only a part of their business, and not always the most important part. This fact makes combination more difficult for them than for the men, and tends to reduce unduly the standard of pay. While the man works at his trade through all the years of his working life, the majority of women either cease from working when they marry, or work only during such intervals as they can spare from their more pressing home duties. Hence it is not reasonable to expect that women would attain the skill of men, and their inferiority in physical strength also makes them as workers less valuable. Therefore, although with better organization they would reach a higher standard of wage, it seems certain that in most trades they could not attain to the level of men's wages, for if they were paid at the same rate or nearly the same rate, as men, the tendency would be to substitute men for women. The fact that this has not occurred in the textile industry is due to exceptional circumstances and does not affect the general argument.

No one doubts that, much as has been done to ameliorate and improve the condition of the working class, very much remains to be done, particularly amongst the very poor, whose very poverty offers them as a prey to the sweating employer, and in whose life preventable suffering still bears too large a part. But it is in no way shown that the enfranchisement of a sex will bring the remedy for these or any other evils.

It is very doubtful whether there will be any tangible gain for women if they obtain the vote. And if the gain is dubious, the loss, on the other hand, is very obvious.

"Women," said Mr. Goldwin Smith, "will renounce their present influence in grasping the vote. Let them appear as a separate interest in the political arena and they will, like every other separate interest, awaken an antagonism which does not now exist." And in this connection we are bound to consider what would be the result of a great cleavage of opinion between men and women on some crucial matter of national policy. It is not necessary to suppose that all the women might be found in one camp; but if the majority of women were opposed to the majority of men on a matter of policy leading to an outbreak or a revolution, then, though they would be responsible for the situation, they could neither fight nor be fought. "Women," to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith again, "cannot be made accountable like men. A sex not thoroughly justiciable cannot be made thoroughly responsible."

The work of the world may be roughly divided into "indoor" work—the work that lies in and around the home, and "outdoor" work—the work that lies far afield and deals with matters of public and imperial concern. Both kinds of work are equally honorable and equally necessary for the common weal, but both cannot be done effectively by the same person. The man does not attempt such a double task; he leaves the care of the home, and all that belongs to the home, to the woman; and the woman, since she is not a super-woman, will find that, if she attempts to take up the work of the man, she will fail in the due discharge of the more important work which immediately depends upon her.

Whether the woman is well-equipped physically, by training and by temperament, for this larger outdoor work, even a suffragist, if candid, might admit is open to question; of her essential and irreplaceable fitness for the indoor work there can be no possible doubt. That was decided in the days when "Adam dolve and Eve span." In the distribution of the world's work it is an intelligible and consistent principle that public concerns should be directed by men and domestic concerns by women, and it is a question upon which all the countries of the Old World (with the insignificant exceptions of Finland and Norway) and the most important of those in the New World have invariably acted. It is not a question of intellect. We need only bethink ourselves of the many distinguished and brilliantly clever women among us to be aware that intel-

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lect, in some of its highest forms, is not man's prerogative. But the question is not one of intellectual capacity; it is one of particular capacity for a particular kind of work. The prophets of ill are saying that the English race is degenerating, and plain truth is crying out that infant mortality is terribly high. Women (if we may so say) are the "manufacturers" of England's sons and daughters. Is this the time to lay upon women extraneous and unnecessary burdens, which must tend to restrict and reduce their capacity for their special and particular and transcendantly important function?

In these days no one can say that a woman is "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the scope of her work. All forms of local government work are now open to women. They are able both to vote and sit on any deputed local body—a wide enough field, surely, for all the energy and all the time they can spare. Here is work within the circle and neighborhood of their home, a sort of larger housekeeping. It is administrative rather than legislative, and the matters dealt with are often those in which the distinguishing characteristics and training of women make their co-operation extremely valuable. But the parliamentary vote is on a different plane. Here women would encroach on ground that essentially belongs to man. It is men exclusively who are our soldiers and sailors; it is men exclusively who work in the more important and laborious industries of the country; and it is just that matters of imperial interest, of peace and war, trade and commerce, should be under the jurisdiction of those who are the defenders and wealth producers of the country. And it must not be forgotten that civilization has not yet been able to eliminate force. Force is still the ultimate basis of all law and social order, the final tribunal of appeal; and the force of the community is man. No woman can imagine that, in case of rebellion, her sex could reassert the law; for that work she must look entirely to the man. She would be at best a *reine faineante,* without power to make her authority valid. As she has not the physique, neither has she the temperament suitable for managing imperial affairs. She is by nature emotional and impulsive, apt to break away from the restraint of reason under the influence of strong feeling. She is guided by her heart rather than her head. In a word, the average woman is much more excitable and has less self-control than the average man. What would be the condition of the country in a crisis of its fate if its policy were swayed to and fro by the gusts of feminine emotion? Before the vote is given to women it is well to reflect deeply and seriously on the national effect of such a momentous step, not forgetting that with the vote women will naturally and certainly claim the logical sequence—eligibility for election to parliament.

There is also the impenetrable tangle that besets any measure for the enfranchisement of women. The suffragists themselves have never quite got clear of this wood, for they are disunited as to the particular kind of franchise they desire to pass. In the babel of voices some are asking for the franchise "on the same terms as men"; some would exclude them; while there are others, again, who would oppose everything short of adult suffrage; and others finally, who would admit women to the House of Commons, and therefore to the offices of state.

In these various franchise schemes one wonders what is to become of the peeresses. Is the House of Lords to become a House of Ladies, too? For there are peeresses in their own right, and yet they have not a seat in the upper house. Or—short of the actual seating of these ladies in the non-representative house—is the country so greatly enamored of the aristocratic chamber as to cast its shadow over the commons and give the wives of the peers the power, which their husbands do not possess, of voting for the representative house? Surely the ground should be cleared of these contradictions and absurdities before those in favor of this movement talk of legislation.

On the physiological disqualifications, such as child-bearing, which necessarily militate against reliance upon women for the regular discharge of public duties, I will say nothing; but such disqualifications are paramount and cannot

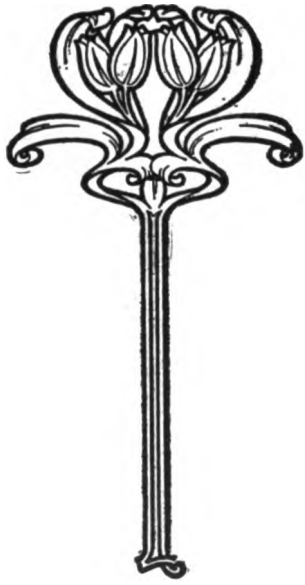
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be ignored. One word, before I conclude, on another point—the indifference of women generally to the vote, and the reasoned objection to it on the part of a vast number of them. In 1892 Mr. Gladstone wrote:

"There has never, within my knowledge, been a case in which the franchise has been extended to a large body of persons generally indifferent about receiving it. But here, in addition to a widespread indifference, there is, on the part of large numbers of women who have considered the matter for themselves, the most positive objection and strong disapprobation."

There may be less indifference than there was when these words were written, but the conviction of those who object and disapprove has not lost any of its strength.

This is a question of supreme importance, and it should be considered from the widest possible standpoint. Let us as women look to the end; and let every woman, looking to the end, ask herself, not whether women desire the franchise, but whether, if it were granted, it would make for their own highest good and for the welfare of the nation at large. And let the men who respect women much, but love their country more, do their utmost to keep women out of a sphere which would be fraught alike with harm to themselves and danger to the commonwealth.



If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

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An African Adventure.

by C. R. JAMES

Tembo, the four-year-old son of Choko, paramount chief of the Marruma tribe, was tired of making stupid little patterns in the dust, and looked round for something to relieve the monotony that sometimes depresses the spirits even of princelings. Like most African children he was as intelligent and as vivacious as a European child of twice his age. He needed no midday sleep, and loved to be actively amused during every moment of the long, varied, and delightful day. But his elders were less vigorous. The heat of the Central African noon had sent all the men to sleep and forced even the tireless women-folk into the coolest and darkest recesses of their huts, where they knelt over their millstones, too cross to sing and too busy to tell Tembo stories. All the other boys were away herding goats, and the village seemed deserted. A hen, taking a dust-bath in the shade of a neighboring verandah, suggested a possible form of amusement, but Tembo had chased fowls all the morning without having had the satisfaction of catching a single one. He wished it were evening, for then the goats would come home and he could scamper round them brandishing a stick as big as himself and shouting: "Enter the pen, enter the pen; the sun goes, the sun goes." Then there would be supper, and after that the men would sit together asking each other riddles or telling exciting tales of war or hunting, or if there were moonlight (he had forgotten whether there had been a moon on the previous evening) perhaps there would be a dance and he could run about and shout, and his mother would forget about sending him to bed, but meanwhile there was nobody to play with and the time passed slowly.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to him: Chepute, the old village scavenger, must be somewhere about and it was always possible to amuse one's self by teasing him, for besides being a slave he had the misfortune to be an Albino; in places the scavenger's skin was as dark as an African's should be, but the greater part of it was an unsightly, dirty-looking pink. As Chepute was the only Albino and the only scavenger with whom Tembo was acquainted, the youngster, by a confusion of ideas, associated his lack of pigment with the degraded nature of his office.

After some search Chepute was found in the council-hut, sweeping up wind-blown litter with a ridiculously small broom. At sight of the little tyrant he tried to hide behind the inner wall, but Tembo was too quick for him and compelled him to stand and give a salute such as the heir to a chieftainship should receive from a slave.

"Moyo, master, son of the father of the people, terror of evildoers," whined the old man, scraping his feet backwards and clapping both hands together. "Leave me, please, grandfather; I have work to do."

Tembo graciously acknowledged the salute as one of his dignity should, not by scraping his feet, but patting his fat ribs with the left hand as if his right were occupied in grasping a weapon. "You shall work by-and-by," he answered, "but meanwhile we will play. You shall be an elephant and tumble into a trap, and I will kill you with a spear."

The boy picked up a long reed, and in spite of protests that he had to prepare the council-hut, the old man was obliged to go on all fours and simulate the struggles of a trapped elephant while Tembo danced round him, striking him again and again with the reed. Finding renewed protests ineffectual Chepute was driven to stratagem. He lifted a hand suddenly, crying, "Listen, listen," and then ran and looked over

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the outer fence of the village. "Ah, see," he cried, "a white coney, a white coney as big as a rabbit."

White conies, so Bantu mothers tell their children, are to be found on the other side of the horizon. Tembo had never been able to make sure if their existence were real or fabulous, so this opportunity of deciding the point was one not to be missed. "Where? Where?" he cried, and not being tall enough to look over the fence he scampered round by the village gate without waiting for Chepute to perjure himself further. He did not find the white coney, but an object of almost equal interest was afforded by the approach of one of his father's councillors, arrayed in all the grandeur of full war-costume. A head-dress of purple feathers drooped over his shoulders, a wooden shield, painted with red and white clay, and so long that a peep-hole had been cut near its upper end, was on his arm; brass rings adorned his ankles; an apron of gray monkey-skins encircled his waist, and, grandest of all, a necklace of beads cut from sea-shells, each worth the price of a slave, encircled his throat. Tembo regarded him with all the admiration that a child feels for a guardsman in full uniform and shouted: "Moyo, grandfather! Is there a mlandu to-day?"

"Moyo, little grandfather. There is a mlandu to discuss the coming of a stranger."

"A stranger! From where and of what people?"

"I know not. Yesterday some of the fighting men of this tribe met him. Most of those who were with him, carrying his goods, ran away, so they brought him here. He brings cloth and beads to exchange for the teeth of the elephant, like Hadj Ali who comes from the east; but he comes from the south and is not of the same people as Hadj Ali. They say he is of a people that come out of the sea many months' journey away, and that his skin is white."

"White! Like Chepute! Shee! I must run and tell my mother."

Tembo's mother received the news without enthusiasm, as it had already been discussed among the women; she refused to come and see the stranger, and remarked that little boys who had anything to do with him would probably be bewitched. Tembo, however, was not to be put off so easily; he had discovered that the things he was advised to avoid usually proved most interesting; besides, any one of the same hideous color as the scavenger would, Tembo supposed, be an equally good subject to torment. He slipped away, therefore, enquired the stranger's whereabouts from Chepute, and soon found him seated in the hut set apart for the use of strangers.

David MacGregor, the stranger whom Tembo intended to tease, was sitting with his head on his hands, wondering whether he should see another sunrise. He knew that he was in as dangerous a situation as any he had experienced during fifteen years' varying fortune as an ivory-trader. He was further from civilization by many weeks' journey than he had ever been before, and had come to a tribe to whom his race was known only by rumor. In so doing he had acted deliberately, knowing the risk he ran; and now that his caravan had been dispersed and himself made prisoner, he worried himself with no impracticable schemes for escape and only wished that his fate, whatever it was to be, should be decided quickly. The anxious hours passed slowly, and the advent of a small and by no means diffident child offered relief to the tedium of awaiting the decision of his captors.

"Greeting, stranger," shouted Tembo.

"Greeting, elephant," replied MacGregor good-humoredly.

Tembo was taken aback. Chaff from his father or the headmen of the tribe was all very well; but to be chaffed by a stranger, a stranger moreover whose skin was of the same hideous color as the scavenger's, was a new and disturbing experience. Uncertain whether to strike him for his insolence, to howl, or to run away, Tembo stood with fist clenched, mouth open, and ready to run if the situation became alarming; but curiosity overcame all other emotions, and when the stranger took a tattered handkerchief from his pocket, twisted it into a roll with the corners protruding and wagged it about on his finger, Tembo condescended to laugh. "What's that?" he enquired.

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"This is my rabbit," replied MacGregor.

Tembo advanced and laid his hand on the mysterious person's knees. "I know all about the rabbit," he said; "tell me about him."

Few African children between Natal and the River Niger have not heard the daring adventures of that versatile hero of African fiction. To our children they are best known as told by Uncle Remus to his master's little boy in the hut among the American cotton-fields; they may also be read in many a dusty volume on the library shelves of the Anthropological Institute. They vary in detail; sometimes the rabbit, sometimes the hare, and sometimes the jackal is the hero, but the plots of the stories are fundamentally the same. MacGregor began to relate the adventure which, according to Uncle Remus, the rabbit had with the tar-baby, but chose an older and more correct version. The dialect he spoke was intelligible to Tembo, but his version of the story varied in minor details from the version to which Tembo was accustomed and the youngster constantly found it necessary to correct him.

"This is the story of the rabbit," MacGregor began. "The rabbit went to draw water every day. When he had drawn water he bathed, and when he bathed he made the water muddy. Every day he did this. The other animals were angry. They said to the jackal, 'You must catch him!'"

"Not the jackal, the baboon," corrected Tembo.

"The baboon, was it?" continued Mac. Gregor. "Well, the baboon tried to catch him, but could not. Then the tortoise——"

"Slowly, slowly, you have forgotten the honey-pot!" cried Tembo.

"What of the honey-pot?" asked MacGregor.

"The baboon wanted the honey-pot of the rabbit, so the rabbit bound him and beat him."

"True. The rabbit came to the water. The baboon was watching. The rabbit did not draw water. He put his head into the pot as if eating. The baboon said, 'Do you want water?' The rabbit said, 'I have honey.' The baboon said, 'Give me honey.' The rabbit said, 'First I will bind you with wild vine.' The rabbit bound the baboon with wild vine, and then he beat him."

Tembo squealed with excitement. "He beat him with what?"

"He beat him with his fists; he beat him with a stick; he kicked him; he struck him with a spear; then he went away. Then the animals spoke to the tortoise. They said, 'Catch the rabibt.' The tortoise put beeswax on his back and lay down by the water. The rabbit came, he drew water, he bathed, he muddied the water. When he came out of the water he saw the tortoise. He said, 'Ha! I tread on you.' He trod on the tortoise; his foot stuck. He cried, 'Let go, or I will hit you.'" MacGregor told the rest of the story as it is found in Uncle Remus's version. The rabbit hit the tortoise with one foot after another till all were stuck fast in the beeswax; he was then at the mercy of the animals who had so long desired to catch him. Tembo, however, did not consider that the conclusion of the story as told by MacGregor was the correct one.

"You lie, ignorant one," he cried. "The rabbit did not say, 'Throw me into the thicket'; he said, 'Shave my tail and rub it with grease.' The lion did so. Then he caught the rabbit by the tail. He swung him round and round to dash his head against a tree. He could not hold the tail; it was greasy; so the rabbit ran away. Ignorant one! why has not your mother told you the tales as they should be told?"

MacGregor continued to tell stories and Tembo to quarrel with his versions, until the boy heard his name called. "Listen, my mother calls," he cried; "it is time to eat. Wait, I will return."

Meanwhile Choko's councillors had assembled to discuss what should be done to the stranger. In announcing the matter Choko said: "If a stranger comes with a spear, he must be greeted with the spear; if he comes in peace, he must be greeted in peace; if he is rich, he must open the road with tribute; if he is poor, he must be fed lest he go on his way hungry. How does this stranger come? Let me know what is in your minds, that my voice may speak what is right."

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There are no half measures about the treatment of a stranger by the Bantu people. If they feel they have nothing to fear from him they treat him courteously, lodging and feeding him so long as he stays among them. They cheat him, of course, if he has any property that may be won by cunning rather than violence, but in all other respects they endeavor to make him contented and comfortable. If on the other hand they fear him and are strong enough to kill him they do so without hesitation or compunction. The arrival of a white man among the Marruma people raised a question for the solution of which their tribal records had no precedent. To them Europeans were an almost mythical people, said to come out of the sea; only the oldest remembered ever having actually seen one of the strange race. Many years before a white man, old, feeble, and very poor, attended by a few men of an unknown tribe, had come into the Marruma territory. He had "opened the road" by sending the reigning chief his only remaining shirt, a tribute which Choko's predecessor had promptly remitted and acknowledged with a handsome present of goats and meal. He had stayed for a few weeks, healing the sick with a degree of success that had aroused the jealousy of the local doctors, and telling beautiful stories of the God he worshipped; and then he had passed on again into the unknown country beyond.

Some of Choko's councillors urged that to treat the stranger with anything but kindness, seeing that he was poor and helpless, would be a gross violation of tribal custom. Others argued that a man so strange in appearance was certainly a wizard of the most dangerous sort, who should be put to death without delay in the interests of the community. After hearing the opinion of each, Choko decided to consult Hadj Ali, an Arab trader who was then on one of his annual visits to the Marruma country to exchange beads and brass wire for ivory and any slaves that the Marruma people cared to dispose of; Hadj Ali being a great traveller, his knowledge of the outside world and its inhabitants would be useful.

The Arab was a man who could adapt himself to circumstances. If he had enough armed men at his back he would without compunction have sacked Choko's village for the sake of a single tusk of ivory, but being without an armed escort he treated the chief with all the deference advisable in dealing with a person stronger than himself. With every mark of humility and respect Hadj Ali approached the council and tendered his advice. He knew perfectly well that MacGregor was merely a trader whose methods were probably considerably more honest than his own; but he disliked competition in a trade in which hitherto he had enjoyed a monopoly, and consequently he gave such a lurid description of European guile and iniquity that the general feeling of the council ran strongly in favor of putting MacGregor to death. In order to open the road MacGregor had presented Choko with a scarlet tunic that had once adorned a British soldier. The magnificence of this had at first tended to turn the scale in MacGregor's favor, but Hadj Ali (who had never given the chief anything half so valuable) explained that the gift of the tunic was typical of the white man's wickedness, for it had the magic property of gradually and imperceptibly bringing the wearer into the power of the giver.

That everything should be done formally and in order Choko next called upon the court witch-doctor to give his advice. This worthy may possibly have had some private understanding with Hadj Ali; he may have heard rumors that the influence of men of his profession waned when Europeans came into a country; or he may have expressed an honest opinion; but his advice was unfortunate for MacGregor. At Choko's summons he took a seat in the center of the circle of warriors, made a gesture to command silence, and contrived a little stage-effect by tossing some divining-tablets once or twice into the air. After starring intently at these as they lay on the ground, he sighed deeply, shivered, and gradually fell backwards. For a time he lay rigid, his eyes turned back so that only the whites were visible, while the councillors, breathing heavily and sweating with excitement, sat silently starring at his mo-

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tionless form. Presently a voice that seemed to come from the roof of the council-hut called on the witch-doctor to awake. Slowly and stiffly he rose, stood up, began to dance round the circle and to sing a chant, that, almost inaudible at first, grew louder and more vehement as animation returned.

"I see a stranger, a white man. Oh father of the people! He eats from your hands and returns to his own country," sang the mystery-monger, discarding the ambiguity usual to oracular utterances. "He comes again bringing his brothers; they stay and build themselves villages. More of the same tribe come. They say to you, 'This shall you do, this shall you not do.' Where are your warriors? They work in the fields like women; they work with hoes in their hands like slaves; their spears rust. Where are the white men? Their villages are everywhere, and their shadow covers the land. Where is this village? Its walls are fallen; its hearths are cold; weeds grow where you are sitting."

He ceased, and fell exhausted and panting on the ground. The councillors were trembling with excitement, and when Choko asked the opinion of the eldest, all lifted their spears and shouted that MacGregor must die. Hadj Ali followed up his advantage and suggested that to kill the white man outright would merely rid the world of only one dangerous person, and would do little to prevent the coming European invasion which the witch-doctor had prophesied; whereas to kill him by torture, and let the circumstances of his death be known to his tribe, would deter others from following in his path and preserve the integrity of the Marruma people. Moreover, if the white man's death were slow he might in his dying agony be induced to reveal information about his people that would be politically useful. The councillors shouted approval, and Choko, prompted not by mere bloodthirstiness but by motives of high state policy, decreed that the white man should die by torture next day, that his few remaining followers should witness his death, and that these should then be charged to bear a message to the others of his race, to the effect that a similar death awaited any of them who dared to set foot in the territory of the Marruma tribe.

The meeting broke up and Choko strolled over to see the goats driven into their pens. As he passed his own huts Tembo's mother ran out and called him. "Father of Tembo, father of Tembo, listen."

"What news?"

"Your son. He is now sitting with the stranger and surely he will be bewitched. Send and call him away."

"Why did you allow this?"

"Indeed, I did not see him go, and when I learned where he was I was afraid."

The hut reserved for strangers was peculiarly constructed. Visitors to the village must of course be sheltered, but it was expedient to exercise a certain amount of supervision over them lest they should work magic against their hosts. For this reason a small peep-hole had been made under the eaves of the hut on the side farthest from the door. Through this it was possible without being seen or heard to overlook a stranger and see if he was behaving himself. Choko made a detour, approached the hut from behind and looked through the hole. His son was sitting by the stranger's side sharing with him a pile of millet-meal cakes, smeared with honey, that had been prepared for his supper.

"Tell me another tale such as your mother told you," demanded Tembo, licking his fingers and turning over the remaining cakes to see which had most honey on it.

MacGregor lifted him on to his knees, and pulling one fat toe after another told him the story which begins, "one little pig went to market," adapting it to the range of Tembo's environment.

"*Shee!* That is not the right game," laughed Tembo. "Thus is it done." He grasped MacGregor's wrist with one hand and with the other pulled each finger in turn, chanting, "This is the shaky little finger. This is his elder brother. This one stops in the middle. This is the pot-scraper. And this"—he struck MacGregor's thumb and squealed with glee—"is an old fool; let us beat him."

The friendly relations between Tembo and the stranger made the situation very

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difficult. Choko's favor could always be gained by anyone who secured Tembo's good will, for his son and the welfare of his tribe were the only things for which he cared. He had condemned MacGregor to death in the interests of his people, but if the stranger had bewitched the little boy, and could not be forced to remove the spell, the consequence of killing him might be disastrous; he might even compel Tembo to accompany him to the spirit world. In great perplexity Choko walked round to the door of the hut and entered.

"Go your way, Tembo," he said sternly.

But Tembo was the only person who ever defied the chief of the Marruma. He clasped MacGregor's leg with two stick hands, and stood firm. "I will stay," he said. "He is my brother; I have given him all my goats, and we have exchanged names. He is now Tembo and my name is—is—what is it? —(Tembo gathered his energies for an effort) Magleko."

Among some tribes the ceremony of exchanging names as a token of brotherhood is considered as sacred as is a marriage-vow among Christians; among others it may be lightly broken at the wish of either party. Choko would have been justified in refusing to recognize it on the grounds of Tembo's youth and rank, but he was not accustomed to cross his son's wishes. He sat down and watched the pair in silence. After awhile Tembo, feeling that he had gained his point, began to search MacGregor's pockets for objects of interest.

"My headmen say that you must die," said Choko, presently.

MacGregor affected indifference. "It is easy to kill a naked man," he answered.

Tembo looked up. "He shall not die," he declared stoutly. "He is my brother, and if any touch him I will kill them." He grasped his father's ponderous spear, made a great effort to lift it above his head, overbalanced himself, fell to the ground, and sat there howling.

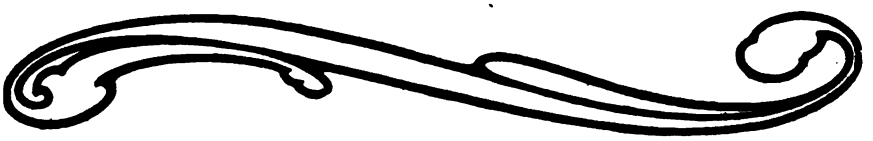
The discomfiture of MacGregor's champion was so pathetically ludicrous that both men laughed. Choko picked up his little son and tried to console him, making rash promises of gifts if only he would stop crying, but Tembo was not to be comforted. "I don't want anything," he cried between his sobs. "I want him; he is my brother."

"Can you run, stranger?" asked Choko, when Tembo's sobs had partly subsided.

"I cannot; I am too old."

"Perhaps; yet I think you will run once more before you die. Listen. When night falls there will be a dance. When all are dancing one of your servants shall come to you bearing food enough for one month. Go then quickly, while I am in the same mind. Tomorrow, very early, at the time when the fowls come down from their roosts, my people will come to me, saying that you have fled. Then I will call to me the young men who can run swiftly, offering a goat for whoever brings your head. If you escape them and reach your own people, tell them that Choko needs ornaments for his gateposts, and the head of the next man of your race that comes within his country shall hang there. Come, Tembo."

"Go, little one," said MacGregor. "Stay; here is a knife. Keep it in memory of the stupid white man who could not tell properly the story of the rabbit. It was the knife of my son, just such a one as you, who died many rains ago. Now run; your father calls."



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The GATEWAY

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Statistical Abstract of the United States.

That more than fifteen million persons in the United States will record their votes for president in the campaign of the present year is evident from the official statistics. Prior to 1888 no governmental official record of the votes cast for president existed, but an act passed by congress on February 3, 1887, made it the duty of the executive of each state to report to the secretary of state the names of electors and the number of votes given or cast for each person voted for, and these reports, made to the secretary of state in 1888 and in each subsequent presidential election, form the basis of the official record of presidential elections in the United States. This record, which has been published for several years in the Statistical Abstract of the United States, suggests that the total number of votes cast in the presidential election of this year will for the first time exceed fifteen millions. The total number in 1908 was 14,887,000; in 1900, 13,965,000; in 1892, 12,044,000, and in 1888, 11,381,000. Dividing the vote thus officially recorded into the population named by official counts or estimates for the years in question this shows the average population for each vote cast, as follows: In 1908, 5.98 persons for each vote cast; in 1904. 6.10; in 1900, 5.44; in 1896, 5.10; in 1892, 5.40; and in 1888, 5.27. The statements published in the Abstract show the vote cast in each state for the various candidates in each presidential election from 1888 to 1908, and the electoral vote by principal political parties, state by state, during the same period.

The above statement, showing the official record of presidential elections during the last quarter of a century, illustrates the variety of interesting and official information presented by the Statistical Abstract issued annually by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. It shows, for example, that the average per capita wealth of the country has grown from $307 in 1850 to over $1,300 in 1904, the latest official record on this subject; the money in circulation, from $12 per capita in 1850 to $34 per capita in 1911; the bank clearings, from fifty-two billion dollars in 1887, the first year for which an official record was available, to 159 billions in 1911; the individual deposits in banks, from two billion dollars in 1875, the earliest year for which figures are available, to practically 16 billions in 1911; the number of depositors in savings banks, from one million in 1866 to nine and one-half millions in 1911; the exports of domestic products from a little over 100 million dollars in 1840 to over 2,000 millions in 1911; and the value of manufactures produced in the country, from one billion dollars in 1850 to twenty and one-half billions in 1910; and many other equally interesting evidences of national growth.

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Extracts from Memoirs of Jean De Arles

by WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS

Sometime Podestat of Milan, Florence and Pisa: as translated from the original Provencal of the memento found on his body after the battle of Meloria, 1282 A. D.

"This is the church which Pisa, great and free,
Reared to St. Catherine. How the time-stained walls,
That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
Rolled from the organ! Underneath my feet
There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
The image of an armed knight is graven
Upon it, clad in perfect panoply—
Cuishes, and greabes and cuirass, with barred helm,
Gauntled hand, and sword, and blazoned shield.
Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
By feet of worshippers, are traced his name,
And birth, and death, and words of eulogy.
Why should I pore upon them? This old tomb,
This effigy, the strange disused form
Of this inscription, eloquently show
His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph."

At the close of day, in the month of November, in the year of our Lord, 1226, I paced to and fro upon the battlements of Milan, glorying in the beauties of air, sky, and earth,—wondering with what pigments Nature tinted the clouds that rose so grandly. As I paced, deep in thought, a hurrying footstep sounded along the wall and I turned quickly, for on my shoulders rested the burden of the safety of the city,—once my brother's guerdon of battle. I was but the younger,—and not for my own but for the elder's sake had Frederick made me Podestat, when the Call came to Guillaum. So, while he wandered far away on foot, I guarded my trust with three-fold jealousy,—once for mine elder brother, once for Frederick, and last for myself and my Line-to-be,—for Guillaume had prophesied, that of my descent should come the Hero-Deliver of our race.

As I turned a man with dinted, broken armor saluted, hand to broken vizor, saying:

"Greeting, O Lord of Milan! For thou art the elder of thy House now!"

"Elder am I? Where is my brother, —he who was Baron of Winchester, Podestate of Milan, and Prince of Orange?"

Aye, he was! But now Valkyries bring him mead where he sits enthroned with his Queen by his side in Odin's guest-chamber! I, being fair-haired and of the North, escaped wounded, being thought a Crusader, but none other lives to tell the tale who followed Guillaume the Singer down the pathway of Abignon! Such a battle never was fought, and more he slew in that wild dash, than in all his life before. For, battle-ax in hand, he kissed his Love farewell, and clove a path to Valhalla for both! Nieth grant they two come again to lead in a latter, better, life!"

"His Love, thou sayest? I knew he sought, but not that he found his destined bride. Who, and where, dost thou know?"

"Catherine Le Beau she was, daughter of Raymond VII of Toulouse,—and never his bride might she be! Therefore he cursed the Church anew and heaped a mound of dead for a tomb!"

"What of her!"

"Arnauld Amaury of Citeaux put her to the rack, and on it she died, smiling with joy! Aye! a Familiar said he saw something winged leave her body,—the wings like mother-of-pearl, and float

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away to the skies! Wherefore he of Citeaux put him to death, lest it should be reported he had tortured a Saint!"

Wherefore, when in latter days we builded the great church in Pisa, I dedicated it to St. Catherine,—the priests thinking of one Saint, whom they believed in,—I of another, surnamed the Beautiful.

When I would have rewarded the bearer of the tidings and taken him into my service, he refused both, saying,

"For love of him who died bore I the tidings, and to mine own North I go. Give me but armor and it be enough, and a little rest for my wounds to heal."

Alfgar, of Norway, was his name, and when we builded the church of St. Catherine many a knot of mazr-wood did he send to be carved into vessels and ornaments. For he had journeyed far over-seas to some strange new land of the Ersk, which is not Hibernia but much larger, he writeth. Pearls for the Saint's crown and gold of deeper hue than ours he sent also.

He telleth, moreover, of copper and golden skinned peoples, of great falls, and many strange beasts in that land, till it soundeth like the lies of Sir John Mandeville, when he hath drank too much wine.

On the morrow came messengers from the Podestat of Arles, Barral Les Baux, bearing tidings to Frederick of the surrender and massacre of them of Avignon, and of the siege and sally from the castle. For Avignon pertaineth to the Emperor, neither ought Louis to have made war with it without due notice to its sovereign lord. Louis VIII also was dead of the plague, or, as many whispered, struck down by God for that he had permitted the torturing to death of the daughter of Count Raymond!

Then made I a new device for coat armor, that I, nor those that came after, should ever forget what we owe the Church. Thus: A Triple Mitre, or, balanced by a sword, Argent, with the motto "Sic Eternum;—"Thus Forever."

But the clergy who applauded the new device saw not that the edge of the sword was against the Mitre, not facing its foes. For if I hoped to rule in the plain of Lombardy, or on the coast of Eturia, I foresaw that I must not war with the Church, though I might with the Pope, and so held my peace, even in Frederick's presence.

For I was not called of Nieth to be Her mouth-piece, nor to search for a more than mortal bride; but to leave a line of sons that there may be men in after ages to carry forward the work.

Thus, while I mourned for my brother truly, still it seemed to me my shoulders broadened and my back grew straighter, now that I looked over the walls of Milan, Lord in fact, not deputy.

The people of Milan, then as now, were Guelfs, and held it hard that a Ghibelline should rule over them.

Frederick I knew was at last about to sail on the Crusade he had vowed before he became Emperor, and, as the Pope had now forbidden him to go, under pain of excommunication, I felt that if I would restrain my rule, once Frederick was over-seas, I must make peace with the Church. Though I determined that come what might, I never would hold as vassal of Rome!

So I ordered Masses said for my brother's soul, which the priests might not refuse,—he, not having been confirmed though baptized, had not and could not be excommunicated.

Thus at least the learned Bishop of Milan, who had grown friendly with him in his years of Podestatship, argued, saying:

"He who is not communicate cannot be ex-communicate. One must be in before one can be ousted! Yet, baptized, none can refuse the dead the benefit of the Mass,—for God himself heareth the confession of the dead and alloteth their penance!"

Truly 'tis well to make friends even when one does not agree in religion or politics. Humanity itself yet shall rule by virtue of such golden friendships!

Also remembering the tale our mother told of the ancient graves where no bodies lay, yet shafts told of the deeds of the dead, I caused a tomb to be made in Milan and his carven figure in armor thereon, battle-ax in his extended hand, and this inscription:

"With Song and Weapon he conquered all."

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The Entertainer.

by EDITH JAMESON

When Mr. George Cherrybank came in for the Silverton property on the death of his uncle, he brought with him to the Manor House a keen sense of his responsibilities as landlord and country gentleman. He was not one of those who are convinced that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and, even if he had been, the recent census would have been difficult of digestion; for the recent census made it painfully clear that the population of Silverton parish was drifting away to the towns, and a mere glance at the villagers would have led the most superficial observer to doubt whether the fittest had survived.

How was the *debacle* to be checked? How was village life to be made more attractive? That was the problem which exercised the mind of George Cherrybank; and, as a partial attempt to solve it, he had, with the rector's cordial consent, determined to organize a series of lectures and entertainments for the winter months.

The work of organization was not a light one, for the amount of local talent that could be relied on was limited. The rector's tour to Palestine had already done duty several times, had also been much exploited in his sermons; still, it could be served up again, and would fill the bill for one occasion. Then Major Bridge was always ready to give his lecture on "Big Game in Borneo"; and Mr. Cherrybank thought that he could himself improvise something on the Principles of Political Economy, though the recent Fiscal Controversy had somewhat confused his ideas. That accounted for three evenings; a concert and a reading would bring the total up to five; a little bit of acting at Christmastime might increase it to six. But where were the rest of the entertainments to come from? For Mr. Cherrybank's plan had been to have one per week, and a winter, unfortunately, extends over a longer period than six weeks.

In this dilemma Mrs. Cherrybank, acting for her husband, entered upon a correspondence with her friend, Mrs. St. Helier, of Balham, an energetic and enthusiastic lady, who had espoused many causes in her day and sat at the feet of many Popes. The following extracts will give the reader a fair idea of its nature and scope:

The Manor, Silverton:
September 3.

Darling Tootoo,—You are always so clever and so well informed that I am writing to you in a really *great* difficulty. Now *do* help me, like the dear, wise soul that you are. George is trying to arrange for some entertainments for your village this winter—something that will be *instructive* as well as *amusing,* you know. George is going to take political economy himself, and we have got promises from the Rector and Ma- for our village this winter—something nearly enough. You have such heaps of clever friends! *Do* you think that you could persuade any of them to take pity on us? Of course we should put them up and give them some shooting or hunting and so on, and George always gets on so well with clever people. Now, do think of somebody; I am sure you must know of heaps.

Your loving,
Lulu.

P.S.—Do you happen to know of a cook? I am afraid we are going to lose Emma, as she can't get accustomed to the country.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:
September 5.

Dearest Lulu,—I am afraid that you vastly exaggerate my talents as a "Universal Provider." I wish I could come myself and talk to your villagers, but, as you know, James can't spare me; and it isn't easy to persuade people to

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lecture. So many men who are brilliant talkers in a drawing-room lose their nerve completely when they get on to a platform, like poor Charles Slackenthorpe. But I wonder that you haven't thought of writing to Horace Wetherby; *he* has no nerves, and an evening with him is a revelation. * * * It's no use asking me about cooks, as I am in the same difficulty myself; for I fear I shall have to part with Mrs. Rice. I am practically certain that she *drinks*. Isn't it dreadful, for she exactly suited us!

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silverton:

Darling Tootoo,—Thank you so much for your dear letter. Yes, I wish you could come; but who is Mr. Wetherby? George doesn't remember ever to have heard of him, so it's not likely that poor ignorant little me should be any wiser. What is his subject, and could we write to him without *knowing* him? * * * I am *so* sorry about Mrs. Rice! When I was with you last spring, Alice told me that she seemed very queer: I have asked her today whether she meant *drink,* and she says, "Yes, that was it; only, of course, she didn't like to say so then."

Your loving,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:

September 9.

Darling Lulu,—Not know who Horace Wetherby is! Wherever *have* you been living! Why, he is the greatest and most original thinker of the day—a prophet, a sort of second Carlyle, and he writes in *all* the papers! And what is his *subject?* Well, he can talk wisely and wittily about *everything,* from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop that grows on the wall. You ought certainly to get him. An evening in his company will be quite as great a revelation to your country squires as to the villagers. * * * I find that I was *quite* mistaken about Mrs. Rice. She is a teetotaller of the bluest brand; but she has suffered a great deal from her teeth lately, poor thing, and, very unwisely, uses *laudanum* to allay the pain. I am afraid that your Alice must be rather *malicious.* Mrs. Rice tells me that she was a great mischief-maker in the servants' hall, and set them all by the ears. I think it is right that you should know this.

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silverton:

September 10.

Darling Tootoo,—Your prophet sounds delightful! But can we ask a favor of him without *knowing* him, and would he care to lecture to a small village audience like ours? Of course, we should do our best to make *everybody* come, but they are very apathetic and not very intelligent. If you *would* be so kind, George thinks it would be better that you should sound him first. * * * I am so glad about Mrs. Rice! But you are unjust to Alice; she is the soul of good-nature and *most* popular with the servants here. She says they knew all about the laudanum, and that it came from the *public-house!*

Your loving,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:

Darling Lulu,—There was no reason why you shouldn't have written to Mr. Wetherby, as you know he doesn't come for *nothing.* However, as you wished it, I have communicated with him, and he is to come to you on Nov. 10th—his one remaining fee night, for he is in tremendous demand—for five guineas and expenses. He doesn't shoot or hunt, but he likes to meet *interesting* people; so I daresay you will have a house-party then. * * * Mrs. Rice has *shown* me the bottle, and it has the label of Figg the chemist on it. She says that Alice shocked them all by the way she "carried on" with Joseph in the servants' hall.

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silverton:

September 14.

My Dear Tootoo,—George thinks that five guineas and expenses is a great deal to give, and, of course, if we were to *pay* all the lecturers at the same exorbitant figure we should soon be in the bankruptcy court. However, as you seem *to have engaged him* definitely, George thinks that we cannot now draw brack. But we should like to know by what train he is coming and what

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his *subject* is to be—it must be something quite *simple*. We assume that he will not stay for more than one night. . . . I am afraid that Mrs. Rice must be a very malicious and untrustworthy woman, and I think that she should be made to apologize to Alice, who is naturally very indignant at the *odious* calumny.

Your affectionate,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:
September 15.

Dear Lulu,—As after all the trouble I have taken you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you had better write to Mr. Wetherby yourself. The Philosophers' Club, Balham, will find him. I think you may be assured that he will not be eager to stay for *more* than the one night. . . . . I think that an apology is due not *to,* but *from,* Alice.

Yours ev.,

T. St. H.

As the result of a further correspondence with Mr. Wetherby, it was decided that the lecture should be on some historical subject, and the prophet finally selected as his theme "The Swedes as the Pivot of Continental Politics." Fearing that this title would sound rather formidably in the ears of rustics, Mr. Cherrybank shortened it to "The Swedes," and the local printer, thinking the definite article superfluous, cut it out, and issued the bill as follows:

On Nov. 10th, in the Schoolroom, at
8 P. M. punctually,
A Lecture on
SWEDES,
By M. H. Wetherby.
Lantern Slids.

When November 10 came round, Mrs. Cherrybank was a little flustered. She was accustomed to entertain ordinary people, but she had had no experience of prophets, and original thought rather intimidated her. The house party consisted only of Mrs. Cherrybank's aunt, who was rather deaf, and a friend of her husband's who had come for the hunting; but she had invited the Rector and his wife, Major Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, and half a dozen other local celebrities to an early dinner to meet the lecturer, who was expected to arrive at 6 P. M.

The first and most surprising revelation of the evening was the personal appearance of the prophet. Mrs. Cherrybank was prepared for a tall, majestic figure with a flowing white beard, and had half expected to be confronted with a leathern girdle and a demand for locusts and wild honey. Instead, there stepped into the room a small and stoutish man, faultlessly dressed, who bowed stiffly and talked about the weather. Nor did he shine in the drawing-room, in the trying interval that precedes the announcement of dinner. The guests, who had been somewhat intimidated by their hostess's description of Mr. Wetherby, were introduced one by one, and, finding that they had nothing to say, withdrew to talk hunting shop amongst themselves, leaving the prophet and Mr. Cherrybank to exchange platitudes on the hearthrug.

But at dinner after the first glass of champagne, he took up his parable and spoke. The Rector was lamenting to his neighbor, Miss Binns, that in the course of his travels he had found comparatively few Christians in Palestine. Mr. Wetherby caught the remark, and breaking off a conversation with his hostess on the amenities of Balham, he said in a loud voice, "Christianity has lost its hold on the Oriental mind through its Orientalism; in religious propaganda, as in vestry meetings, agreement is only possible through opposition; the thing we believe in is always the thing we doubt." Then, looking round the table, he added with intense conviction, "After all, the only real thing in the world is money."

Conversation had ceased suddenly, and all ears were turned to the speaker.

"Why so?" the Rector ventured to interpose. It was a foolish question, and the Rector should have known that certain Revelations must be taken "lying down"; but the Prophet took up the challenge.

"Why so?" he replied, "or, rather, how otherwise? To the man in the street, Plato's Republic, the Gospels, Bluebeard, and the Fiscal question are all myths; and the man in the street is the epitome of the man out of the street—the dustman is the concentrated experience of humanity. But give the dustman half-a-dollar and it means to him

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the public-house—the realization of feelings that are his, because after the third glass they cease to be feelings and become a pain—and the only perfect thing in the world is pain."

For the rest of dinner Mr. Wetherby had the conversation to himself—which was what he wanted. He belonged to that school of thought which seeks to express truth through paradox, and the company was fairly dazzled by the fertility of his imagination.

"A brilliant talker!" whispered Mr. Cherrybank to the Rector, as they made for the carriages which were to take them to the schoolroom.

"Yes," replied the Rector doubtfully, "but a little daring, perhaps."

The village schoolroom was redolent of oil lamps and damp clothes. Although the night was wet, a fair number of the farmers and laborers had come to hear the lecture, attracted by the title and the promise of a magic lantern. A sheet had been stretched across the back of the daïs, the lantern was fizzing and popping ominously in the centre of the room, and the schoolmaster, obviously ill at ease, was fumbling with the slides. When Mr. Cherrybank had formally introduced him, the lecturer assumed an easy pose and began:

"Now, what is a Swede?"

There was a short pause, during which the rustics prodded each other shyly. One of the boldest was about to hazard a reply for the honor of Silverton, when Mr. Wetherby answered his own question.

"I will tell you," he said. "A Swede is neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral, neither fish, flesh nor herring, but a prophecy and a portent. On his own poor soil and among his native forests he was a prophecy: at Lutzen, on the plains of Germany, he became a portent. But first let me show you a picture of a typical Swede.

He tapped his stick on the floor, and the lantern fizzed and clicked.

There was a puzzled pause, and then Mr. Cherrybank caughed, and said, "I fear there is some mistake, isn't there?"

The lecturer looked round and his face clouded with annoyance. "T—T!" he said. "That's the cannon-ball that killed Charles XII.—I'm coming to that later. Put the slides in, please, in the order in which I gave them to you."

The lantern clicked again and Charles XII. came in jerkily on his head.

So Mr. Wetherby stepped from the platform and went to the aid of the harassed operator. After considerable delay the slides were reduced once more to order and the lecturer resumed his discourse. And a very brilliant discourse it was. Gustavus Alophus the Apostle, and Charles XII. the Devourer, of the Swedes, were introduced, turned inside out, and finally dismissed with a sparkling epigram; but their intrusion only added an element of perplexity to the larger part of the company, who, having started on a wrong tack, stuck to it with rustic obstinacy. Mr. Wetherby concluded with some daring conjectures on the future of Sweden, and then invited questions from his audience.

There was an uneasy shuffling of feet and a good deal of whispering, and finally a hard-headed, red-faced man, who farmed his own land, was lifted from his seat by his neighbors.

"Ah should lahk to ask 'ee, yung mahn," he said, "whether 'ee knaw the diffruse atween a Swede and a turmut."

"If that is a riddle," replied the lecturer, with condescending playfulness, "I am afraid that I must give it up."

"Ah! 'a thought 'ee didn't!" exclaimed the farmer triumphantly. "And 'a doan't believe the Dolphus or thic thar Chawles knawed un neether!"

At this point Mr. Cherrybank thought it wise to intervene.

"As it is getting late," he said, "and some of us have to be out of bed early to-morrow, I think that—er—that we won't trouble Mr. Wetherby with further questions. We have all listened, I am sure, with great interest, and—er—instruction to—er—what has been a most interesting and instructive—er—lecture. I am sure we are all very grateful to Mr. Wetherby for coming amongst us; and some of us will hope to hear him again, perhaps—er—elsewhere; and we shall all of us look forward, I am sure, with—er—with increased interest and—er—and interest to his brilliant contributions to the—er—to the daily papers."

"What a curiously perverse sense of humor your rustics have!" said Mr.

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Wetherby to the Rector, as they shook hands afterwards on the platform. "They missed the more obvious points and laughed at others which I should hardly have expected them to find amusing. They seemed to be especially tickled at the idea that the Swedes have a future. It was an interesting experience for me; for it is the only occasion on which I have ever lectured to a purely agricultural audience."

"I am afraid," said the Rector hesitatingly, "in fact, I am tolerably certain that they were under the impression, all the evening, that you were—in fact, that you were speaking about roots."

And, for the first time in his life, the Prophet found himself speechless.

Personal Opinions on Current Events

Arthur D. Reynolds Praises Commission Government in Des Moines.

"The average business man of Des Moines could not be induced to vote for a return of old methods, the commission form of government having been a most pronounced success in our case. We have had it four or five years and it grows in efficiency. The board of five men has control of everything pertaining to the municipality and we are getting more for our money.

"The ward politicians who flourished in the old days do not like the plan. They see in it many failures, because it does not feed them, but the men who are responsible for the growth and the prosperity of the city are of a different mind. There are some of the old politicians in office, but they have to work in these times, or they do not hold their jobs.

"Under the form of municipal government which we have it is possible for a delegation of forty or fifty business men to get a respectful hearing and a quick decision. If we want a street paved we go to the commission and give the reasons and if they are of sufficient worth the street is forthwith paved, there is no dilly-dallying about it. The same thing applies to an extension of lighting, water or sewers; the affairs are handled as men take care of their own business.

"We had our experience with the accepted form of city government. We grew tired of it and figured that a change could be made for the better, and we hit on the right plan. Men in office now know that responsibility rests on them and they must work with the intelligence and faithfulness that they would for a private corporation. The whole atmosphere has changed. It is a capital plan for other cities to follow.

Senator Charles Townsend Declare No "Big Money Trust" Exists.

As a member of the senate committee which held hearings into the alleged "big money trust," Senator Townsend asserted that he had been unable to discover any evidences of such a condition.

"We have heard much of late of a money trust," he said, "and it has been charged that the great banking interests are organizing to arbitrarily control the business of the country. As a member of the senate committee which had hearings on this subject, I am compelled to say that no evidence of such a trust was presented."

Politics Has Slight Effect On Business Conditions This Year.

"Money is tightening up in the east," said Alexander D. Campbell, of the Hanover National bank, of New York.

"Commercial paper has gone up to 6 per cent and second rate paper is higher still. This condition is due to the enormous crops throughout the country this year, now ready for the market.

"The country is extremely prosperous and no indication of a money flurry is in sight. Although we are on the eve of a presidential election, bankers and manufacturers are being guided by the products of the ground and no matter how the election goes, it will not affect the prosperity of the United States.

"While most of the bankers of the country may be satisfied with the present administration, the financial interests have doped it out that Mr. Taft will not be re-elected and that Roosevelt cannot get the votes to succeed Taft, which means that Woodrow Wilson will be the next president."

Satisfied Employes' Best Weapon Against Socialism, Declares Festus J. Wade of St. Louis.

"Satisfied employes is one of the strongest factors in combating Socialism.

"Before criticizing other vocations the banker should first put his own house in order.

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He should begin in his own counting rooms and see that his own employes are thoroughly satisfied and have no cause to complain of their treatment. Steady advancement should be the reward of meritorious service and worthy young men should be made to feel that their interests are conserved by the head of the institution."

President Drummond Speaks Truly.

"There are two kinds of business men who I believe should be of exceptionally high character and ability—bankers and newspaper publishers. The former exercise a great influence on the business of the country, the latter on the intellectual, moral and political life of the nation. No incompetent, unworthy, dishonest, vicious or ignorant man should be connected with either. We are approaching the time, indeed we have now reached it, when fitness in all its broad qualities is being required of the banker. The time will come when he who edits and publishes a newspaper or magazine shall be morally and intellectually fit for that great responsibility.

Frederick D. Underwood's Comment On Coal Prices.

"Retail and wholesale coal dealers in Detroit and other cities and towns of the country are responsible for the present high price of coal.

"There is a shortage of coal owing to the strike and the inability to get labor at the present time to turn out the product. The mines will not be able to catch up with the loss sustained during the strike. There is a heavy demand for coal. Dealers know this. They can get the price and they are asking it. Neither the railroads or the mines will profit by a shortage of coal. The retailer and wholesaler will.

"A shortage of cars will be apparent again this winter. The railroads will be taxed to their upmost in the movement of the heavy crops. Though all the railroads have spent a great deal of money for new equipment they will not be able to take care of the big crop movement without some congestion. The product of the factory and of the farm has been put out too fast for us and we have not been able to get new equipment fast enough to keep up with it.

Good Year Ahead.

"During the coming year I look for a greater expenditure of money by the railroads for new equipment. However the railroads are not going to find it easy to get money. No one wants railroad bonds. What improvements are made will have to be paid for out of the revenue of the roads and money secured on short time notes. I believe, however, that there is a good year ahead for the railroads."

Plays and Players

by W. W. AULICK

George C. Tyler, general manager for the Liebler Co., has just arrived in New York after a summer spent in persuading Pierre Loti that the most famous litterateur in Europe should come to the United States this fall and overlook rehearsals of "The Daughter of Heaven," which Mr. Loti wrote in collaboration with Miss Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier.

Loti is coming—but only on conditions.

These are the promises the American manager had to make before the author, who is, these days almost a recluse, would consent to leave his home in France:

No interviews.

No snapshots.

No visitors.

His address while in New York to be kept a secret.

Even with these restrictions, Mr. Tyler is happy, for he feels that with the greatest living authority on China and Chinese matters present at rehearsals, "The Daughter of Heaven" cannot fail of being faithfully produced.

* * *

A remarkable play is announced by the Liebler Co. for the latter part of H. B. Warner's coming season. The young man who, for the past three years has been breaking safes and hearts as "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is to have a new comedy of three acts, in which the star does not appear on the stage in the entire second act.

"And yet you see him there in front of you every moment," says George C. Tyler, cryptically, Mr. Tyler being the man who arranged for the new Warner play.

Another new play of promise falls to Madame Simone's lot. This famous Frenchwoman is to return to this country in January, bringing with her a romance of the time of Louis XIV, written for her by Louis N. Parker and D. Devere Stackpole in collaboration.

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The date of the opening of the Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century, New York, has been set for November.

* * *

Robert Lorraine may follow his American tour in his revival of Shaw's "Man and Superman" with an appearance here in a new play by Justin Huntley McCarthy.

* * *

You want to remember the name of O. P. Heggie, the actor who made a sensational hit as the weak brother in "The New Sin" in London, and who will accompany the original cast to this country. Whether O. P. means "Opposite Prompt," as in theatrical manuscrips, or not is not revealed.

* * *

Richard Bennett is to have a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson, the man who wrote "The Fourth Estate."

* * *

That Viola Allen will figure in one of the most important productions of the year is an open secret, but just what it will be will be withheld until Miss Allen's return to New York.

* * *

The announcement that "The Daughter of Heaven" will furnish the libretto for a new opera by one of the world's greatest composers, is momentarily expected. The spectacular Chinese drama offers an unusually good subject for operatic treatment,—strong, concise drama set in bizarre and colorful surroundings.

* * *

Ida Vernon is once more to appear with William Hodge in "The Man from Home." Miss Vernon is one of the links between the past and the present of the American stage. She was once Edwin Booth's leading lady and engaged to be married to that great actor. She was star of the company in which the present Mrs. Fiske made her debut. She was famous as "Camille" when that play was still fairly new. She created the role of Sister Genevieve in "The Two Orphans." This season will be her forty-fifth of actual stage experience and her sixth in "The Man from Home."

* * *

Lawson Butt, one of the best actors London has sent us, reports an inclination to adopt us permanently. His stage career, at least, will be confined to this country for the next few seasons.

* * *

John Maurice Sullivan, an actor who apparently makes a specialty of sacredotal roles, will be Father Roubier in "The Garden of Allah" this year.

* * *

A new stage society recently founded in New York, and declaring its object to be simply the boycotting of plays that leave a dark brown taste, has requested Miss Viola Allen to act as its honorary president and chairman of its advisory committee, putting forth in its request that Miss Allen had never appeared in a play to which the slightest moral objection could be made.

* * *

When the Irish Players return to America this season, their organization will be strengthened by the addition of Miss Marie O'Neil, considered by many European critics the best actress in the company. Miss O'Neil was unable to accompany her associates to this country last winter because of prolonged illness, from which she has happily recovered. She is extremely beautiful, and a sister of Miss Sarah Allgood, who won such success with the Irish Players last season.

* * *

Louis N. Parker, as usual, seems to be the Liebler Co.'s pet dramatist. Four and possibly five of his plays will be seen in this country next season. Besides the established successes, "Disraeli" and "Pomander Walk," there will be his new historical play for Simone and a new play of Irish life and manners. Negotiations have not as yet been definitely concluded for the American presentation of his play called "Drake," which Sir Herbert Tree is preparing for production at His Majesty's in London this fall.

* * *

Who is to be Empress of the Mings? The part most desired of all parts of the season, the title role of "The Daughter of Heaven," calling for beauty, charm and a glorious voice, and affording the greatest of opportunities to its interpreter, has not as yet been filled.

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Fall Millinery

ADVANCE NOTES FROM THE MILLINERY TRADE REVIEW

by FASHION

The New Shapes in Hats for Fall.

It is noticeable that while the derby shapes of last season are not shown in the fall collections, the derby idea is the basis of many of the new blocks and frames. The derby crown is retained with a number of variations in the brims; they being both flat and rolled of various widths running to about three inches (for those that are rolled—the flat brims even wider at times, reminding one of the Quaker brims. The same general idea goes into extreme shapes which droop both front and back. A shape of this sort is about seventeen inches long and thirteen inches wide, while the crown is from eight to nine inches high.

The Postillon shape is another of the prominent styles. In the Postillons the crowns are usually the regulation with great variation in the brims, which go to the length of twenty-two inches, width fourteen inches. Very large flat shapes have not been done away with and through wide flanges above the brim or collars placed flat at the base of the crowns, they look different and very effective. Shapes of this sort have diameters of about twenty-three and twenty-four inches. Another feature is the Coolie shape, drooping parasol fashion all the way round. These have tall trimmings protruding from the center of the tops, usually some sort of wing or feather with a cabochon base of plumage or silk material.

The dress shapes have (almost all) the elongated shape idea, and head sizes are almost invariably large to permit the hats to come down rather far, but not to obstruct the vision as was the case not so long ago. In the smaller shapes there are variations of the helmet, for instance having the sides come out in straight tabs above the ears, and placing a collar of about five inches around the back of the crown, turned down like the collar of an ulster, when it is half way up. Draped hats are long too—up to eighteen inches. There are a few small draped shapes, but generally height is thought of in some way and when the crown isn't high, the trimming is "a la Colonel."

There are crowns that are thimble shape as tall as nine inches, but usually the crowns are more moderate, say from three and one-half to four and one-half inches.

The Materials in Fall and Winter Hats.

The decided innovation in material is plush. It is of various kinds—hatters', moleskin and velour. Plush is used by itself and in combination with silks and felts, moire being the striking feature in the silks. The moderate sized shapes are more likely to be all plush, particularly those shapes whose lines are regular. Velour taupe and velour satinee, both in soft and moderately firm finishes in plain colors and with combination color for underbrims, are shown in medium sizes of the shapes already mentioned. Velvet is used plain and combined with moise silk as well as the various velour and beaver materials, also with metallic and silk piece goods that have glace effects in colorings. In the hand-made hats especially the toques and turbans, combinations of materials and of colors are in vogue—to exemplify—a crown of black plush with a rolling brim of old gold color ribbon of a ribbed velour pattern.

Ribbons for Fall Millinery.

Most of the new ribbons are wide, even to twelve inches. They come in double face—plush face with bayadere stripe, glace silk back and velour with satin back to match. There are wide glace taffeta ribbons that have stripes of plain satin covered with polka dots in

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bright colorings producing Scotch combination effects, and broad ribbons of conventional Scotch plaid colors and plaids composed of the new shades of the season. Satin taffetas are seen in about five-inch widths in the new shades and close Ottoman weave with gold stripes in about two-inch. The velvet and satin ribbons also come in the broad numbers. Moire is seen in ribbons also.

Ostrich and Fancy Feathers in Fall Millinery.

Ostrich feathers are strikingly novel. They are used as tall trimmings and for flat applications. Bandeaux of ostrich with standing plumes attached are made in beautiful combination colors. Tall pompons of tips and of plumes and of combinations of feathers of several sizes are made to look very new through blendings of the new shades. Tall effects are made of many varieties of fancy plumage, and where aigrettes are prohibited, there need be no dearth of aigrette effects. Paradise, numidi, rhea, pheasant, coque and many other materials are made into attractive high trimmings. Wings from the rather small to the very large are extensively used—of the smaller sizes, several pairs are branched one above the other to produce height.

Bandeaux of feathers come from one inch to six inches, some even wider and are often combined with wings or some egret effect. Butterfly cravat designs are made of quills of various sizes in fancy shapes and new colorings.

New Flowers for Winter Hats.

It is rather early to see flowers on the fall hats, but manufacturers are preparing a variety of blossoms in addition to roses and poppies, such as dahlias, camelias, gardenias, anemones, wild roses and orchids in natural and modish colors—also black—and leaves are being made to go with them.

Ornaments and Novelty Trimming for Fall.

In galloons and ornaments beads are a factor. There are round, square and rectangular buckles made on pliable frames, sometimes all beads. Horn buckles in deep taupe color and a plain steel buckle with butterfly attached are seen to advantage, the former in harmony with a plush hat and the other in contrast to a sombre color. Light gun metal frames with heliotrope stones set off deep prune color velvet to advantage. The galloons are beaded in many ways, old gold being a strong color. Metallic galloons of one and one-half inch width are used as bands. Astrachan galloons made of imitation silk are shown in black and the new shades combined with black. Chenille galloons are also made in combination of colors with black.

Novelty piece goods in weaves of metal combined with silk both plain including black and nacre come in gold, silver, old gold, steel and bright metallic colorings. Metallic lace about eight inches wide is employed well on the brim of a coolie shape.

Colors That Will Prevail in Fall Millinery.

Dark tones prevail in hat bodies or making material. White is a favorite combination and it goes well with nearly all of the deepest shades of the new color cards as well as with black. Pistache, capucine, tilleul and magenta are also used with good results to set off the deep rich shades and especially new looking are heliotrope with pistache—olive with graphite blue—crow blue with pistache—taupe with gobelin—olive with fuchsia—seal brown with crushed strawberry—dark navy with mandarine—deep sapphire with tulip—stone gray with capucine.

What Was Seen at the First New York Millinery Openings.

Only a small number of duplicate models were noticed in a trip around the openings, a fact that gives a great deal of satisfaction. Full sway is given the imagination in regard to the colors, materials, trimmings and shapes of the imported models.

Contrary to the usual custom, many of the early hats are large, a new feature being the elongated hat, which has a decidedly long line from front to back. In most cases this polonaise hat, as it is termed by many, has the rolling turned-

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up brim, others of this type suggesting the large tricorne. While the derby hat is not shown at all in its entirety, still the Quaker hat, which promises to be very good for fall, has a suggestion of the derby in its general appearance. The rounded crown and brim, which rolls up against the sides, give the appearance of the old fashioned Quaker hat. Low hats have in no way lost their popularity. The materials used for fall in the development of these picturesque hats are particularly adaptable since the lines are softened by the use of tosca net, taffeta and velvet, shirred or put on plain on extended wire. The Mandarin model, which droops over the face and is raised at the back by the means of a lift or high bandeau, is very fetching and has a great many possibilities.

Wings, paradise, or in fact any high trimming, extends into the air from the center of the hat, at the base of which is shown a finish of fur, velvet or satin. A number of smart, irregular models are shown, a great many of which are small, either draped of velvet or silk, or the blocked hat of plush or velvet. Plush, by the way, is one of the strongest features used in the development of fall millinery, and comes in a wide variety of weights and colorings; some of these are known as hatter's, beaver or velour plush. While simplicity of trim is noted on many of the smart fall hats, the tendency is slowly but surely drifting toward a more detailed amount of work on the hand-made hats. Small collars or bands at the base of the crown, shirred edges and many other points, which will develop later in the season, all go to show that the workrooms are coming into their day again.

NEW HAT SHAPES FOR FALL.

The tricorne, Napoleon and mushroom hats, as well as the conventional rolling sailor and Gainsborough shapes, are noted among the styles for fall.

Anything along the derby outline is tabooed, this style having been so overdone during the spring and summer. The pressed shape at the present time bids fair to be more popular than the hand-made hat. One reason for this is the fact of its being much lighter in weight. The hand-made hat, will, of course, come in for a large share of attention in the higher priced models. Smooth felts, both in French felts and bright finished wools, promise to be particularly good for early fall, while the velours in beautiful bright colors will be very good a little later on, followed by beavers in long and short nap.

The tendency is toward larger hats for early use, closely following the line of the panama of the summer.



See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister ever would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

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Literary Notes and Book Review

Henry Mountjoy, who since writing "The Minister of Police" has been acclaimed the author of the most brilliant historical comedy written since Dumas laid down his pen, is the son of a late dignitary of the English church. His mother was one of the most brilliant and witty women of her time. His maternal grandmother was a friend of Charles Lever's, and it was a story told to him by her that gave the great novelist one of the most amusing scenes in "Charles O'Malley."

* * *

Lloyd Osbourne, author of "A Person of Some Importance," recently won a major prize in a short story contest conducted by a prominent magazine. Mr. Osbourne is a step-son of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. He was born in San Francisco and first studied to be a civil engineer, but defective eyesight compelled him to abandon this ambition. For a time he was vice-consul at Samoa, but gave that up to devote himself to literature, in which he has met with distinguished success. Mr. Osbourne lives in San Francisco in the summer and in New York in the winter.

* * *

Bishop Doane, ordinary of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Albany, has declared himself in favor of capital punishment. Rabbi Wise of New York is equally opposed to it. Their discussion pro and con has been interesting to the readers of the newspapers, but perhaps the most practical argument against what Rabbi Wise has called "legalized murder" is found in "The Just and the Unjust," by Vaughan Kester. The novelist shows how easily a perfectly innocent man may be brought to the gallows, while Bishop Doane presupposes that every man condemned to suffer the death penalty is guilty of the crime with which he is charged. Mr. Kester makes no plea for or against this penalty, but irresistibly it permeates the pages of his book like a question mark.

* * *

The many thousand ideograms of the Chinese language are memorized and words are often tabulated for the pupil by rhyme. They have no alphabet and therefore can never use a linotype or typewriter. The Chinese, accordingly, have wonderful memories, but their memory-method sometimes places them in humorous situations. English is now required in nearly all the new Chinese schools, though the Chinese mandarin-examiners know little about the language as yet. John Stuart Thomson, the China traveler and author of "The Chinese," tells of a confident Chinese candidate who appeared before the Board of a Kwang-tung province school as an applicant for the position of "Professor of English."

"How much English to you know?" profoundly inquired the mandarin from behind his heavy, tortoise-rimmed glasses.

The amusing reply was: "Numbers, one to ten; a hundred words beginning with 'A,' and ten words rhyming with sing."

Thomson first laughed and then sighed, because the Chinese Board accepted the Chinese teacher of English for want of a better man. Thomson says that the new Chinese are eminently a business race, and that therefore in their excellent business judgment the day will come when they will be compelled to throw away their ideographs so as to avail themselves of the business facilities of our alphabet-typewriter and linotype. He says that the present Chinese ideograph case in a printing office has thousands of ideograph types, and that it is a sadly humorous sight on a hot day in humid south China to see a Chinese typesetter darting about the room like a dragon-fly, trying to meet the editor's demand for an "extra."

* * *

The book reviewer who is compelled day after day to set forth the merits and demerits of current literature is often hard put for original methods of expression. The literary department of a Chicago paper has brought forth what might be called an "informal review" which is

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as original as it is pleasing. The following is a sample:

"It's a dear little story, "The Melting of Molly," smiled the assistant literary editor; "fresh, colorful, wholesome. What do you know about the author, Maria Thompson Daviess?"

"She hails from Tennessee and wrote that other delightful little book, "Miss Selina Lue," and Maria Thompson Daviess is her maiden name."

"The author of such a book naturally would be an unmarried woman," mused the assistant literary editor. "I'd have known that almost without being told. And she's probably somewhere about 30. It takes a single woman of—of discretion to write so sweetly and simply about love and children."

"How do you know all that?"

"Well, little girls are too shy to say what they think of such matters, while the happy wife and mother seldom writes about her joys and glories. She lives them. And perhaps for this very reason when she does write she seldom attains the half whimsical, half wistful, wholly alluring touch of the 'ungathered rose' whose family delights are but borrowed ones.

"A married woman, for instance, would have made sweet Molly Carter far more sensible but less charming; tiny Billy, 'slim and flowery, pink and dimply, and as mannish as his father, in funny little flashes,' might have been a bit more natural in speech with a married book mother, but you wouldn't have wanted to hug him half so much; and a woman happily married simply couldn't have given that tragi-comic touch to Molly's terrible trouble of the blue muslin frock that won't meet around the waist when the man who has loved and left its 17-year-old wearer promises adoring return. Besides, married women as a rule do not adore young widows, while as to the joyous pairing off of Molly's various lovers —oh, of course the book was written by an unmarried woman, successfully free from her teens!"

"You seem very sure," hazarded the head of the department. "Did you say that you—"

"No, I didn't," interrupted the assistant hastily. "I didn't say anything about it. A woman's age is sacred to her mother and her Maker, and the least worldly wise of the former usually knows enough to carry out the kindly reserve of the latter in that direction. But you know how fond I am of children and flowers—did I say that Molly's garden is as charming and lovable and—unmarried—as Molly herself or the good Dr. John whose love spells heaven to her? And I enjoyed reading the story so much that I forgot it was all in the day's work."

The title of "Pollyooly," Edgar Jepson's delightful story of a little English girl, has been a puzzle to many. It should be explained that Pollyooly is the heorine's nickname, bestowed upon her by an adoring aunt. Her real name is Mary, which, after the English fashion, has been changed to Polly and then to Pollyooly. The Honorable John Ruffin, one of the principal character in the story, believes, when he first hears the name, that it is Polly Hooley, which, when pronouncel with the accent common among certain classes of Londoners, would become Polly'ooly. The little red-haired heroine objects to this strenuously, and an amusing tilt occurs between her and the sedate Honorable John.

* * *

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, whose new novel, "Sally Salt," has been universally accepted as one of the finest studies of a high-minded woman which has been written in many years, is an avowed champion of the American woman. "I mean," she said in an interview recently, "the real American woman of the Sally Salt type. I have no patience at all with those so-called American women who are ashamed of their own country, and who, after living in the European capitals for a time, come home so filled with affectations that they consider everything on this side of the Atlantic coarse and of little consequence. Sally Salt is my ideal of what the American woman should be—bright, cheerful, altrustic, with a mind of her own and the faculty of doing things."

Fame is not always what it seems. George Randolph Chester walked into

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a book store in Philadelphia kept by an Englishman, and made some purchases.

"Ah, Chester!" said the Englisman, his eyes lighting as he wrote the delivery address. "You have a very famous name, Mr. Chester. It is known all over the world."

The author of "Five Thousand an Hour" attempted to blush and look embarrassed.

"Why—er—I believe," he faltered.

"Yes," went on the bookseller with relish; "I don't suppose there is a corner of the globe where Chester cheese is not known and appreciated. It's such splendid cheese, you know."

* * *

Miss Marie Van Vorst, author of "The Broken Bell," has, since the publication of this book, been hailed by critics the country over as the worthy successor of the late Marion Crawford. Miss Van Vorst, although an American, has lived in Italy so long that she has been able completely to grasp the Italian viewpoint. Her residence in the land of sunshine has not been confined to the American colonies of the large cities. She has lived among the Italians themselves, and has made an intimate study of Italian conditions and affairs. "The Broken Bell" reflects many phases of Itadian character not generally treated in fiction.



The Telephone

A VALUABLE AGENT OF COMMERCE

There is no need to say much to the business man about the local value of his telephone. He uses it daily—hourly. People in town call him up for prices and goods. He buys and sells over the wire himself. Nothing is so quick, cheap, indispensable.

But has he ever looked into the possibilities for extending this field of telephone usefulness and profit?

There is a circle of fully two hundred miles around his store or office in which he can deal just as easily over the toll wires.

The long distance telephone is a salesman and a sales-manager, a superintendent and a purchasing agent, an order-taker, and a scout for new prospects. It offers a means of approach that always gets attention because people never shut their doors to it. It will in many cases give a direct demonstration of goods. Its uses are as varied as they are new.

For instance, every executive knows the sort of sale that is all made but the "closing," and yet hangs fire. How often, when trying to show subordinates how to land the order, he has wished that he could get direct action himself on the customer for five minutes!

There is a manufacturer in this State whose salesmen visit prospective customers, explain goods, maintain interest. But if the deal is important he usually has to go and wind it up in person.

"I'm not what you'd call a salesman," he says. "Yet, when our men have been calling on Jones three months, and Jones has gone into every blessed point, and is still sitting on the fence, I find the best thing is to get my hat, go and see him, and ask why he's holding off.

"Maybe he says, 'Why, I want to figure out that cost again.'

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"Cost!' I say. 'What cost? This equipment isn't going to cost you anything. Good heavens, man, the savings on the first six months' operation will pay for the whole thing!'

"I don't pretend to be a salesman. But when I make up my mind to close Jones, and go at him like that, he most generally always signs up."

Today, this manufacturer is "closing Jones" over the long distance telephone. In dealing with customers he formerly reached nearby, it saves his time and theirs, too, and he is able to bring his personal influence to bear in territory far beyond what was possible in the days when he reached for his hat instead of the telephone receiver. The telephone saves Jones's time, too. The door is never shut, and for direct effect it is every bit as potent as a personal visit.

Again, every firm that sends out one of its "responsible men" to call on the trade knows that it pays handsomely. A partner or officer of the company strengthens business bonds by investigating service, clearing up misunderstandings and difficulties, and expressing appreciation for patronage.

This is rather costly business. There are railroad fares, hotel bills, entertainment. Further, it takes a good deal of the responsible man's time.

These visits can be made far more cheaply by telephone. When a thing is cheaper, people use more of it. The responsible man can call oftener on the big customers when he does it over the wire, and put a lot of little customers on his visiting list.

Time is a big factor very often where the trade of a certain customer shows an unaccountable falling off. If the responsible man waits until he can visit that customer personally, there may be no trade left at all. If he uses the telephone he will do it that day, and run down the cause.



The Retort Apropos.

A business life had been his school;
In business terms he chose to urge her,
"Let us," said he, "our issues pool—
Join with me, dear, to form a merger."

"I must," said she, "beg time to find
If you are rated good or bad, sweet.
In deals like this, though love be blind,
So much depends on Dun and Bradstreet."

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The GATEWAY

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FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 4

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"I could not attend to my work in the round house and was forced to lay off. A former patient of yours sent me to you, for which I shall always be grateful to him. I improved from the start. After the first treatment I was convinced you could cure me. Now after six weeks I can hear a whisper across a large size room—have been at work since the first week and am as well as I ever was. Too much praise cannot be given both you and your treatment. The problem of curing deafness has been solved by you." (Name upon request.)

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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to Literature, Economics and Social Service.

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Modern Thoughts on Future Life.

Matching the Velvet

A Soldier of Napoleon

Personal Opinions on Current Events.

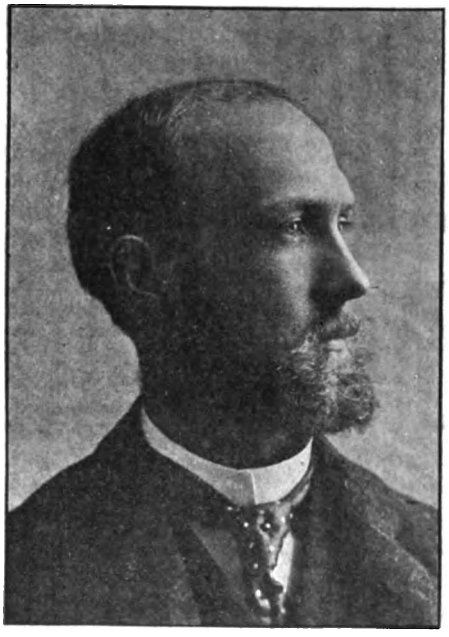
Plays and Players.

Literary Notes and Book Review.

Poems, Items of Interest, etc.

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Michigan—Its Physiography

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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The first object of these articles is to give in a brief, interesting and suggestive form an account of the physical geography, or physiography, geology and natural resources of a state which the author served for twenty years with an ever increasing sense of her matchless position, and variety of resources. May they be wisely used.

He remembers well Jacob Abbott and his winning way of teaching, and has thought that the matter could well be handled in the form of a series of trips to important localities with an account of what is to be seen, without going so far as to write a "Rollo in Michigan."

It should be understood, therefore, that not every place where a given industry flourishes or a given type of scenery can be seen is mentioned. Yet he hopes that enough trips have been taken to cover all important types. He would welcome suggestions for improvement, but expects that the wise and progressive teacher will draw from the local knowledge of herself and class additional illustrations of the natural processes, types of scenery and resources, and must apologize for not mentioning many places well worth it, simply because they were too numerous, and their characteristics could be found at some other place conveniently touched in some other trip.

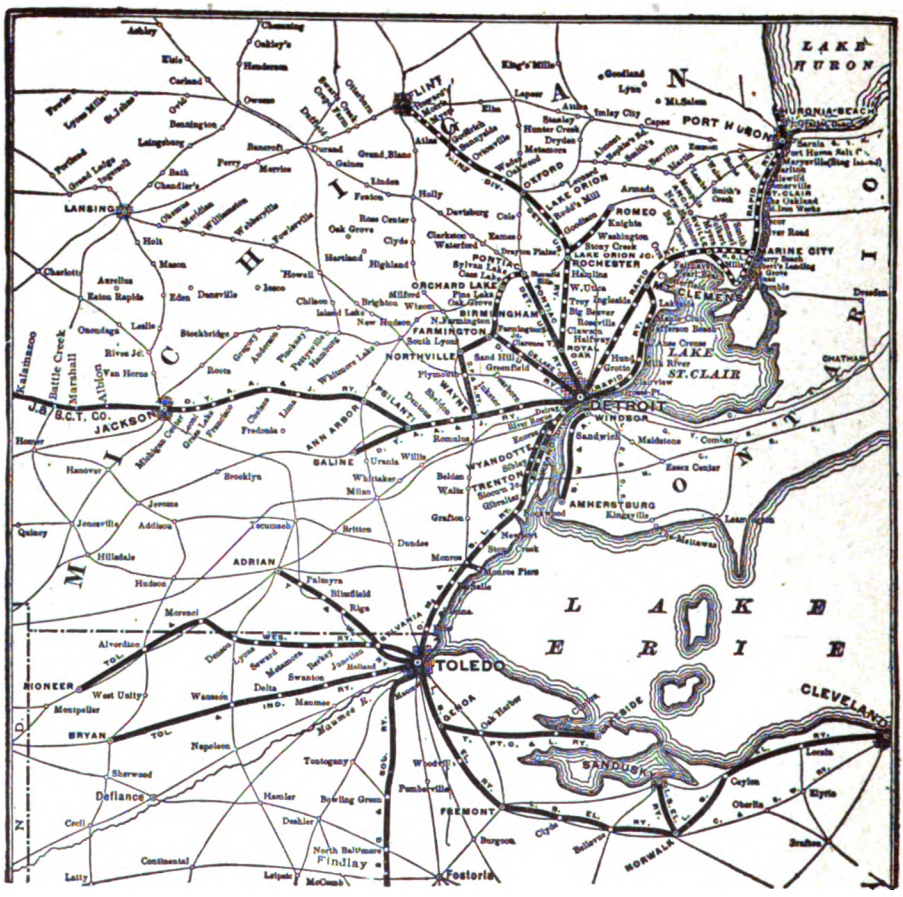
Detroit.

If one enters Michigan from the east, he is quite likely to begin at Detroit, whether he comes directly by rail from visiting the Gorge Cut by the Niagara, or enjoys the cool night ride from Buffalo, or Cleveland, by the lake steamers, or comes down from Canada. Detroit is a city readily accessible from east and west, and well supplied with hotels, so that it has become known as the Convention City. It is an old city, dating back to 1701, before the foundation of the United States, and its early history is interwoven with that of the picturesque chevaliers of New France. It owes its early start to its position at the head of the Lower Lakes on the great highway to to the Upper Lakes, Detroit River having been called the Dardanelles of the New World, and, like most great cities, is on a great waterway. Every three minutes a boat goes by. It is now also a railroad center, but in the early days and in the history of settlement the water-ways were much more important than they are now. This is shown in interesting ways both in Detroit and in the country to the south, to which we shall take our first trip. The early French division of land was not into rectangular sections a mile square, such as those into which the Land Office divides the United States lands. This was the system of sub-division throughout most of Michigan, but in these earlier French settlements the land was divided so as to give each division a frontage upon some navigable stream, just as nowadays many lots are divided and sold by the front foot upon some public street. So along Detroit River and the Raisin River (so named from the abundance of wild grapes which the early voyagers found on its banks) the land is divided into long strips running nearly at right

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angles to the general course of the stream.

Detroit itself is almost flat. The unaided eye can barely see slight undulations. This flatness, which extends for some miles in every direction, but by no means characteristic of Michigan as a whole, is due to the fact that all the country is an old lake bottom, a former extension of Lake Erie at a time when ice blocked the outlets to the north and a quarter is a limestone fluor. Such clays make a light colored Milwaukee brick. The flat character of the country makes sites for good ball-fields and race tracks abundant, and in both directions Detroit has exceptional prominence. Such a flat country is also likely to be marshy when not drained, and it may be due to this as well as to the early French settlers that frogs legs are a delicacy which appear on the bills of fare in De-



Electric Lines radiating from Detroit.

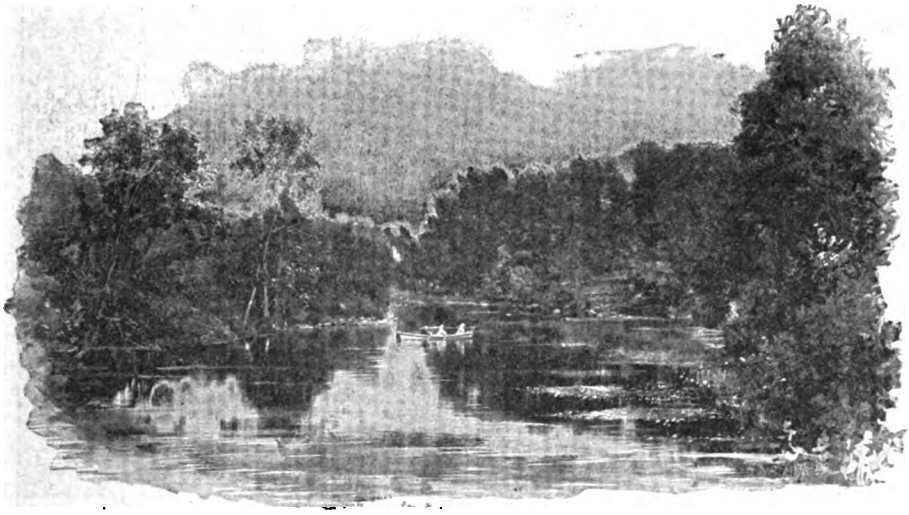
the drainage from this region and that cut from the melting ice sheet had to find its way south to the Mississippi. Thus the flat plain is coated with lake clays, varied here and there by sandy tracts marking the shores of the receding lake by silt of the river and by deposits of peat from vegetation in hollows of the surface. The clays may be used for brick; in fact, brick-yards are conspicuous on the outskirts of Detroit, especially to the west. Of these clay nearly troit hotels and restaurants more often than usual in the United States.

Excursions South from Detroit.

We may go south from Detroit by a number of lines. If we take the electric which goes straight out on Fort street, we pass several mineral bath houses on the way. The various mineral wells of Michigan are, with but few exceptions, artificially drilled holes, which may have been put down in the first place for the

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manufacture of salt, but which are of more value for their healing effect. All around Detroit, without drilling very deep, one will encounter water which from the strong smell may readily be recognized as heavily charged with sulphur. It is also generally rich in soluble salts of iron. At a greater depth, brines charged not merely with salt but with the concentration of the evaporation of sheets of water which once covered the state and laid down great beds of rock salt, may be encountered. The different wells, thus drilled, vary somewhat in composition according to the taste, or perhaps rather the smell of the proprietor, but are of the same general character as the waters of Mt. Clemens, northwest of Detroit.



An Inland Lake near Pontiac

Later we cross the great Boulevard park, which encircles the city, and near the city limits come to the Oak Grove, or Woodmere cemetery as it is now called. The sand ridges which rise on the old lake plain were often the "oak openings" of the early settlers marked by a scanty vegetation of oaks, and this is recognized in the name of this cemetery. It will also be found generally true that where a cemetery is located, one is likely to find sand or gravel deposits either of the shore of some ancient lake or the outwash of some ancient ice margin.

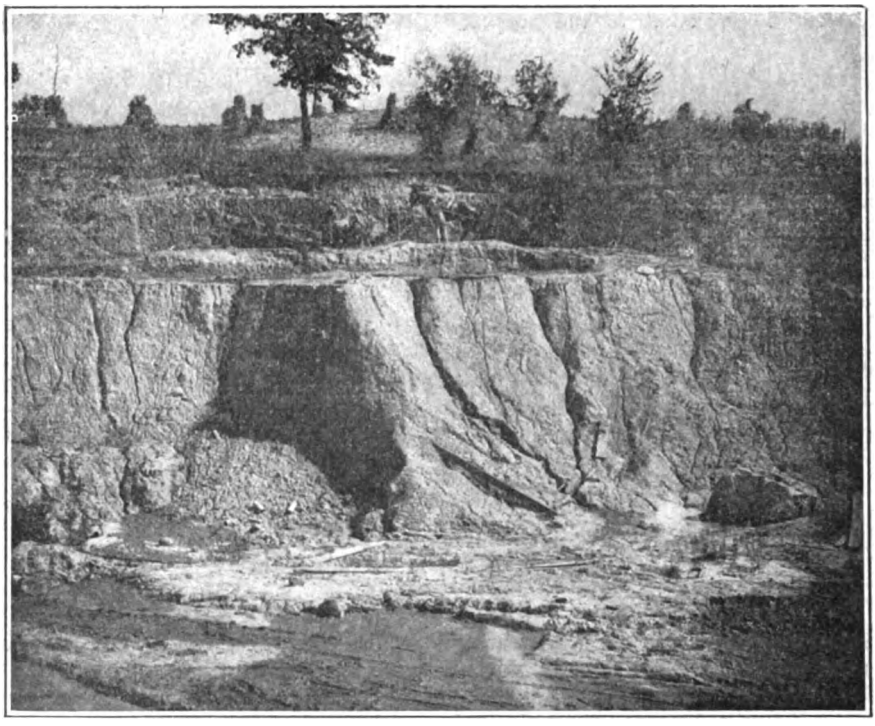
The River Rouge is the city limit. It will be noticed how sluggishly it winds, and this will be found characteristic of all the streams we cross, near their outlet, in this southern trip. The reason for this is an interesting one. The surface of the earth in the region of the Great Lakes is tilting. The land rises to the northwest in such a way that the water in the basin of Lake Erie is gaining on the land toward the south and west ends all along Monroe County toward which we are going. The phenomena at Sandusky have been studied with especial care by Moseley. Such river valleys, in which the water is backing up as the water of the lake into which they flow rises, are known as "drowned valleys," and are often flat and marshy with an almost imperceptible current.

Crossing the River Rouge, we see within a few rods on the west side of the electric the first shaft for rock salt in Michigan. All this region, from Trenton to Lake Huron certainly and probably most of the lower peninsula, is underlain with huge beds of rock salt. While this shaft, a quarter of a mile from the river, is the first one in which the rock salt is really mined and from which can be obtained interesting samples of salt, sulphur and the associated minerals, yet vastly more salt has been taken out in another way. If we look to the east, we see the huge sky-scraping devices and other machinery of the Solvay Process works, and if we take the road that follows Detroit River more closely

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all the way down we see salt works with the curious slender tapering sheds from the wells which are a characteristic feature here as well as in countries where oil is obtained. This region is one of the greatest producers of salt in the United States, but the salt is mainly obtained by pumping down Detroit River water, and letting it dissolve the salt which comes up again. This saves all expense for shafts and so far for royalties.

But not salt alone is manufactured here. Salt is very important, as a basis for soda, and in these modern days, what woman can do without soda? She hardly realizes the quantity she uses, although not under that name. Most of the baking powders and washing powders—the Heavenly Twins, and all other varieties of twins that aid the housewife in her work—are generally made of soda. It has numerous industrial uses besides, as in the manufacture of glass. Its exact method of manufacture is more or less of a secret. Only the general details are known, and the road is lined with high picket fences and signs of "no admittance." In a general way, however, it may be said that salt is a compound of sodium and chlorine, and soda a compound of sodium and carbon dioxide. The source of the carbon dioxide we shall also see in our trip at the Sibley quarries. Here is a limestone quarry with many fossils, which is famous for the extreme purity of its calcium carbonate, Much of it will run 98° calcium carbonate, and the chemist's task is, with the sodium chlorine and the calcium carbonate as raw materials to make a change of partners so that they shall appear as calcium carbonate and sodium chloride, but as there is comparatively little use for calcium chloride he has the further task of turning this into something useful and making a product in the shape of bleaching powder cement or something which will have a wider demand.

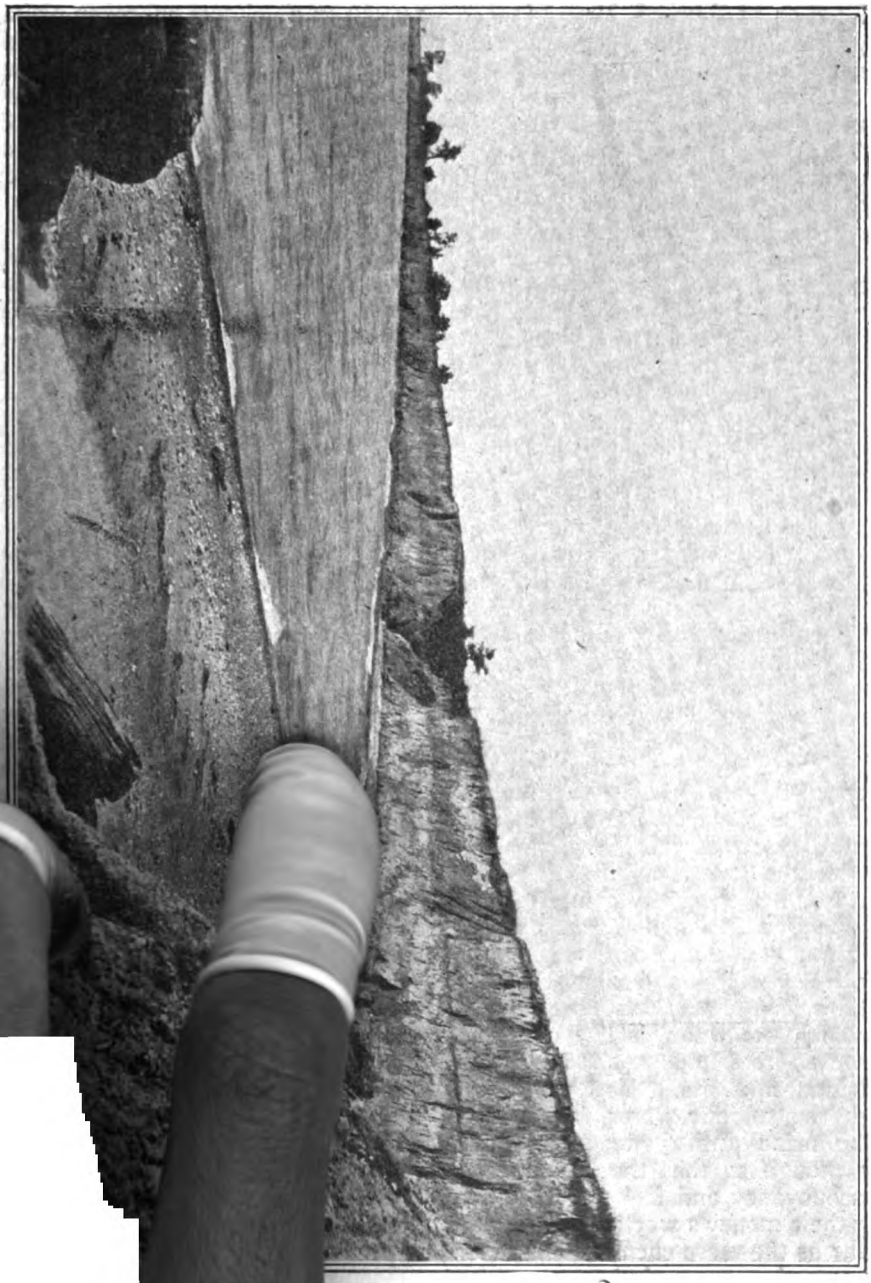


Clay Bank for the Making of Brick

The Sibley quarries are a fine illustration of large limestone quarries, and have yielded a great variety of fossils characteristic of their age. The same things and others can be seen in Canada

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at the Anderdon quarries, near the Amherstburg quarries. This may be reached by electrics from Windsor, opposite be, and yet clear the bottom at this crossing, and the depth of the water at Lime Kiln Crossing is as important an item to



Huron Shore north of Port Huron showing rapid e

ssing the the Great Lake mariner as the weather
rrier to to the farmer, or the tide to the New

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sums of money in river improvements here, and the deep Livingstone Channel, just completed, is the outcome.

Leaving the Sibley quarries we soon pass into Monroe County and come to the quiet town of Trenton. Near Monroe County are vast nurseries. In the swamps of Monroe County is a famous lotus bed. There are also many quarries, perhaps the most interesting being those of Woolmith at Maybee. In these quarries beautiful specimens of sulphur as pure as that of Sicily, and of celestite from which red fire might be made, have been found. In various points in the country a snow-white sandstone, perhaps the purest sandstone on earth—the Sylvania sandstone—has been found. This is 99 per cent silica and is used for the highest grades of glass. So far as its color and its looks are concerned, it might be used for sanding sugar, but I think it is safe to say that none is used in these days.

Excursion to Pelee Islands.

There is one trip from Detroit by boat which deserves a special word of mention, though out of the state. That is the trip to the small islands which lie in Lake Erie. These are not only cool resorts in summer, but show some very famous groovings of the ice sheet and some wonderful caves lined with celestite crystals.

North from Detroit.

Going north from Detroit, we may conveniently take the frequent cars to Mt. Clemens. We remain all the way on the flat of the lake bottom plain. Mr. Clemens is a small city which practically owes its existence to the sulphur baths which make it famous. Hotels of all degrees of luxury are proviedd, and many of them have their own baths, and deep holes from which the water is drawn. The depth varies from 1,000 to 1,200 feet. As one driller told me, "You go down through the sulphur water far enough into the brine until you get a water strong enough so that the bathers can feel its buoyancy and feel that they are getting their money's worth."

So far as the mere chemical character of the water is concerned, there are many other waters of similar nature in the state so that the pre-eminence of Mt. Clemens must be due to some such factors as the stimulating suggestion of its wide reputation for cures, the long experience and skill of its physicians in treatment of classes of ailments aided by the water, and its convenient central position close to a large city.

Passing from Mt. Clemens, we again remain on an almost unbroken plain until we reach Port Huron. This lies at the outlet of Lake Huron, where the waters of that great lake enter the river with a very notable velocity. For some distance north from Port Huron there is a sandy beach — Huronia Beach — but farther north we find the lake cutting into clay bluffs at a very considerable rate—from three to eight feet a year. Very strong evidence of this is to see old roads running directly off the edge of the cliff and the plow furrows running sharply up to the very crest. There is no railroad along the shore, and one must drive to see this, but is mentioned here for the light it throws on the origin of a very curious region which we see in going between Port Huron and Detroit—the Venice of America.

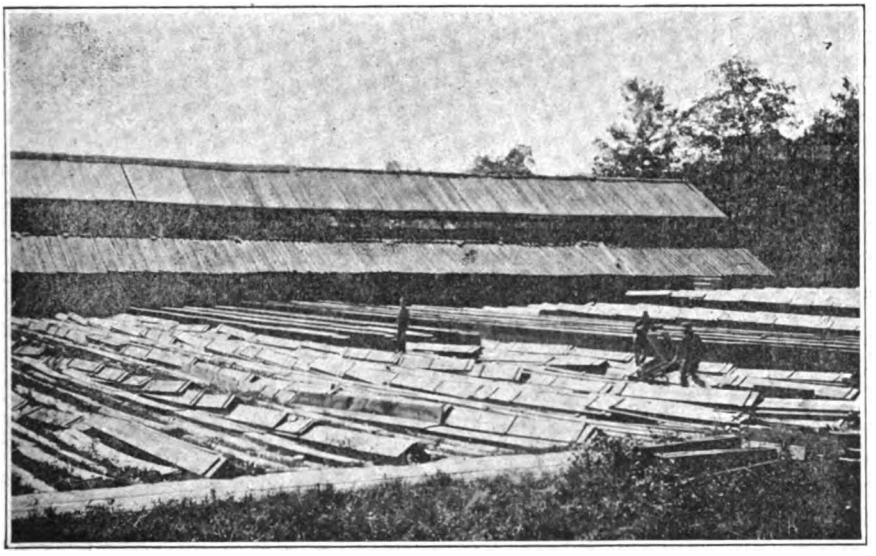
Returning from Port Huron, we will take the steamer down the St. Clair River. It is a broad blue stream with a strong current, lined on the American side with small hotels and watering-places, as well as a number of towns like St. Clair and Marine City, where groups of slender well-houses indicate a salt industry. At St. Clair, the purest salt in the world, Diamond Crystal, is said to be made. Toward the upper part of the river the banks rise some thirty feet, but as we go down they get lower and lower until below Algonac we strike the delta of the St. Clair River, a region where land and lake shade into each other as gradually, perhaps, as anywhere in the world. The question as to what is land and what lake bottom has indeed been the subject of long and expensive law-suits. It is interesting at the right time of year to notice the varied shades of green which one sees on either side—the blue green of the bullrush and the green of the sedges, the yellow of golden-rod and the numerous other tinges. Vast areas that appear to the eye from the stream as green meadow are in reality covered with five feet of water, but along the main channel and various minor channels little lots of land have been built up by dredging and piles. Houses, too, are built on piles, and remind one of the homes of the

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ancient Swiss lake-dwellers. Beginning with a few cottages of duck hunters, a whole summer colony of houses and cottages has sprung up, although the only means of transportation to them is by water. Nowhere else, that I know of, can one better see how Venice may have begun to be.

The origin of this delta is rather interesting, because streams that drain lakes do not usually have marked deltas. The lake acts as a settling basin and the water usually comes from it clear and there is no material wherewith to build a delta. The wooded clay bluffs we saw not a deep lake. The stream current has what might be considered a continuous channel through it, and the mud of the bottom is continually roiled by the passing of boats.

As we near the head of Detroit River, we see a number of islands of which the most famous is the beautiful Belle Isle—the most popular park of Detroit—at which our steamer will not stop, since it is reached by almost continuous lines of boats from the center of Detroit during the summer months and also by cars running out Jefferson Ave., the old aristocratic street of Detroit.



Drying Sheds for Brick

north of Port Huron are the clue, perhaps, to the mystery. After a heavy storm, Lake Huron changes its blue color and becomes very roily. It beats with vehemence upon its clay bluffs and the material is long in settling again—longer in fresh water than it would be in salt. Then the St. Clair River is no longer blue but runs muddy perhaps for two or three days at a time, and may carry down after one big storm many tons of matter. Thus the St. Clair delta has been built. If we but knew the exact rate at which it is increasing, knowing its area and the depth, which is about fourteen feet, it would not be difficult to estimate how long ago it began to form. Lake St. Clair itself is

We have by no means exhausted the excursions from Detroit. A run out Woodward Ave., to Pontiac carries us past miles and miles of fine residences, and lands us in a very different type of region from that around Detroit; one full of small lakes and rounded hills suitable for orchards—a famous country for dairy products—a country of well-to-do farmers—Oakland County. But we will see very much the same type of scenery in other places. There is, however, a special report on Walnut Lake which is about four miles from Pontiac (issued by the State Survey), which gives a fairly complete account of the land around the lake.

(To be continued.)

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An African Comedy

by EDWARD LYLE

We followed the baggage-coolie and his tiny bullock-cart along the narrow mountain-road where the close-planted para-trees clung tenaciously to the storm-washed slopes. My business was with one of the superintendents of the large rubber-plantations at Newara, about 50 miles from Colombo.

I had left the crowded pilgrim-train at the siding, where the engine was still visible as it crawled around the bottle-shaped summit towards Kandy. The superintendent's bungalow overlooked the plantation and the company's vast jungle reserves—a densely wooded tract of country extending for several miles through valleys and roaring torrents. The coolie lines were in the valley below a mere cluster of mud huts thatched with straw, and infested with yellow pariah dogs and squalling Tamil children.

I was met at the bungalow gate by Belton Dacey, the superintendent, and after the usual hospitable formalities was conducted over the estate to where a gang of laborers was at work clearing and burning off a patch of heavily timbered land.

While passing a thirty-acre field of newly planted trees we came upon a group of young para-plants uprooted and tossed aside as though a tornado had passed during the night.

Dacey turned to me almost apologetically. "We've been pestered by a rogue elephant the last week or so. I don't know why the brute chooses our plantation night after night, while others in the district remain untouched."

Lower down the valley, where the company had put in several thousand cocoa-nut trees, there was further evidence of the rogue's trunk and footwork. Many of the young palms had been twisted and wrenched to the ground and their top stems scattered broadcast. The brute's footmarks were plainly visible in the soft sandy soil.

Following the spoor leisurely, we halted in a hollow half-concealed by a clump of silver oaks, and examined them more closely. A man's footprints joined the elephant's just here, then followed them for some distance, and disappeared altogether. Sixteen years spent in Australia among the black police and aborigines had taugh me something of the art of tracking. The dish-shaped elephant-spoor grew faint and was lost, as far as Dacey was concerned, the moment we crossed the first gravel ridge.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, halting suddenly.

"Seems to me as though the brute had been brought here by its native keeper," I answered. "The man's footprints disappear near the clump of silver oaks, which seems to indicate that he rode the animal here, and waited until it had trampled and uprooted things to his satisfaction. I might go farther and say that the unwieldly creature was thrashed or goaded into doing the mischief."

The superintendent grew thoughtful for a moment; then his eyes glittered strangely, as though a sudden thought had fired his imagination. Returning to the bungalow, he summoned the head *kangani* hurriedly. A few moments later a grizzled giant of a man with black Tamil eyes and skin stood salaaming in the doorway.

"You did not tell me, *kangani,* that it is Musroora who drives his beast across our fields at night. Have you quarreled with the man? He has no grievance against the company," said the superintendent sternly.

"I know nothing of the matter, *dorai,*" answered the *kangani* softly. "Musoora is a drunkard and a bad man. I know not why he comes here with his animal. I have dug pits, but the beast passes them by. The pea-rifle my brother brought from India is not much good for stopping elephants, oh master!"

Belton dismissed him sharply and

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turned to me. "This fellow Musoora and his elephant were employed on the estate until quite recently. He is a bad lot, and his animal is no better. Like most Tamils, he goes amok when the taste of whisky is in his mouth. He has been convicted three three times for driving his beast over cultivated land. One night, about two years ago, he brought a couple of full-grown bull-tuskers up to an overseer's bungalow and drove them at it under the goad until they wrecked it fore and aft. If he visits the estate again," continued Davey, "I'll send the police after him and destroy his elephant."

During the night I was awakened by the mournful barking of an elk as it wandered over the mountain-side. Later, my small fox terrier, which always accompanies me, scampered up and down the bungalow veranda as though in pursuit of several cats. Approaching the window, I perceived a score of black-faced monkeys peering down at the dog from the trellis-work overhead; they chattered and grimaced maliciously as it leaped and tried to gain the veranda rail.

"They come from the forest at night," explained my bedroom coolie, entering hastily. "They pick up scraps of bread and fruit, and they will not go away unless we reach them with a whip or shoot one of the mothers."

I was not in favor of shooting one of the mothers, especially the one that sat on the trellis-edge with the bald-faced, shiny-eyed baby in her arms.

"But the *sinna dorai* must not encourage them," whispered the coolie, "or they will come again and break the windows."

About midnight we were awakened by a terrific din from the coolie lines. It seemed as though an army of women and children were wailing and calling to each other from different parts of the estate. Above all was heard the insistent throbbing of a death tom-tom.

Passing round the veranda, I met Dacey on the steps, his face whiter than usual. 'Some devil's work going on below," he said bitterly. "At daybreak they will come up here, six hundred strong, and ask me to remove their lines to a more suitable site. A man or a woman falls sick suddenly, and they believe that the devil is in their huts. No amount of argument will convince them that dirt is the only visible devil. The lines have to be shifted and rebuilt on another site—at the company's cost of course," he added bitterly.

Dacey rarely interfered with the domestic troubles of his seven or eight hundred Tamils unless murder or violence justified his presence in the lines. The *kangani* or headman settled all disputes, and in the majority of cases he ruled justly and with a rod of iron.

The shouting continued below until the valley echoed with the screaming and wailing of Tamil children and women huddled together in groups near the factory door.

Dacey shrugged his shoulders and beckoned to me. "Come and see the fun; come and see the big black *kanganis* thrashing a mob of stampeding coolies. To-morrow, if my luck is out," he went on slowly, "there won't be a single Tamil laborer on the estate."

"Where will they go?"

"Anywhere. They'll disband and seek employment on other plantations."

"But your coolies are bound over to serve the estate for a certain period. You can compel the bolters to return."

"Yes, if other planters were honest and advised me of their whereabouts. But the other planters are always in want of a few extra coolies, and the bolters are sheltered and set to work with the others."

Following the superintendent down the steep, boulder-strewn path, we arrived outside the lines, where two hundred Tamil girls and women lay crouching in the tall lemon-grass, spreading out their hands in the direction of the forest reserves.

The *kangani*, his eyes glinting savagely, strode from a mud-walled house, his big black fists clenched at his sides.

"Speak ont, man!" thundered Dacey. "What has happened? Who drove these women from their huts?"

The *kangani* pointed to the jungle reserves, where several lanterns flared as though a host of coolies were beating the scrub in quest of a hidden foe.

"The elephant, oh master! It has taken my little son."

The *kangani's* head drooped slightly; his breath came in sharp expulsions. "My wife came to me a minute ago crying that the elephant had lifted the babe

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from beside her. It was dark, the fires were out, we could not see the black beast as it walked back to the forest. A curse on the marauder that enters the huts to steal our children!"

"You have not been drinking?" The superintendent eyed him frostily, his erect figure and flaming eyes. "Have you been smoking opium?"

The *kangani* shrugged his shoulders and indicated the crowd of women huddled together outside the lines. "Ask these people, oh master! It is the sick man and the cripple who take *afim*."

The women now gathered around the superintendent, and each explained and dilated upon the elephant's iniquitous act. It had trampled into their lines without warning; it had trodden on two pariah dogs that obstructed its entrance. Without warning or noise it had lifted the *kangani's* babe from the mat, and had vanished in the darkness. They were sorry their headman had lost his little son. The elephant would carry it to the river and drown it for certain.

The superintendent's face grew dark and perplexed as he listened to the chatter of the Tamil women. He had worked in Southern India for several years, and he knew the ways of drunken mahouts and trained elephants too well to discredit certain parts of the story.

We examined the *kangani's* house and the broken threshold where the huge beast had crushed and torn away the woodwork while effecting an entrance. In a far corner of the room lay a young Tamil woman, her small brown fingers dug into the earthen floor. Her face and shoulders were half-concealed by a scarlet *sarong*.

"She allows an elephant to steal my little son." The *kangani* spoke behind us, and his voice was full of bitterness and suppressed wrath. "She is no longer wife of mine. To-morrow I will thrash her before her people. The tom-toms shall follow her from the lines."

"You will quit my service, then," answered the superintendent coldly. "There will be no thrashing either, *kangani*."

The *kangani* lowered his head. "The *dorai* knows I loved my little son. This beast of Musoora has stolen my life."

The superintendent had given an order to a coolie some time before, and he now appeared carrying a heavy Mannlicher rifle on his shoulder. Dacey took it and walked from the lines past the sprawling Tamil women and gaping men.

A crowd of boys surrounded us as we moved towards the jungled slopes near the eastern corner of the plantation. Dacey turned sharply and snapped out a word to them. In an instant they vanished back towards the huts.

Faint streaks of dawn appeared in the distant sky. Banks of white mist surged over the deep valley, and the down-dripping moisture fell like heavy rain upon our garments. Far away come the ugly yelp of a jackal, and the pariahs in the coolie lines answered in dismal chorus.

"An Australian black tracker would have picked up the spoor long ago," I began apologetically as the superintendent fretted in my wake, wolfing the end of his Burma cheroot.

"Go on," he said huskily. "Musoora has a hut on our boundary, also three wives, six children, and a rogue elephant. After I've disposed of his child-stealing beast I'll see whether his constitution is adaptable to a nice clean jail."

The day broke with startling suddenness. A belt of saffron spread like a fiery cloud across the naked east; the sun-illumined peaks seemed to flower and redden in the yellow flares of light. Groups of tiny black apes watched us from the high-stemmed silver oaks as we plunged across the gully into the scrub where the spoor showed in the creek slime. Behind us stalked the *gangani*, his sheeted garments drawn tightly about his face and head. Again we crossed the man's footprints that joined the elephant's higher up the gully. We were soon panting along the edge of the gravel range, and here the spoor disappeared mysteriously. The hard, stone-like surface of the ground refused to retain the slightest impression of man or beast's footprint.

"Let us go to his hut," said Dacey. "He will come home sooner or later."

The smoke or Musoora's household wound skyward in the clear morning air, and as we crossed the ridge overlooking the valley we beheld a squat, mud-walled house half-concealed in a tankle of lianas and scrub.

Three women who had been cooking rice inside appeared suddenly at the door. A couple of yellow pariahs yelped sav-

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agely from the evil-looking interior. At that moment a terrific thrashing of brushwood came up from the jungled hollow below; the rasping voice of a man broke the morning silence.

"*Tull, tull,* thou! Walk, beast, or the factory dogs will eat thy feet. Up, Binam, up!"

The head and tusks of a full-grown elephant appeared from the jungle-shadow; a moment afterwards beast and man swung into the open, glistening from head to heel with moisture from the overhanging forest. The man, turbaned like an Indian mahout, plied his thin iron goad on the head of his beast mercilessly. A sudden turn in the path brought him into line with the superintendent's rifle.

The elephant trumpeted hoarsely, then halted and remained stamping and rocking in front of us, its small intelligent eyes fixed on the immovable rifle-barrel.

The driver raised his head suddenly, and his jaw hung at sight of the angry superintendent standing in the path.

"Get down!" commanded Dacey sharply. "And if you address a single word to that—that *meegra* elephant, I'll shoot you without mercy, Musoora."

Musoora made no movement; his slack mouth expanded until the fat creases under his chin seemed to fold over his greasy vestments.

The *kangani,* standing behind, called out in a quavering voice, his left hand indicating something tucked away behind the tusks and trunk of the stamping elephant, "My little son, oh master! Alive—by the gods! Let us talk reasonably with Musoora; no harm has yet been done."

At first glance it was almost impossible to see the dusky infant rolled away so cunningly in the folds of the great trunk. Musoora held his goad aloft half-threateningly, as though intending to drive his beast over us.

The superintendent's rifle came suddenly into line with the elephant's blinking eyes. "Deliver the child to its father, Musoora. We'll talk afterwards concerning the trampling down of No. 9 field. No monkey-tricks," he continued, "or I'll present you with a dead elephant in ten seconds."

"Shoot, *dorai!* shoot!" laughed Musoora from above. "Your bullet will not save the *kangani's* brat; the dying beast will crush it as it falls."

"There is something behind this foolery," said the superintendent sharply "Speak out, Musoora. I will listen."

The mahout leaned from the beast's shoulder and pointed with his goad at the stiff-limbed *kangani* standing in our rear.

"That headman of thine, oh *dorai!* has swindled me out of fifty rupees. I have waited a year for the money—money for lifting timber from the old lines, money the company paid him for my work and the work of my elephant. Let him pay me now, or there will be no son to take over his debts when he is dead."

"It is a lie!" shouted the *kangani.* "It was thirty rupees—no more. The dog lies, oh master! He shall not threaten my son's life for money owing. It is against the law."

The superintendent's face graw dark as he glanced swiftly at the gesticulating headman. "I will give you both sixty seconds to make up your minds." He spoke slowly along the barrel of his rifle, his eyes fixed on the watchful mahout. "The three of you shall suffer—the elephant first. Now——"

It seemed as though the uneasy brute understood the superintendent's threat. The great trunk swept up and down trumpeting shrilly, while its huge body rocked to and fro in fearful expectation.

"Shoot, oh master!" whispered the *kangani.* "Let my brat take its chance. I will not pay Musoora fifty rupees. The elephant will fall on its side, not head first. Believe me, *dorai,* it will fall on its side. Let the child——"

Something wet and dripping flashed out of the jungle. A scarlet *sarong* and a woman's burning eyes confronted us. It was the *kangani's* young wife, and her mouth was drawn, her cheeks sunken, as though the sharp misery she had endured had unhinged her mind. The mountain mists had matted the long black hair, and the wind had blown it mask-like about her low, broad forehead. She crouched forward under cover of the superintendent's rifle until she stood in front of the fear-stricken elephant.

"Back, Nourana!" screamed the *gangani.* "The beast will strike thee dead!"

Without turning or heeding his words, she gripped the near tusk with her left

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hand and smote the great blinking face above her.

"Thou beast! was there no other child but mine to steal? Was the trampled fruit of our garden not enough—the banyans and sweet herbs—that thou takest the blood of my heart, thou evil one?"

The elephant seemed to relax, and its trunk unfolded suddenly; the brown brat slipped from its hesting-place into the woman's arms. Pushing it across her broad hips, she took a stick from the ground and again darted forward.

The elephant retreated, its small red eyes watching her anxiously. Her lithe body quivered as she smote it fiercely on the lip and trunk, stooping in her fury to belabor the flinching brute on its soft round toes.

"Remember, thou eater of swine, not to enter my house again. The taste of thee will be on my child until it dies. Beast!"

The elephant nosed the air in its pain, and, with a sudden heave and shake of the head, crashed into the jungle on our left. Musoora turned and shook his goad at the trembling *kangani* as the elephant bore him unwillingly from the scene.

"The affair is settled for the present," said the superintendent, shouldering his rifle. "I must admit," he added to me, "that the woman's promptness saved the situation. These Indian mahouts are deucedly awkward fellows to deal with."

The *kangani* hurried back to the lines, followed by the shrill-voiced Tamil woman carrying her child. We returned to the bungalow, feeling that our sleep had been unnecessarily disturbed.

A few weeks later I heard that the notorious Musoora had been arrested and put in jail. There were many charges against him, but the one preferred was for driving his animal full tilt at a motor-car on the outskirts of Colombo. East of Aden the inebriated chauffeur is never so dangerous as the drunken driver of an elephant.



A merry heart, a merry laugh,
  A face with lots of sun in it,
A merry tongue wtih merry chaff.
  And quip with lots of fun in it!

If trouble comes, and trouble will,
  When others make a guest of it,
Keep on a smiling face, and still
  Strive on and make the best of it.

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The Forest Camp.

by W. N. NICHOLS.

From the depths of the untouched forest, through which for hours we had followed the trout stream, we came out upon the open, sun-dazzled plateau, that, from one to two miles wide, stretched along the divide between the headwaters of the Tunagawant and its many feeders, and the heads of the streams flowing directly into the Alleghany.

Man and Nature had worked hand in hand to form an almost impassable jungle here.

Man had lumbered off the marketable stuff,—at least what the wasteful '70's regarded as marketable,—and then left the tops and knotty logs piled helter-skelter along the entire plateau, some said for one hundred and twenty miles.

Nature had sent shoots of all kinds of quick-growing underbrush up around the logs and through the branches, until the result was an impenetrable *chevaux-de-frize* that only birds could cross without hours of exasperating toil.

Through it ran a winding trail, kept open by strayed cattle, and forking and twisting in loops and bow-knots at almost every rod of the way, till Minos' Labyrinth was but a feeble term of comparison.

The day had been too bright for trout on the south-eastern-running stream we had followed, and low water made it very hard to approach the pools unseen; but, somewhere beyond the jungled plateau, we had heard lay the head of a stream, running into New York state, that had been closed to fishermen for ten years, and that, because of its Northerly course, lay in the shade of the thousand-foot hills that bordered it.

The upper part of the stream lay in Pennsylvania,—and if you were busy fishing you couldn't be supposed to watch for boundary marks in such a wilderness, —besides the game-warden was said to live about seven miles from the head of the stream, and would have to leave early to get home for supper, and also be tardy on the job in the morning,—the more so as he didn't know of any path across the summit from Pennsylvania.

So, with the sun for a guide, we started threading the maze of cattle lanes, and in about an hour, soaked with perspiration from the airless pockets of brush we had wandered through, and brains addled and topsy-turvy by the endless twistings, we came out upon an old wagon-road, that led through a grove of timber, and then plunged down into the deep shaded forests of the upper Limestone.

The valley walls were much sharper here, than on the stream we had followed on the other side of the divide, often dropping hundreds of feet so sharply that one could not climb them, and entirely concealing the stream from anyone on the old "tote" road.

A few miles down the trail we came, as the sun was setting, to a clump of cedars, low-growing and bushy, and within sheltering a cleared spot like a miniature tent, with a carpet of needles to lie on and a log to build a fire against.

Tossing our impedimenta on the ground, we soon had a fire blazing, and wrapping some trout in oiled paper, cooked them on the half of an army canteen, swiped from some unfortunate's outfit at the Carnegie riots, the year before.

A full stomach, a twenty mile walk, and the night breeze creeping softly through the forests, laden with the soporific odors of balsam and pine and many an unknown flower, do not tend to wakefulness, so leaving the stars to keep watch and ward, we fell asleep.

Hours later I awoke with a start. Unfamiliar stars were shining overhead, for Night had gone her rounds and relieved the sentries we had left on guard. The fire had died to red ashes, with here and there a flowing ember, and in the undergrowth something stirred, something

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heavy and careless whether anything else heard it or not.

It seemed to be coming our way, so I threw a handful of dry pine and cedar branches on the fire.

There was a loud "Wouf!" and for an instant a big black bear stood in full view, with his front paws upon the log against which we had lain!—and then a crash through the bushes told us he had been more terrified than we at the unexpected encounter.

But a pocket-knife and a fishing-rod are not good bear-hunting tools, so we,—or at least I,—for Hallie was too sleepy to care for bears,—kept awake and watched the starry sentinels patrol their beat, watched the False Dawn give sister, watched in weariness its shadowy promise fade and fail, and then, with a little start, saw the first streamers of the True Dawn rise.

Venus shone her brightest against the coming light, then paled and vanished as the golden beams of Day shot across the sombre hills,—and the world was alive again, with birds and squirrels making the forest ring with their chatter.

Within the tent Nature had pitched for us all was dry and cozy, but, stepping outside into the road, we found the mountain dew hung like rain from every bush and tree.

The road was bordered high with black and red raspberry canes, loaded with the most profuse crop of the largest wild berries we had ever seen.

Greedily reaching for a bunch of canes with exceptionally large berries, I took a "header" from a stump down the hillside for about fifty feet, and clambered back soaked to the skin by the dew, and filled with briers like a pin-cushion with pins.

Hallie tried hard to keep a straight face, as she dug out the thorns, but my plight was too comical, and the memory of my expression as I dove off the bank too shocking to her sensibilities,—or rather risibilities,—and she rocked with laughter till she scared the blue-jays silent.

Naturally I grew indignant, and retired in a sulk up the road to dig out my own thorns,—which gave her time to strip the roadside clumps of canes of their best berries before I awoke to the situation.

The stream swarmed with trout, but they declined to bite except in the log-jams, and then they always snagged our hooks, or if jerked out too quick for that, flew to the tops of the nearby trees and lodged among the small branches beyond reach, even if you climbed the tree.

Broken lines and lost hooks soon stopped the fishing, and then, the dew having dried, we filled our baskets with berries and started back.

Reaching the plateau an inspiration struck me,—why go two miles by round-about paths, when we could see from a stump the head of the other valley only about a quarter of a mile away? Fancy pictured a few logs to climb over or duck under, and half an hour or more saved, and we started on the "short-cut." Four hours later, with rags instead of clothes,



bruised bodies, and worse bruised tempers, we dropped out of the top of the last wind-row into the path,—and ever since my suggestions of "short-cuts" have been received with disdain, and the ungodly have called me "Short-cut Bill."

Evening brought home and rest, and Time has made us forget the toil of the fifty-mile tramp, but the beauty and glamor of the forest depths, by night and by day, remains with us yet,—and to gray hairs brings vain longings for all the joys Youth knew, when life was unknown and the morrow held no dread.

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Why is a billiard marker like a stage prompter? Because he gives the players the cue.

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

"What's the use of making such a fuss about a little water" said a judge, before whom motion after motion had come in a case where a small spring was the object of contention. "The parties are both milkmen," quietly said one of the lawyers. "Oh, I see!" said the judge.

"I wish I had your head," said a lady, one day, to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they shouldn't go into partnership."

"A 'blind man' was standing in front of the Monticello Hotel with outstretched hand, begging for pennies. On his hat was a sign, 'I am blind.' Along came a practical joker, who dipped into the extended cup, and instead of depositing money took out a nickel.

"'Come back here with that money,' exclaimed the beggar. 'I saw you take it.'

"'You saw me take it?' replied the joker. 'I thought you were blind.'

"'No, I'm not blind; I am only subbing for the blind man.'

"'Where is he?'

"'He? Why, he's at a moving picture show.'"

As Usual.

"So your Shakespeare club is a great success?"

"Yes. We accumulated enough fines for non-attendance to take us all to a musical comedy."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are no Irish characters in Shakespeare. Does not Hamlet exclaim, "Now might I do it. Pat, now he is praying?" to say nothing of O'Thello, Cory O'Lanus, and the lady O'Phelia.

Bread on the Waters.

"Just one word of advice, son, before you go out into the world."

"Yes, dad."

"Always be kind of democrats. They have their turn once in a while."

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

Things That Endanger Baby's Life.

Lack of breast feeding.

Dirty milk.

Spoiled milk—lack of ice to keep it.

Flies.

Improper foods—solid foods.

Improper drinks—ice cream soda, ice water, coffee, tea.

Dirty nursing bottles—bottles with tubes.

Dirty surroundings—crawling on dirty floors, then putting hands in mouth.

Improper dressing—overheating by overdressing.

Lack of bathing.

Bad air—unventilated sleeping rooms.

Things That Keep the Baby Well.

Breast feeding—no solid food.

Regular hours of feeding.

Proper amount of food—no overfeeding.

Protection against flies.

Water to drink—boiled and cooled, but no ice in it.

Daily bath.

Light dressing in hot weather.

Good air to breathe—keep out of doors as much as possible—keep sleeping-room windows open.

Clean surroundings.

To keep an artificially-fed baby well ALL OF THE ABOVE AND THE FOLLOWING ARE NECESSARY:

Clean, pure milk, properly modified—no solid food.

Scrupulously clean nursing bottles—no tubes.

Protection of food against flies.

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PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT —AN EMPEROR FOR AMERICA.

"In the Appeal to Reason, dated June 25, 1910, George D. Herron made this remarkable prophecy: 'I venture to prophesy that Mr. Roosevelt has not reached the high noon of his day, and that day is Roosevelt's. You may be sure of that. It will be a long day, too, and a dark day before it ends. He will return to the American nation and RULE IT AS HE MEANS TO DO. It is not merely that the nation is with Theodore Roosevelt. There is a situation arriving in which he will be the psychological necessity. He knew what he was doing when he made Taft President. Roosevelt made Taft president because he knew that Taft would make Roosevelt necessary. He knew that Taft would be a failure, that he would further confound the confusion toward which the nation is drifting. ROOSEVELT WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT. WHEN HE RETURNS TO WASHINGTON HE WILL RETURN TO STAY, as he means to stay. He is a man by nature utterly lawless, and the nation is now practically lawless. He has been all his life getting ready for this one goal and the decaded nation is rapidly preparing the goal for him. All things are preparing his way. Theodore Roosevelt has had his dawn and he will make for a day, and it will be one of the harshest and bitterest days in the still continuing pilgrimage of mankind through the wilderness.'

We are wont to quote declarations concerning the effort to establish a monarchy in America in the early 70's. They are talking about it now. The following is a quotation from a paper by T. Everett Harry in the International, New York, October, 1912, p. 99:

"I have spoken to men of various positions in life within the past several years concerning our government in America. I have been AMAZED AT THE EXTENT AND DEEP CONVICTION ON THE PART OF MANY THAT SOME PLAN OF POWERFUL CENTRALIZATION MUST BE EFFECTED in our national administration. The supreme soul, the master intellect—that is what we need in the chair at Washington. The man with strength and wisdom to rule—but whose rule shall be one of service; such is the one we seek. PERHAPS SUCH A ONE IS AMONG US. PERHAPS HIS NAME IS KNOWN TO US. Or, perchance he has not yet writ his name on the horizon of our nation's politics. Nevertheless only by such a scheme of government, scientific, sane, and systematically organized, shall we solve our problems. Some predict Socialism. Perhaps we need Socialism's plan of readjustment in the production and distribution of material wealth. But inevitably out of it all must work SOME FORM OF BENEFICENT **IMPERIAL** *ADMINISTRATION. The human body has its directing brain. The body politic needs its head."*

The foregoing is taken from a late issue of Appeal to Reason, the largest and most influential Socialist newspaper published in the United States.

We have no comment to make—our readers are fully capable of analyzing

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the statement and forming their own conclusion. All we do is to simply present the matter to them as an indication of the attitude assumed by the Socialists towards a man and a third term movement for the Presidency.



Proverbs Made Literal.

It's a long lane which takes you three hours and a half to get to the end of.

The early bird is generally wide awake.

A wise child knows its alphabet.

A virtuous woman is a useful commodity.

Look before you swear you see something.

There are two sides to every ham sandwich.

Early to bed and early to rise is all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice.

Old Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin', minister." "But ye are sleepin'. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." "Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

A fast youth asked, at a city restaurant, "What have you got?" "Almost everything," was the reply. "Almost everything? Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly—one plate of hash," yelled the waiter.

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir; I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man who does."

A traveling Irishman, who had gone the whole round of the Continent, was returning home satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by the road, he saw a fight; he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action, took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By Jove, this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home!"

Queries.—Somebody wants to know the name of the tune which was "playing upon the feelings," and also if the "cup of sorrow" has a saucer. The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of other days" was gas or electricity. Also, if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by "the exercise of forbearance."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

Three Harvard Seniors went into a hotel celebrated for its wines, particularly old Hock. One of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of "hic, haec, hoc." The waiter, however, paid no attention to the request, and on being called, said, "Really gentlemen, I thought you had declined it."

A windy orator once got up and said, "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly and deliberately and carefully come to the determined conclusion that in those cities where the population is very large there are a greater number of men, women and children than in cities where the population is less."

Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of their children, were in the habit of seriously annoying their neighbors who lived close by with their noise while at play in front of their house. One day the lady of the house came to the door, and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. "Jist hear she a-orderin' we," said one of the children to the other, "when us don't belong to she."

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Modern Thoughts on Future Life

by JOHN THOMPSON

Turn in whatever direction we may, the forces of modern thought and civilization are engaged, it would seem, in sapping the foundations of belief in man's immortal destiny. The very complexity of the life of today, the multiplicity of its interests, intellectual and social, so overwhelm the individual mind, so bury it in finite things, that it cannot get face to face with that question of questions: What am I? and so sees no reason to ask: Whither do I go? And if through some painful experience, some sudden stroke piercing to the soul's inmost depths, one awakes to the need of some answer to these problems—with what a depressing consensus of doubt or dogmatic denial is he confronted; Science which undertakes to play the role formerly assumed by theology, that of being the guide and ruler of civilization, accepts as ultimate points behind which we cannot go, such things as matter and motion or mass and energy, proposes to show how, these being given, the world has come to be, and frowns on any attempt to raise the question of origin and destiny. But this agnostic attitude which science *as science* ought to maintain is often violated by scientific men. Prof. Haeckel, for example, brands the three fundamental truths of religion, God, Freedom, and Immortality as the "three buttresses of superstition" which it is his business as a scientist utterly to demolish. He assures us that all the proofs usually put forward in defense of belief in a future existence have been shown to be inconsistent with the facts established by physiological psychology and the doctrine of descent. The theological idea that God made man in His own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life is "a pure myth." The "moral proof," Kant's famous argument that the highest good being possible only under the presupposition of the immortality of the soul, a future life, as inseparably bound up with the moral law, is a postulate of the pure practical reason—this is "nothing more than a pious wish." The "teleological proof," that man is equipped with powers and capacities for which earth and time afford no adequate scope, "rests," we are informed, "on a false anthropism." All these and similar ideas have been completely overthrown by the advance of scientific criticism.

And as the arguments of religion and philosophy have been undermined and no longer convince educated men, modern knowledge have brought forward proofs, physiological, histological, experimental, and pathological which, it is alleged, demonstrate this treasured faith to be a mere superstition. Anthropology shows how the dream of a future life has visited, in very different forms, the minds of all peoples. The Indian dreamed of his hunting-fields, the Mohammedan of dark-eyed houris and flower-decked gardens, the Norseman of banquets with haunches of venison and goblets of wine; the imagination projected into the future the desires of sense. What greater warrant has the Christian hope than these earthly wishes of the non-Christian mind? "The belief in immortality," says Spencer, "may be traced to the baseless dream of a rude savage." Biology since Darwin has been accumulating the proofs of our kinship with the brute creation, and man appears to be a kind of zoological monstrosity, compact of myriad disharmonies, a paradoxical absurdity. Physiological psychology teaches as a commonplace that our mental life is a function of the "gray matter" of the brain, and the inference is easy that the function vanishes with the dissipation of its organ. To suppose that thought can survive the brain would be tantamount to supposing that the steam in a teakettle could survive the destruction of the teakettle. Physical chemistry discloses the universe as a congeries of elements in motion, but the indestructibility of mat-

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ter and energy is now in grave question, as it is indeed a mere inference from experience. In a universe where nothing *persists,* how can man claim immortality, consisting as he does of a few pounds of carbon and lime, a few ounces of phosphorus, sodium, potassium and so forth, and so many cubic feet of hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen? And when we turn to philosophy, which at one time was supposed, in spite of its inability to bake bread, to be able to give us God, Freedom, and Immortality, we find it put to the greatest straits in establishing the reality of the individual against the all-engulfing monism of absolute idealism on the one hand, and the equally voracious monism of non-atheistic evolutionism on the other. Mr. F. H. Bradley, the acutest metaphysical mind of this generation, is of opinion that "a future life must be taken as decidedly improbable," and his ultimate reason for so thinking is simply that man is an unreal aspect of the Absolute without any independent worth of his own. Prof. Paulsen, of Berlin University, holds that ethics must stand henceforth on a basis quite independent of belief in a future life, since this belief itself is in a very parlous state at present, nor is there much hope of strengthening it.

The effect of this modern way of thinking is too obvious to be questioned. Within the Church as without it there are many who are conscious at times of grave and wistful uncertainty, and there are many who think that even should the belief that death ends all become predominant, religion might still live on and gain fresh conquests. Some there are who resign themselves to the inevitable with bitter scorn and savage contempt for the universe and all its ways. Their spirit is that of the French writer who sees in man only "the hero of a lamentable drama, played in an obscure corner of the universe, in virtue of blind laws, before an indifferent Nature and with annihilation as its *denouement.*" There are others who are anxious to believe, yet feel the various religious and metaphysical arguments to be little better than broken reeds, and can but trust there may be something behind the veil. Few, if any, can rise to the lofty heroism of Auguste Comte, who rejoiced in the sacrifice of the individual to the race, and asserted that death would seem to him a poor affair if it did not involve his own extinction. Speaking generally, men shring from annihilation, and in spite of the substitution for personal continuance after death offered by Positivism and Absolute Idealism, the sting of death, the fear that in dying man perishes like the brute, remains unextracted.

Prof. Osler thinks that the modern man is utterly indifferent to the whole matter. This finite world is enough for him and he recks not of any other. "Where," asks the professor, "among the educated and the refined, much less among the masses, do we find any ardent desire for a future life? It is not a subject of drawing-room conversation; and the man whose habit it is to buttonhole his acquaintances and inquire earnestly after their souls, is shunned like the Ancient Mariner. Among the clergy it is not thought polite to refer to so delicate a topic except officially from the pulpit. Most ominous of all, as indicating the utter absence of interest on the part of the public, is the silence of the press, in the columns of which are manifest daily the works of the flesh." Did men really entertain such a wonderful thought as survival after death, would they not make of it a subject of daily intercourse, and vie with one another in expression of astonishment and joy at such a glorious prospect? So indeed it would seem. And yet the idea is based on a very superficial conception of human nature. Men are only conscious that they live in a world full of mysteries, of the strangest contradictions and the most perplexing riddles, such as life and birth, and love and death; yet in the small talk of the drawing-room and the newspaper these great realities occupy a small place as compared with bridge and whist and football, and the latest scandal in "the smart set." The trivialities of the moment may well form the light froth that dances on the surface of human intercourse; but to suppose that this is all, that there are no depths beneath where the things that lie nearest our souls lie hid, is to commit the common fallacy of taking a part for the whole. To see that this is so we have but to imagine what would result if science succeeded in prov-

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ing what Prof. Haeckel in his dogmatic way says it has proved, namely, that for man death is the end. Does anyone really think that in such an eventuality the majority of the race, and they not the least and spiritual, would not be conscious of an irreparable loss, of a dreadful dislocation of the whole inner world, would not feel a horror as if, when gazing at a star-strewn sky, a giant hand were seen putting out the ancient lights of Heaven?

But, we are told, it is the part of wise men not to ask whether this or that doctrine agrees with one's dearest wishes, but to accept facts, and with Stoic resignation bow to their sternest implications. And the advice is sound; only the interests involved are so momentous—such interests as the significance of life, whether there is any possibility of realizing the Good, if not here, then hereafter, the dignity and worth of human effort and aspiration that it is our bounden duty to scan the alleged facts with the most critical care before we resign ourselves to a doctrine of despair. We have to ask not only: What are the alleged facts? but also: Do they not merely invite but compel us to a negative conclusion?

To begin with the more obvious: Dr. Osler, speaking as a medical expert, tells us that the majority of the dying express no fears or hopes about the other world; that, as a rule, man dies as he has lived, practically uninfluenced by the thought of a future life. "I have," he says, "careful records of about five hundred deathbeds studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting." Surely this distinguished writer is wrong in supposing that a true criterion for judging whether faith in a future life has any place in the thoughts of men, is to be found in the feelings of the soul as it approaches the "low, dark verge of life." Not to man weakened by disease, his moral and spiritual energies dulled through the collapse of the body, but to man in the fullness of his powers, amid the activities of his daily calling, amid the thoughts that surge through his brain, the hopes that inspire his heart, the ideals that inform his conscience, should appeal be made. Victor Hugo, standing beside the open grave of Balzac, uttered these memorable words: "No, it is not the Unknown to him. No, I have said it before, and I shall never weary of saying it—no, it is not darkness to him; it is Light! It is not the end, but the beginning; not nothingness, but eternity. Such coffins proclaim immortality. Do we not say to ourselves here, today, that it is impossible that a great genius in this life can be other than a great spirit after death?" Now, it was the vision not of the dying, but of the living Balzac that forced from Hugo this confession of faith.

Moreover, Dr. Osler forgets to take into account a phenomenon well known to those who minister to the dying, and that is, their curious reserve about their deepest feelings, as though the soul, preparatory to her strange, lone journey, withdrew into herself, absorbed in her own affairs. And this self-absorption may well be mistaken for blank indifference. The medical argument, then, does not appear to be serious.

Much more important and perplexing are the facts of physiological psychology. Those facts may be summed up in the familiar formulae: "No psychosis without neurosis." Modern investigation has shown the unspeakably close relation that subsists between mind and brain. Both grow and decline together. Stop the flow of arterial blood to the brain, and profound disturbance of consciousness ensues. Arrest the development of the brain, and an idiot is the result. Administer cocaine or alcohol, and you change the moral and intellectual character. These commonplaces have received a new and sinister significance by the observations made in our hospitals and psychological laboratories. For it is now established that not only is there a general correlation between the activities of the cerebral cortex as a whole, but also that various mental functions are localized in given cerebral areas. Up to the present it has been found by positive experiment that the division of functions in different portions of the cortex is connected with the organs of sensation and movement. But experimental phychologists maintain that fuller knowledge will show the various regions with which

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complex mental phenomena are correlated, nay that we may even hope some day to be able to acquire the exact physical equivalents to mental phenomena. One of the greatest of living psychiatrists asserts that there is, so to say, a "character center," "a chief organ of character" in the brain. This organ he locates in a certain part of the cortex of the brain which he calls the "sphere of bodily feeling," because on that part almost every portion of the body has an influence. It is this center which is especially susceptible to narcotics, such as alcohol and morphine, and under their influence disintegrates and degrades moral character. On its state, whether dull or keen, depend those impulses which make a man a cruel murderer or a tender-hearted philanthropist. Thought, then, is a function of the brain, and involves, doubtless, in every one of its conscious and unconscious operations, the consumption of the brain-substance. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the interpenetration of mind and body. Must it not follow, as the night the day, that the dissolution of the brain carries with it the dissolution of the mental function? Such is the inference implicitly drawn by many investigators, and it has found explicit expression in the writings of such men as Duhring and Haeckel. "Not only consciousness, but every stirring of life, depends on functions that go out like a flame when nourishment is cut off. . . . The phenomena of consciousness correspond, element for element, to the operations of special parts of the brain. . . . The destruction of any piece of the apparatus involves the loss of some one or other of the vital operations; and the consequence is that so far as life extends, we have before us only an organic function, not a *Ding-an-sich*, or an expression of an imaginary entity, the soul. This fundamental proposition . . . carries with it the denial of the immortality of the soul, since when no soul exists, its mortality or immortality cannot be raised as a question." There is no doubt that the theory here asserted or ment rests appeal very strongly to the sensuous imagination, as there is also no doubt that the theory here asesrted or implied—that nervous changes are the causes of mental changes—is for experimental purposes an excellent working hypothesis. But if we wish to obtain an insight into the real, as apart from the mere empirically observed relation of brain and mind, physiological phychology is quite helpless. All that this science can give us is two parallel series of occurrences, a series of molecular changes in the brain, and a series of psychical states, but the relation between these two series is beyond the utmost scientific scrutiny.

Between the material and the psychical events there is an unbridgeable chasm. To say that thought is a "function" of brain, except for certain specific purposes, is to say something that is not strictly true. If the word "function" be used in the physiological sense, then thought or consciousness does not come into view at all; the function or specific work of the brain in that sense is to control the body. If it is insisted that mind is simply a name for the sum-total of cerebral activities, we must ask the meaning of such a statement. A cerebral activity is a form of motion, and we know motion simply as a mental state. In other words, mind is first, motion is an inference from the mind. To say, then, that mind is a function of or is produced by motion is to reverse the order of nature and make the effect precede the cause. The truth is, for the physical psychologist feeling and consciousness on the one hand, neural changes on the other, are ultimate facts behind which we mental and not merely empirical relation cannot go. The problem of the fundamental and not merely empirical relation, must be handed over to the metaphysician for solution. And this solution will depend upon his general world-view. The danger which besets the physical psychologist is that of turning the empirical into a metaphysical necessity. When we argue that because on this planet within our experience thought is never known to exist apart from a brain, therefore, throughout the entire cosmos thought can exist only in connection with "gray matter," it is evident that we are occupying very shaky ground. "We must beware," says John Stuart Mill, "of giving *a priori* validity to the conclusions of an *a posteriori* philosophy. . . . There are thinkers who regard it as a truth of reason that miracles are impossible, and in like

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manner there are others who, because the phenomena of life and consciousness are associated in their minds by undeviating experience with the action of material organs, think it an absurdity *per se* to imagine it possible that those phenomena can exist under other conditions. But they should remember that the uniform co-existence of one fact with another does not make the one fact part of the other, or the same with it. The relation of thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity, but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation." Now, so long as the correlation of mind and brain cannot be shown to be metaphysical, that is, grounded in the very nature of things, it is open to us to believe, if there are reasons for the belief, that the fall of the brain does not necessarily mean the fall of the soul. It is true, as has been already said, that on many of the facts of psychophysics the imagination fastens with great avidity; but after all, it is reason, not imagination, that is the final judge, and in the interests of fact it may be necessary to resist the impression which external phenomena make upon the mind. If from one point of view science has made it harder to believe in life after death, from another she has made it easier, for she discloses the universe as a storehouse of forces and elements more subtle and complex by far than the dreams of the old world psychists had ever conceived, and the Pauline notine of a "spiritual body," however unthinkable, cannot be deemed impossible. Nor must we forget in this connection that the Psychical Research movement, in spite of its vagaries and its willingness in the person of some of its representatives to accept as proven on slight evidence the most stupendous doctrines, has nevertheless made a significant contribution to our subject. There is no denying that it is creating for many minds an atmosphere favorable to belief in human immortality. It is doing this, not because it has proved the spiritualistic hypothesis, far from it; because it has revealed the extraordinary resources, the marvelous possibilities of our inner world, possibilities which in ordinary life scarce reveal a trace of their presence. from mind to mind otherwise than through the known channels of sense, may now be regarded as exceedinly probable. The long arm of coincidence cannot account for the connection which has been found to exist between death and apparitions of the dying to persons at a distance. It is true that the nature of the connection, whether physical or psychological, and the conditions under which is appears, have not been made out; nevertheless, the fact of the connection is scarcely open to doubt. The phenomena of mediumship, when clarified of the deception, conscious and unconscious, to which they seem peculiarly liable, appear to indicate that the existence of mind is not absolutely dependent on the brain and nerve-systems. There are persons of a peculiar organization whose bodily organisms can be controlled by foreign personalities, and all unknown to themselves, communicate knowledge which could not have been obtained by any normal means.

In a word, there are grounds for believing that our ordinary or waking self is only a segment or section of a larger reality, the greater portion of which is "transliminal" or "subliminal." And everybody knows that there is an influential school of therapeutics which seeks to get into touch with this subconscious region, to set free, so to say, its healing and regenerating powers on behalf of the infirmities of the ordinary everyday personality. The facts here referred to and others of a similar nature have not yet gained admission to the text-books of orthodox psychology; but that is because they raise so many profound and perplexing problems, and are themselves surrounded by circumstances which lay them open to a variety of interpretations. To sum up this part of our discussion: physiological psychology can neither harm nor help faith in a future life. If it is impossible to conceive how the mind can think without a brain, it is equally impossible to conceive how the mind can think with a brain. Death does not even raise a presumption that spiritual life ends in the dust. And the reason lies here: psychological science knows only mental products and the laws that govern their appearance: *qua* science it has no concern with the agency behind these, the principle of mind itself.

But man's essence is not only thought

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and righteousness; it is also love. And this, it is universally confessed, is divine, if there is anything divine in the universe. There is an infinitude in love which demands infinite scope for its exercise. We begin by loving parent and friend; we go on to love wife and home, but the more we love the more our capacity for love grows, and if it is not to die, must reach out and embrace humanity and God. Can we believe that such an energy as this must at last lie beaten in the dust? Can death conquer at last the power that more than once in history has trampled it underfoot? It is conceivable that love should accept annihilation for itself, if the order of the world so demands, accept it with firm submission, however hard such a fate might seem; but there is one thing it could not and would not tolerate, and that is the annihilation of the being loved. Who that has watched by the death-bed of one whom he has loved and marked the fading away of all that made the loved one dear, has not felt a wrath against death as against a supreme injustice? And what is the feeling but the testimony of our nature to the indestructible worth of personality?

There is only one assumption that can annul the force of these arguments, and that is, that the universe at heart is neither rational nor ethical, or, in other words, that there is no eternal and universal Mind and Heart capable of sustaining relations with other hearts and minds, and of acknowledging responsibilities towards them. A denial of immortality can be logically based only on a non-theistic conception of the world. But if God is real and rational and man is real and rational, the way is open to vindicate for man in union with God the life that alone befits and is worthy of his nature.



Life.

Life is a burden,
A long journey dreary,
With seldom a day
That is pleasant and cheery
If only we grumble
And whine as we go;
Yes, life is a burden
If we make it so.

But life is a game
That is well worth the playing.
A round of continuous
June time and Maying,
A gambol, a frolic,
With sunshine aglow,
If only we're willing
To look on it so.

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Matching the Velvet

by ALICE CHARMER

Mrs Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

(*With enclosure.*)

My Dear Vera—Do be an angel and go off at once to *Ell's* or *Naval's* and see if you can match the enclosed shade in velvet. I want the dress for Friday week, and there isn't a minute to lose. It is for *Mrs. Ashley Carbanel's At* Home, and you know my reasons for wishing to look well there. I want two yards—and blow the expense, as *Vinny* says. Don't say you are busy or anything, or I shall have to ask *Olive Shackle;* and Heaven knows I don't want to be beholden to her any more.

Your frantic M.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

Dearest Mildred—I have been everywhere and it can't be done. I went first to *Ell's,* then to *Naval's,* then to *Silk-and's* and *Worcester Nicoll's,* and then back to *Bedfort and Handbury's.* But all in vain. Tell me what to do next. Why *must* you have velvet? I am glad you asked *me* and not the *Shackle* girl. After your last experience of her "limpetude," as *Len* calls it, you should be very shy. How long was it she stayed? Two months? Some people are beyond anything.

Yours, *Vera.*

Mrs. Vincent. Olly to. Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

My Dear Vera—I must have velvet. There is no way out of it; nothing else will do. Try *Licence's,* or *Irving and Queen's* or *Biter's.* Only you must go at once. I would not trouble you only I cannot trust any one else's eyes. Yours never makes a mistake. When we meet remind me to tell you about Mrs. *Glendenning* and the Scripture Reader. It is too delicious; but much too long to write.

Yours in despair, M.

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

Dearest Mildred—I have been to all and not one has it. The nearest thing was at *Licence's,* but they had only a pattern. The material itself is out of stock and cannot be replaced. I even tried the wilds of Oxford Street, but all in vain, too. You really must give up the idea of matching, or try silk. The great joke her is that at *Lady Bassett's* last week Coss found a glass eye in the spinach. It turns out to have been the new cook's.

Yours, *Vera.*

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

(*Telegram.*)

Try *Daw's.*

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

(*Telegram.*)

Daw's no good. Do have silk.

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

(*Telegram.*)

Silk useless. Try *Orange's.*

Mrs. Leonard Sprake to Mrs. Vincent Olly (*with enclosure*).

My Dear Mildred—I tried *Orange's* without avail. I should have gone there sooner, but knew it would be useless. I now return the pattern with many regrets. I would have still made one or two other efforts, but I must go down to Shislehurst to-morrow to see mother, and after that it will be too late. I still think you would have been wiser to try

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some other material less difficult to match than velvet.

Yours with regret, *Vera.*

Mrs. Vincent Olly to Mrs. Leonard Sprake.

Dear Vera—I think you are very selfish and inconsiderate. Your visit to your mother cannot be so fearfully important, and I seem to remember other occasions when she had to stand over for lots of more attractive engagements. Still, you must, of course, do what you want to do. I am sending the pattern to *Olive Shackle,* who, in spite of her faults, is, at any rate, zealous and true.

Yours disappointedly and utterly tired out, M.

Miss Olive Shackle to Mrs. Vincent Olly.

My Sweet Mildred—I am sending you the velvet by special messenger; which is a luxury to which I am sure you will not mind my treating myself. I got it at once at *Ell's,* from my own special counter-man there. He had put it on one side for another old customer, but made an exception for me. How I should love to see you in your beautiful dress throwing every one else at *Mrs. Ashley Carbonel's* into the shade! I was to have been with the *Rutters* at Church Stretton for the week-end, but poor dear *Mrs. Rutter* has just written to say that her sister is dangerously ill at Woodhall with something that may very likely develop into peritonitis, and she has had to put off all her guests.

Yours ever, *Olive Shackle.*

Miss Olive Shackle to Mrs. Vincent Olly.
(Telegram.)

Will come with pleasure.



How Hard It Is to Please, and Yet We're Not Discouraged.

Weep, and you're called a baby,
Laugh, and you're called a fool;
Yield, and you're called a coward,
Stand, and you're called a mule;
Smile, and they'll call you silly,
Frown, and they'll call you gruff;
Put on a front like a millionaire,
And somebody'll call your bluff.

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A Soldier of Napoleon

by GEORGE CROOKS

"And so you are going out to this Crimea, eh?"

"Why yes, sergeant," said one of the young cavalrymen. "We set out next week to join our English friends."

"Did you ever serve against the Russians under your great Napoleon?"

The old *invalide* leaned forward in his chair, and his dull black eyes lit up angrily. "Did I ever serve against the Russians?" he repeated in a harsh voice. "Well, messieurs, when a man has fought at Austerlitz, at Eylau, and at Friedland, finishing up with a little promenade to Moscow and back, living in the snow for fifty-two days, and eating half-raw horseflesh, he may be said to have fought against the Russians, eh?"

The hussar hastened to apologize. "Of course, of course, *mon vieux!*" he said. "I did not know. Come now, let me refill your glass, and then you will perhaps tell us some of your experiences in the Moscow campaign?"

The veteran hastily swallowed the wine and then lighted his pipe. He puffed away slowly and steadily for a few minutes, while his lined yellow face seemed to grow graver and sterner. Then he looked round the café table at his three young companions.

"My experiences?" he said. "*Mon Dieu,* yes, I had some experiences in that campaign. You may pray to the good God, *mes enfants,* never to have the like. It is over forty years ago, but I remember that retreat from Moscow as if it were yesterday. You cannot imagine what it was like, especially those last days from Smolensk to Wilna. I believe at that time if I had seen my brother dying by the roadside I should not have stopped to aid him; if I had seen my dearest friend eating a loaf of bread I should have torn it from him. Oh, yes, I had my experiences! But I cannot tell you about that retreat; it was too horrible. I trust this Crimea you are going to is not near Moscow? It is not, you say? So much the better for you. Still, if you wish for something a little more cheerful I can tell you a story of the battle of Borodino, or the Moskowa, as we used to call it.

"In those days, you must understand, I was a sergeant in the Fortieth Chasseurs, and at the time of the Russian campaign there is no doubt that we were the finest regiment of light cavalry in the Grand Army. You cannot conceive what we were like, for since Mont St. Jean our army has altogether changed. But if we were the best regiment in the army, we had the worst colonel. I do not mean he was a poor soldier; indeed, he was a good officer and knew his work. I mean he was one of those men who set the teeth on edge; you felt on first seeing him that there must be something wrong with him, something crafty and evil. Leguste Lépine. He was very tall and thin, of a dark complexion, with a long wiry moustache and small bright-black eyes. He was appointed to us after Wagram, where our old colonel had been killed, and I remember well my first sight of him. We were drawn up for inspection, and he came riding past my squadron. As soon as I saw his face I said to myself, 'Mazet, my friend, you are going to have a bad time'; and I was right! He treated us veterans of Austerlitz and Jena as if we had been a squadron of recruits from the depôt. We colud do nothing right; on parade, at drill, mounted or afoot, we always had his vile, rasping voice sneering and snarling at us. Ah, well! he has been dead forty-two years now, and yet I must admit I hate him still, and I still see that narrow, evil face of his in my dreams.

"At the beginning of the march to Moscow the one man in all the regiment to whom he was most unjust and severe was Captain Bourayne, com-

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manding my squadron. Thunder of God! when I think of what he had to suffer, of the cunning insults he endured in the name of discipline, I feel my blood boil. My captain was the very opposite to the colonel, as different as light from dark. He was young, gay, and light-hearted, but a good officer, keeping splendid order, and looking after us as if we had been his children. We all loved him—ay, there was not one of us in the squadron who would not have died for him. You may not understand how it was with us, for you do not have such officers nowadays; they all seemed to die out with their Emperor.

"I must tell you that there were a few of us in the squadron who knew the reason of the colonel's harshness, and I myself knew it better than any one. It was a woman, a lady of Poland. I suppose you have never been to Poland, eh? Well, it is a very bad country to make a campaign in, but the women are the finest in Europe. We had been quartered in Warsaw some time before the Russian campaign, and it was there my captain fell in love. I believe the lady loved him in return, though I never really knew for certain. It is to be hoped she did; for, my faith! she often made him look miserable. I used sometimes to take his messages to her house, and then she would give me a glass of wine whilst she sad down and replied to them. I remember that it was very good wine."

"What was she like, sergeant?" asked one of the hussars eagerly.

"What was she like? Why, name of a pipe! I cannot call her to mind exactly, it is so long ago. But she was tall and dark, and there was a sort of glow and sparkle about her face which somehow made you keep looking at her. Yes, I suppose she would be what is called a beauty. However that may be, she attracted my captain; and, as I was going to tell you, she attracted Colonel Lépine also. Our good colonel was one of those men who imagine they are invincible with the ladies, and he was always pestering her with his attentions and riding up to her house. Perhaps he met my captain there. I do not know. At all events, before we left Warsaw he had asked the lady to marry him, and she had refused. *Diable!* I should have liked to have been present at the interview and seen him rebuffed. It makes my heart warm to her through all these years. But, moreover, the colonel also heard that Captain Bourayne was the lover she favored. That was enough for him, as you may imagine. And so, as I tell you, he led my captain the life of a dog. I saw it; the whole squadron saw it; but I never dreamed to what lengths he would go. If I had known what was in his mind I would have sent my sabre through him as he rode at the head of his regiment.

"In the early summer of 1812 we crossed the Niemen, the Emperor and some four hundred thousand of us, and began our promenade to Moscow. I dare say you know something about that campaign? I am not the first old dotard who has bored you with his tales, eh? Well, I served nineteen years in the Grand Army, and saw many strange sights, but never anything stranger than the sight of those thousands and thousands of men spread out over those immense desolate plains. It was not the march of an army; it was more like the passage of a nation. And yet it was more wonderful than that, for half the races of Europe were present—Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Germans; there was no end to them. And then the miles and miles of supply trains and ammunition trains, the horses and the guns, and the Emperor in the middle of it, directing the whole. I do not think you will see a sight like that, *mes infants*, in this Crimea you are going to next week.

"As we came on, so the Russians gave way before us. You may imagine how annoyed we were with them. As we advanced farther and farther into their miserable country some of our officers began to look a little grave as they thought of the distance we were from France. Every now and then the Russians would make some sort of stand before going back again. At Smolensk, for instance, there was quite a proper battle, and we lost a number of men before we drove them out. But still they retreated, and we followed them until we came to a village called Borodino, about sixty miles from Moscow. Here they had at last made up their minds to face us, and had flung up redoubts on a

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range of little hills. There were only about a hundred and thirty thousand of us up at the front now, for we had left a lot behind to guard our rear. Then, too, there were the killed and wounded, and the stragglers—far too many stragglers. But still we thought we were quite enough for the Russians, and the men of my squadron put their busbies on their sabre-points and cheered when they saw that great army in front of them. As for me, I had learnt at Eylau and elsewhere that it was no game for children to fight against these people, but I was quite willing to try it again.

"Now, ever since the crossing of the Niemen, Colonel Lépine had been treating us in his usual manner, like—thousand thunders!—like insubordinate conscripts. All the time, too, he had been especially severe towards Captain Bourayne. But as I look back upon it all, it seems to me that he must also have been patiently waiting for a chance to play his evil game. It had not come to him at Smolensk or Vitepsk, but it came now. He would not fight a duel, for he had a great regard for his own skin, and my captain was a fine swordsman and a good shot. No; he found a better and a more cunning method of revenge in this coming battle.

"The music began early on the 7th of September—almost at dawn. I have seen some little affairs in my time, but I think this was the most terrible of them all. My faith! it was even hotter than Eylau; and if you had served in the Grand Army you would know what that meant. By the time we had got into position there must have been nearly eight hundred cannon at work, all roaring together, the noise enough to split the drum of your ear. Both armies were drawn up in very close formation, and the men were swept away by hundreds.

"The Fortieth belonged to General Latour-Maubourg's brigade, and we did not suffer much at first. But our time was coming. About 10 o'clock the regiments were drawn up behind Prince Eugene's infantry, in the intervals between the batallions, you understand. On each side of us were batteries of artillery, and behind us more batteries in reserve. My regiment was on the extreme left, and a little rise of the ground cut us off from the rest of the brigade, so that we could not see them nor could they see us. You must remember that if you wish to understand what I have to tell you. We waited there in silence. Every now and then a cannon-ball would hum overhead, sometimes there would be a shriek, and sometimes a horse would rear up and then fall. I remember looking sideways at the colonel and thinking it would be no very bad thing for us if the Russians managed to put an end to him.

"Suddenly there came the thudding of hoofs and General Latour-Maubourg, followed by his staff, appeared over the rise and galloped towards us. Colonel Lépine spurred his horse and trotted to meet them. The General spoke earnestly to him for a minute. I could not hear what he said, but knew it must be an order. The the colonel seemed to reply, then saluted, and the General shook his reins and disappeared over the ridge again. We sat there craning eagerly forward in our saddles, waiting for our orders. Ah, name of God, when I think of what followed!

"The colonel twisted his horse round and came towards my captain. I was close at hand and heard all he said; saw, too, the evil sparkle in his black eyes.

"'Captain Bourayne,' he cried in a high voice, 'you will take your squadron and charge those two battalions you see there right in front of you, between our infantry. I shall support the main attack on the right with the rest of the regiment. Do you understand?"

"The captain started, looked at him steadily, and then saluted.

"'Do you understand, I ask?" repeated the colonel imperiously, but his eyes fell under the other's gaze.

"Yes, sir,' replied the captain in a steely voice, 'I understand—everything.'

"At that the colonel turned his horse's head again, and shouting out commands, led the rest of the regiment over the rise. He did not look back. So my squadron was left alone.

"I do not mind admitting to you, messieurs, that my heart beat very fast for a few moments, and I dare say I turned pale. You understand I had served sixteen years, and knew something of war. The task we had been set would have been a fine feat of arms for a whole regi-

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ment; for a single squadron one would say it was impossible. There was a wide open space to charge over after we had passed our last skirmishers, then a little slope to mount, and then we had to face two strong, unbroken battalions. I was still thinking about it, when the captain becokned me up to him. His face was flushed, and there was a wild, reckless look about him.

"'Did you hear him, sergeant?" he asked in a kind of hissing whisper. "Do you understand what it means?'

"'Yes, my captain,' I answered gravely. 'I think it means murder. And I ask the captain's pardon, but I do not think the General gave that order.'

"He looked at me with a vague eye as if he had not heard what I said, then flung up his head proudly. 'Yes, I know,' he exclaimed. "I know what it means, but I am going to obey my orders. Name of God! I will show this scoundrel if I am afraid of him. Return to your station, sergeant.'

"As I reined back a few paces I saw him snatch his sword from the scabbard and wave it in the air. 'Now, my children,' he cried, turning round to us, 'follow your captain. *Vive l'Empereur!*'

"'*Vive l'Empereur!*' came the great hoarse roar in reply, and we began our charge. As we passed swiftly between the lines of our infantry the men cheered us wildly, their shakos on their bayonet-points. Then we came out into the open, and the Russian fire caught us like a hail-storm. I kept my eyes fixed upon the captain, who rode ahead of us all, confident, erect in his saddle, never once looking back. My faith! it was a deadly business. We went over by dozens; on all sides men dropped from their saddles; horses stumbled and fell; the air was full of cries and the clang of bullets on accoutrements. Still we struggled forward. We had come to the rising ground, when I saw my captain suddenly throw up both hands, then he swayed in his saddle to and fro as the horse galloped, until he pitched over to one side and fell with a thud to the ground. He was dead, shot through the brain. I heard a great groan rise up from the men behind me as they saw their officer fall. For my part it filled me with such a rage as I had never experienced—rage against the Russians who had killed him, against the colonel who had planned his death, against the whole world. 'On, comrades, on!' I shouted. 'Vengeance for our captain!' I suppose my voice inspired them, for they howled back like angry wolves, and we rushed up the slope all shouting together. And then, all in a moment, we were amongst them. I remember my fury still held me. I saw everything in a kind of red mist, and I stood up in my stirrups and slashed at every heavy, stupid-looking face I could see. I do not know how long I was like this; but suddenly I seemed to come to myself, and remembered that I now commanded the squadron. There was a great noise going on, men shouting and screaming, the reports of muskets being fired at close-quarters, and the sharp whistle of sword-blades in the air. But it was plain that we could not stop where we were. On every side the Russians pressed up against us by hundreds, thrusting with their bayonets and firing wildly. Every moment we were losing more men.

"I stood up in my stirrups again and waved my sable towards the French army. 'Back,' I shouted—'back to our comrades!' They heard me—all that was let of them—and began to rally round me. As soon as we had got together I raised my sword again, we burst through our enemies, and galloped swiftly down the slope, bending low in our saddles. They opened a weak fire on us as we drew clear, but we had shaken them badly, and besides some of our infantry advanced to cover us, so we only lost a few men. At last we arrived behind our batteries again, and I could give the order to halt.

"Then I saw clearly how we had suffered. A hundred and thirty-two men had started on that charge, and twenty-seven had come back, hardly one of them unhurt. Besides our single officer, Captain Bourayne, we had lost three sergeants and seven corporals. Yes, our good colonel had succeeded to admiration.

"If you ask about the rest of the battle I am afraid I can tell you nothing. We stayed where we were until it was all over. You will admit we had done our fair share, eh? When Caulaincourt's cavalry had finally taken the Great Redoubt and the affair was de-

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cided, I led my little band back to the rest of the regiment. They also had suffered, but their loss was as nothing compared to ours. I was in hopes—oh! yes, messieurs, I had hopes—that the colonel was dead; but, on the contrary, he was alive and unhurt. I made my report, telling him of the captain's death. He looked at me, and I think he must have seen something in my face which told hnm that I knew what he had done. If he had shown any sign of joy I believe I should have fallen upon him as he stood there. But he only said, 'Very good, sergeant. You have done well.' I saluted in silence and went away.

"All that night I sat by our bivouac fire thinking, and wondering how I could obtain justice for my captain's death. At times when I thought of him I wept. Yes, I wept—I, Mazet the veteran, the hard one, who had served for sixteen years, and had at that time five wounds and nine great battles to his credit. I thought about him all night, while a warm summer breeze blew over the great plains, and I could hear the cries of the many wounded whom we had not been able to help. But I am not a clever man, *mes enfants*—if I were I might be a General now—and when morning came I had thought of no plan.

"Very early, whilst I was eating my ration with the rest of my comrades, there came into our midst one of the Emperor's staff-officers. Looking about him, he asked if we were the squadron which had made the charge upon two Russian battalions. I replied that we were, and he then asked for our officer.

" 'He was killed, monsieur, early in the charge,' I replied sadly.

" 'Who was it, then, who commanded afterwards and brought you back so well?

" 'I did, monsieur,' I answered.

"He stared at me for a moment, then, clapped me on the shoulder. 'Bravo, sergeant!' he cried. 'It was a fine piece of work. And now, my friend, you must come with me, for the Emperor saw the whole affair from his position at Shevardino, and he directed me to bring the commander of the squadron before him. He will want to ask you some questions, I fancy, and you will be rewarded.'

"As he said this I could not help giving a cry of joy. It was not because of the promised reward, but because I saw my way to obtain vengeance for my captain. I would tell the Emperor all—our Emperor, so strict and so just, who saw everything and knew everything. He should hear how my captain had been killed.

"I walked by the officer's side to headquarters. We passed by the sentries, and my companion entered. In a few seconds he reappeared and beckoned me to come in.

"The Emperor sat at a little wooden table reading some papers. He was hareheaded, but wrapped up in his gray coat though the morning was mild. Two officers stood against the wall behind him and at another table sat a man having the appearance of a secretary, writing swiftly. I stepped forward and saluted.

"The great man looked up and gave me a keen glance. 'Is this the sergeant?' he asked.

" 'Yes, sire,' replied the officer who had conducted me.

" 'What is your name?' asked the Emperor, rising from his seat and coming towards me.

" 'Mazet, sire,' I answered, 'sergeant of the Fortieth Chasseurs.'

" 'Yes, yes,' he said quickly, 'I remember you. I gave you the cross after Auerstadt for the bravery you displayed there. Is it not so?'

" 'Yes, sire.'

" 'Ah yes,' he said with a smile, 'I know all my old grumblers. Well, sergeant, you performed another fine service yesterday, and you deserve another reward.'

"At this I thought I saw my opportunity. 'Sire,' I said in a trembling voice, 'I do not ask for a reward. I only wish for justice.'

"His eyes seemed to nail me to the wall. 'Justice," he repeated in a rasping voice. 'Justice! Do I not tell you I intend to reward you?'

" 'Yes, sire,' I said; 'but it is justice for my captain who was killed that I ask you for.'

"He looked at me fixedly and took a pinch of snuff. 'I do not understand you,' he said abruptly. 'Come, explain yourself.'

"At that, with a rush, I told him all

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from beginning to end. I commenced with the affair of the Polish lady at Warsaw and ended with the previous day's battle, giving him my captain's last words and describing how he had died.

"As I went on the Emperor began to pace to and fro across the wooden floor, and at the end he gave an impatient gesture and faced me again. 'Tut, sergeant!' he said irritably, 'you are talking nonsense. I have heard you so far because you behaved well yesterday, but let us have no more of this.'

"I felt my heart sink, but plucked up my courage for a last appeal. 'Sire, will your Majesty summon General Latour-Maubourg,' I asked, 'and, instead of rewarding me, ask him what orders he gave my colonel yesterday?'

"'And why should I do that?' demanded the Emperor.

"'Because, sire,' I answered, 'I believe the General ordered the whole regiment to charge those two battalions instead of one squadron.'

"He took snuff again, frowning. 'Yes,' he said in a thoughtful voice; 'I was going to ask about that. It was a reckless thing for one squadron to do. A mistake, no doubt.'

"'No, sire,' I said, my heart beating like a hammer. 'Colonel Lépine did it purposely in order to kill my captain.'

"He whirled round upon me, and those terrible eyes stabed me like sword-blades. 'Have a care, sergeant,' he cried; 'have a care! Do you understand what you are saying?'

"'Yes, sire,' I answered as firmly as I could, 'I do.'

"His frown grew heavier, and he began to pace across the room again. Suddenly he stopped and beckoned to one of the officers. 'Go to General Latour-Maubourg's quarters.' he commanded, 'and ask him to home here at once.' Then turning to the rest, he said brusquely, 'Gentlemen, I wish to be alone for a few minutes. Retire into the other room, and remember while you have been in here you have heard nothing.'

"When they had trooped out he said, 'You see I have done as you asked. You shall have justice, my friend. If you have accused your colonel falsely you may possibly obtain more justice than you wish for.'

"He went back to his table and turned to his papers again, still taking great pinches of snuff. I stood stiffly to attention, and stared straight in front of me. I can tell you, messieurs, that wait of a quarter of an hour seemed much more terrible than the previous day's charge. I knew the Emperor; I could see plainly that he was very angry; and that if I could prove what I had said all his rage would be turned upon me. I trembled as I thought of it, and a cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. But when I remembered I was doing this for the sake of my dead captain I grew calmer and less troubled.

"At last there came the jingle of spurs from outside, the door opened, and the General was ushered in.

"The Emperor shut his snuff box with a snap and stood up. 'Good morning, General,' he said. 'I wish to ask you a question.'

"'Yes, sire?' said the General in a surprised tone.

"'When you ordered your brigade to charge the Russian infantry yesterday, what orders did you give to Colonel Lépine, commanding the Fortieth Chasseurs?'

"'I directed him, sire, to take his regiment and charge the two battalions in front of him,' answered the General.

"I gave a great sigh of relief.

"Napoleon looked at the General with contracted brows. 'But he might have mistaken your orders?' he said questioningly.

"'No, sire,' replied the other; 'for I asked him to repeat my instructions, and he did so. I remember I was careful to do this, because his regiment, owing to a rise of the ground, did not come under my observation, and he would be responsible.'

"Ha!' exclaimed the Emperor sharply. His frown became deeper still, and for some time he looked darkly at the ground without speaking. All at once he seemed to come to a decision.

"'I want your assistance in a little plot I am devising,' he said to the General. Will you go with this sergeant into the adjoining room and wait behind the door, leaving it ajar so that you can hear what takes place? Tell one of the officers to bring Colonel Lépine to

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me at once. The sergeant will give you the details of this affair.'

"We went into the next room and did as he commanded, standing close against the door.

"'Well, sergeant,' said the General in a low, puzzled voice, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

"I told him in a whisper as much as I could. When I had finished he drew a deep breath and wet his lips together. 'My faith!' he said, 'I think your colonel is a great rascal, and that you have exposed him finely. But he's going to pay for it when he comes before the Emperor. I never saw him so angry.'

"We waited silently, listening to the rustle of papers from the next room, which told us that the Emperor had gone back to his reading. At length we heard the sound of a door being opened and a fresh jingle of spurs.

"Then Colonel Lépine's voice: 'You sent for me, sire?'

"'Yes,' came from the Emperor in that caressing tone he used when he was in a good humor; 'I sent for you, colonel. I wished to tell you how pleased I was with the behavior of your regiment yesterday, particularly with that of one squadron which made a very fine charge. I saw the whole affair from Shervardino. You must bring me the officer commanding that squadron.'

"'He was killed, sire, unfortunately.'

"'Ah, that was a pity. I saw they lost heavily. But indeed, colonel, it was a wild thing for one squadron to make such a charge at all. I suppose you were ordered to send them alone?'

"'Yes, sire,' replied my good colonel.

"'By General Latour-Maubourg no doubt?'

"'Yes, sir,' Lépine replied again; but there seemed to be a quaver in his voice.

"There was the sound of rapid footsteps, the Emperor flung open the door, and we both stepped from our hiding-place. Lépine moved back a pace as he saw me, and his face turned absolutely gray.

"'Well, General?' questioned Napoleon curtly.

"'He lies, sire!' said my companion angrily. 'I gave him no such orders. He knows I did not.'

"'Sire,' said the colonel in a hurried, stammering tone, 'I—I—It was a misunderstanding. The General did not"—

"'No more words, sir!' burst out the Emperor in a terrible voice. 'Name of God, no more! You have condemned yourself. It is now my time to speak. I have heard the story from this sergeant. He says a woman was the cause of it. Now, listen. I do not care why you committed that crime; but I tell you this: you have disobeyed orders; you have lost me a valuable officer and over a hundred men. You have done this purposely in order to obtain private revenge. For that you should be tried by court-martial and shot. But as I do not wish the story to get abroad in my army I will deal with you myself.'

"He stepped forward, his eyes afire. Lépine trembled before him like a hare caught in a trap. The Emperor stretched out his arms, pulled away the colonel's shoulder-straps, and cast them to the ground. 'Begone!' he cried; "there is no room for such as you in the army of France. You are no longer in my service. Never let me see your face again.' Then, as my colonel still hesitated, he exclaimed in a voice like the hiss of a snake, 'Do you hear me? Go, I tell you —go!'

"And so Colonel Lépine, his head upon his breast, stumbled hastily from the room."

The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked gravely round at his three young companions.

"And was that the end of him?" asked one of them. "Did you never see him again?"

"Yes," said the veteran grimly; "oh yes, I saw him once more. It was during the last days of the retreat, when we had eaten nearly all of our shoes and just before we reached Wilna. I had fallen behind the wreck of my regiment because I was very weak. Night was coming on, and it was cold—oh, my God, so cold! I knew if I did not find a bivouac-fire soon I should die. As it grew darker I began to stumble over the dead bodies of men and horses, for in those days the Grand Army left a track like a snail's. When I ceased to trip over them I knew I had missed the road and must search until I found it again. I went on doggedly, hopelessly, making faces to prevent my ears and nose from

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freezing. At last I fell over a corpse and came down with a crash. As I raised myself slowly on my hands and knees I saw the face through the ice film. It was the colonel, frozen stiff and hard as iron. I suppose he had come back from Moscow with the rest of us, though I had never seen him. But there he was, dead, along with thousands of better men. You may think it strange, but I felt afraid of him, and in a way the meeting gave me strength to go forward until I saw the light of a fire belonging to my own comrades, and I knew I was saved. So that was the end of him, messieurs, and that is the end of my story."

Personal Opinions on Current Events

Rev. Fr. Henri Blanuchot of Detroit Favors Woman Suffrage.

"I believe that the freeing of woman from the narrow confines of home and the bringing into her consciousness of the social claim is a distinct advance and an approach to the solution of the great original problems. Women are as intelligent, high-minded and honorable as men. They are as much interested in good government. All great moral movements appeal to them more forcibly than to man. They own property! they are a large element in the industrial, commercial and professional life of the world. Woman perhaps has done more to uplift the race than all other agencies combined. Her influence has been felt in all charitable and philanthropic work. Why should not the same influence be felt in her civic and political life?

"I cannot see how equal suffrage would interfere with woman's higher qualities, her modesty and her morality. Morever, I fail to see how it would militate against her special vocation in the family as mother and queen of the household. Politics, far from degrading her, would, I think, be purified by her taking an active part in them, and better government would result from her having an authoritative voice in all the reforms and readjustments that are advocated in our economic, industrial and domestic life."

Dr. Gardner C. Basset of Johns Hopkins University on Mental Hygiene.

"Excessive sunlight may be responsible for American nervousness, as sunlight is a nerve stimulant.

"But how sunlight affects mental activity is still a subject for investigation.

"The vertical posture is better for muscular work, the horizontal for mental. In thinking many people prefer a semi-reclining posture as in a Morris chair with the feet elevated."

Mouth breathing, Dr. Basset asserted, affects a person's memory injuriously. The mouth breather is also slower and less accurate, in adding figures than is the nose breather.

"Don't allow your child to become too solemn. Undue seriousness," said Dr. Basset, "is likely to result in adolescent insanity.

"The normal person," he added, "is seldom awake in every part. We sleep in sections. Remember that inattention represents the rest of the nervous system."

Victor Herbert Favors an American School of Music.

"We need an American school of music to give our younger composers a chance to develop. Young composers are too prone to get their ideas from the old world, and their work will naturally fall into the style of foreign composition. They do not get into their music that freshness and vitality that is so characteristic of this country. American musical taste has now developed to a point where it demands something that is native. I believe that the death of American operettas comes from the lack of an American school of light opera very largely.

"Millionaires will spend fortunes to help somebody unearth an ancient tablet in the ruins of Assyria or Nubia or Egypt. Why don't several of them endeavor to found an institution that would develop our young composers and singers and would materially aid in spreading musical culture throughout the land?

"Young composers at present receive little or no encouragement in this country and must go to Europe to study. They cannot help being moulded to a certain extent to the fixed ideals of the old country and they lose all that is characteristic of America and all that typifies the bigness and freedom of their own country."

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Philanthropy and Politics Won't Mix, Declares Jane Addams.

"You can't mix politics and philanthropy to advantage, yet city, county and state governments have taken from the hands of social and charity workers the very issues which the social workers have made popular.

"Women have carried their work to the very portals of the government building, and there the doors have been slammed in their faces. Men are probably more able than women, as a general rule, but there are certain lines where women's ideas are of greater value.

"Philanthropic work begun by Chicago women has been taken up by the city government, and all will admit that it has suffered from the change. The juvenile court system in Cook county with all its branches is the work of women. For a long time they handled the various ends such as the probation system. Now that has been placed under government control. Women have no voice in the conduct of the enterprise.

"Things which women understand better than men are taken from them when they become collective questions. They then come under the influence of politics, and women's only method of making her ideas felt by 'indirect influence.'

"'Indirect influence' is all right when everyone is agreeable and the world goes along like a song, but is a miserable failure when storms of opposition break.

"As to the influence which franchise has on home life, it might be pointed out that in Wyoming, where women have had suffrage since 1869, there is less divorce than in any other state. The belief that enfranchisement of women will affect the home life, is without foundation. The vote is a surface proposition only, and cannot affect the home."

Roosevelt Calls for an Industrial Commission.

There should be established at once, under the national government an interestate industrial commission, which should exercise full supervision over the big industrial concerns doing an interestate business into which an element of monopoly enters. Where these concerns deal with the necessaries of life the commission should not shrink, if the necessity is proved, of going to the extent of exercising regulatory control over the conditions that create or determine monopoly prices.

By such action we shall certainly be able to remove the element of contributory causation on the part of the trusts and the tariff towards the high cost of living. There will remain many other elements. Wrong taxation, including failure to tax swollen inheritances and unused land and other natural resources held for speculative purposes, is one of these elements.

Banker George M. Reynolds Differentiates Between Money Power and Money Trust.

"The fact that 95 per cent of the business of this country is done upon credit, and that the use of actual money in transactions has been reduced to the minimum, makes it very easy for people who do not properly discriminate between credit and money itself to become confused in the application of the terms; and especially is this likely to be the case with those who have given so little study to the subject that they look upon a bank as being an institution dealing in money, whereas, in reality, a bank deals in credit, and the money it carries in its vaults is only an incident to its business, being carried only in an amount only sufficient under the law of averages to make it possible for the bank to pay its obligations upon demand under normal conditions.

"This confusing of credit with money, as it is related to business, has caused much misapprehension on this subject, and resulted in more or less honest criticism by those who do not realize that the 'Money power,' as it is usually applied, relates to the power of control of the credit which may be extended against either money or other tangible liquid assets easily or quickly convertible into money; and in view of the temper of the people towards large aggregations of capital, it is not surprising that there has also arisen much confusion and misconception through the use of the words 'Money power' and 'Money trust.'"

The Yellow Peril.

"I love you more than anybody in the world," she whispered, as she sat on hubby's knee, her lips close to his ear.

"Don't add hypocrisy to unfaithfulness," he responded sternly, pushing her away.

"Why, what do you mean, dear?" she asked, ready to cry.

"You care more for some other man than you do for me!" was the bitter response. "I don't know his name, but I think he is a Chinaman."

"You must have a fever, dear. Do let me call a doctor." Her face was white with anxiety, and the tears were falling fast as she started for the telephone.

"No. Sit down and explain—if you can. You wear a lock of my hair in your locket—just one little lock?"

"Yes."

"And the entire queue of some Chinaman on your head!"

The Reward.

You gave a smile as you passed along
And thought no more about it;
But it cheered a heart that was sad the while
And might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime, somewhere.

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

The big Chinese dramatic spectacle, "The Daughter of Heaven," is ready for its Century Theatre premiere. It is expected that a date for this important event will be announced shortly. The cast of four hundred is being rapidly completed, the mechanical effects are about perfected, the gorgeous scenery is almost ready, most of the five hundred costumes required have been completed, and preliminary rehearsals have been begun. George Egerton, who made the translation of the play, has arrived in this country, and Pierre Loti is here.

Parts in "The Daughter of Heaven" are, of course, in great demand with actors, not only because of the prestige of the play and the theatre at which it will be acted, or because of the privilege of rehearsing under the direction of M. Loti himself, aided by Messrs. Tyler, Ford, and the other notable people on the Liebler Co. staff, but also because it is confidently expected that the great spectacle will remain in New York for many, many months. Notwithstanding the rush for parts, place was found in the big cast for two practical newcomers, who had shown much promise in the few previous performances they had given, and who were in reality "born to the purple," in a theatrical sense. Both are young girls, the one Miriam Collins, daughter of Miriam O'Leary, who will be recalled by old-timers as a talented member of the famous Boston Museum company, and the other Rosina Henley, daughter of E. J. Henley, a well-known comedian of the days gone by, and his wife, Helen Bertram, once a popular star in comic opera. Miss Collins was last season ingenue with Miss Viola Allen, and Miss Henley has played the part of the heroine in "The Man From Home." Both young ladies will be seen as maids-of-honor in attendance on the Empress of the Mings, the part played by Miss Viola Allen.

* * *

Robert Loraine reappears in America in his most successful part, that of John Tanner in Shaw's "Man and Superman." It is now five years since Loraine's last visit to America, but in that period he has done many things to increase his reputation both here and abroad. Not only has he appeared in the leading roles of several of Shaw's latest works, but his appearances as young Marlowe in the all-star "She Stoops to Conquer," as Charles Surface in Tree's production of "The School for Scandal," as Prince Hal in Waller's "Henry IV," and of Bob Acres in an all-star "The Rivals," and his creation of the remarkable dual role in Molnar's "Playing with Fire," which has not been seen here, and in which he played both hero and villain, and of the star part of "Smith," added to the esteem in which he is held by London critics. Incidentally he has won fame as an aviator, having been the first to fly across the Irish Channel.

* * *

"The Garden of Allah," having broken all New York records for attendance, has now treated Chicago records similarly. Thirty-three thousand dollars were taken in during the first week of its Chicago run. This is the more wonderful, in that there was no advance in the regular prices. The speculators were pretty well curbed, but it is reported that a few of these nuisances obtained as high as fifty dollars a pair for first-night seats.

* * *

George Arlis in "Dislaeli" is soon to leave New York to tour the country. Considerably more than 300 performances of this popular play have been given at Wallack's Theatre.

* * *

It seemed that all the Murphys in New York City turned out to greet Tim Murphy when he opened at the Hudson Theatre in his new play, "Honest Jim Blunt." Clannish, these Murphies.

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Basil Macdonald Hastings, the author of "The New Sin," the sensation of the last London theatrical season soon to begin an American tour with the original English cast strengthened by two substitutions, is editor of the well-known London periodical, The Bystander, when not writing plays. He is at present at work on a new play intended for the use of Mme. Simone.

* * *

Harold Meltzer, supporting Tim Murphy in "Honest Jim Blunt," is the son of Charles Henry Meltzer, playwright and art, music and dramatic critic.

* * *

Claude Brooke was recently engaged by The Liebler Co. for the part of Prince Daring Flight in "The Daughter of Heaven." Prince Daring Flight is a general in the army of the Empress of the Mings, and acts also as her chief secretary of State. Mr. Brooks is peculiarly fitted for such a role, as he has long made a specialty of such parts. He holds the record for having played Napoleon in more plays than any other actor living. A sentimental interest attaches to this engagement, inasmuch as Mr Brooke was a member of the first company ever put out by The Liebler Co., "The Royal Box," which founded the fortunes of the firm. And Miss Viola Allen, who is to play the Empress, was, in "The Christian," the first of a long line of women stars to be successfully exploited by the Liebler Co.

* * *

Madame Simone, who made her first visit to the United States last Fall, under the management of The Liebler Co., has been provided with a new play in which she will be seen in New York shortly. When George C. Tyler, general manager of the firm, was in Paris this summer, he arranged with D. Devere Stackpole and Louis H. Parker to go ahead with a play they had started with the idea of Simone as the central figure. This was a romantic play of the time of the well-known Louis XIV.

* * *

George C. Tyler's first theatrical venture to be put out under his own name, "The New Sin," appears to have immediate success in America, repeating the sensation it created on its production in London earlier in the year. The play, by Basil Macdonald Hastings, was given for the first time in this country at Powers' Theatre, Chicago, recently. The Liebler Co. received this significant telegram from Mr. Tyler:

"Absolutely terrific success from beginning to end. Have never seen anything which looked greater."

"The New Sin" will come into New York later in the season.

On the Book Shelf

by CRITIC

Stewart Edward White, author of *The Sign At Six,* and a long list of entertaining novels which have won a large audience, was one of the first American authors to write of the great outdoors. Mr. White is an enthusiastic nature lover, and while he is a scientist to his fingers' tips, he does not deface the beauties of nature by analysis. He is content to take natural beauty as it is, without delving for the why and the wherefore. In a few words he can bring to the mind of a reader all the charm of a day in the forests or on the mountains. Through his wonderful power of description one is made to feel the soft breath of spring, and to hear the rustle of the leaves or the songs of birds.

But *The Sign At Six* is not a story of the open. Mr. White is versatile and through this, his latest book, he proves that he can write of the cities just as charmingly as he has written of the country. And what's more, he has also woven a mystery yarn which seems impossible of solution until the author is good and ready to lay bare his secret through the medium of his young scientist-detective hero.

Mr. White lives in California, and it is said that when the idea for a story comes to his mind, he immediately packs his

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camp kit and betakes himself to the solitude of the mountains. Here he works out the entire plot of the story and does not return to his city home until several chapters have been written. By this time he knows he has a safe start and he is able to finish the book wherever he happens to be.

James Whitcomb Riley, whose birthday on October 7 was celebrated throughout the country, enjoys the reputation of being the most congenial of men. He loves a joke, even though it is on himself, and he is noted as a story teller. "It doesn't make any particular difference what the story is about," one of his old friends remarked recently, "if Riley tells it, it's funny, and the best thing about it is to hear his own laugh. His eyes light up, his mouth expands and then follows an outburst of mirth which is just as good for the soul as one of his most beautiful poems."

When Mr. Riley was a boy in Greenfield, Indiana, he was a typical boy, and there are many people still living in that little town who recall the pranks of yesterday. They all realize that if the boy they knew had not set his name beside that of Longfellow, he would have set it with Booth's. For, from his earliest infancy the theatrical always appealed to him. He was a declaimer by birth, as he was a poet by birth, and he also possessed the abilitey to imitate. Many an impromptu gathering has been entertained by the hour with young Riley's imitations of the town characters, and no local entertainment was ever complete unless "Jim" Riley had a place on the program.

There has never been anything formal about Mr. Riley. In Lockerbie street in Indianapolis, which has been his home for years, he knows every man, woman and child, and it is nothing unusual for him to drop into the houses of his neighbors without knocking. He may find the family at dinner, but he knows he is welcome to make his way back to the dining room for a visit. Perhaps he has come to borrow tobacco, his own supply being temporarily exhausted.

No poet, it is said, was ever better paid for his work than Riley. Much has been made of the amount paid to Kipling for a single word, but Riley has received much more. As high as $25 a word has been given for his poetry, yet Riley has remarked that the profession of literature was not highly remunerative. A woman once heard him make this observation. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "surely you have no cause for complaining. You must be a rich man. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write."

"Ye-e-es, Madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a word—not even a dialect word."

An Author Who Is Domestic.

Although the present day tendency of women to enter the professions may have spoiled many good housewives, it is gratifying to note that this rule does not hold good among those women who have made names for themselves in the realm of literature. There is, perhaps, no busier woman in America today than Mrs. Margaretta Tuttle, author of *His Worldly Goods*. In addition to her work as a novelist, short-story writer and special writer, she superintends her large home which is located in a Cincinnati suburb.

Her husband and children are never neglected. In fact, Mrs. Tuttle's home life is ideal. She inspects her ice box every morning after breakfast, so that she may know exactly what is lacking when she makes up her menus for the day's meals. She does all her own choosing and ordering of food, though she has trained her servants how to be equal to an emergency such as often happens in a household. She does not go one penny beyond the weekly allowance. She buys where she gets the best quality for the best price. She knows how to cook, and instructs her maids so that there is not a particle of waste anywhere.

She has two daughters, Catherine and Margaretta, ten and twelve years old. They are being trained by their mother to become good housewives, having instruction in cooking, sewing, etc., are devoted to their school studies, besides spending a great deal of time in the open air. They are totally unspoiled and have charming manners. It is while they are at school that their mother writes, never averaging less than 1,000 words a day.

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The Telephone Industry

Detroit is a city of mammoth factories and highly organized industries. The scientific principles which underlie the successful management of manufacturing on a big scale have been worked out in this city.

The Telephone industry, though not native to Detroit, involves principles and practice in both manufacturing and in service, which should prove instructive to our capitalists, organizers and managing officers in local lines.

The largest telephone factory in the world, the Western Electric institution in Chicago, is capitalized at thirty million dollars, covers 150 acres of ground, has 4,000,000 square feet of floor space, and employs, on the average, 22,000 persons. Its annual output is valued at $67,000,000 and its dividends are at the rate of twelve per cent. Its product is marketed through forty-six branch houses scattered throughout the world.

The company was organized in 1881, hence its growth is comparable with that of some of our gigantic local producing concerns.

The operating part of the Bell Telephone business employs 130,000 persons in the United States. They are carefully chosen for their fitness for this particular kind of public utility work. They cannot expect the highest scale of wages and salaries, for these things are largely controlled by the institution's earning capacity, and the minute supervision of commissions, councils and legislators over telephone earnings will always keep down wages in this service. However, this same supervision encourages all healthful provision for the welfare of employees, such as reading rooms, gymnasiums, clubs and special schools, as well as insurance, time loans and service pensions.

These privileges tend to draw into the telephone service a host of competent and energetic young people of both sexes.

The gross earnings of the system are above $190,000,000 per year, of which the dispositoin is as follows: Wages, 50 per cent; taxes, 5 per cent; surplus, 6 per cent; other expenses, 20 per cent; interest and dividends, 19 per cent. This amount allows dividends of some 6 per cent to 8 per cent on stock, and interest of from 4 to 6 per cent on various issues of bonds.

The number of Bell and connected telephones embraced in this system has now passed the 7,000,000 mark, and the total length of exchange and toll wire is over 13,000,000 miles.

The ownership of this vast business is divided among 100,000 stockholders, of which the majority, it is said, are women. The control of this business is so widely scattered that to vote ten per cent of the stock of the parent concern, the holdings of twenty-eight parties must be combined.

It will be seen that, including investors and employes in both manufacturing and operating branches, the telephone business involves directly a quarter of a million persons.

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by Alfred C. Lane

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT
by JOHN F. HOGAN

TAFT'S DEFEAT
Editorial

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FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XIX. DECEMBER, 1912. No. 5

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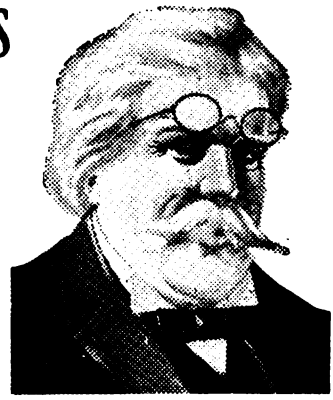
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
Literature, Economics and Social Service.

VOL. XIX. DECEMBER—1912. No. 5

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After the Lumbermen--Desolation.

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An Irrepressible Conflict.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE LUMBERMEN, WHO TEAR DOWN, AND A RAILROAD, WHICH BUILDS UP.

by JOHN F. HOGAN

"What is an 'irrepressible conflict,' teacher?" inquired the Alpena school boy who was earnestly seeking information.

"An 'irrepressible conflict'!" exclaimed the teacher, "Why, for instance, it is a war between the good and the bad, between God and the devil; broadly speaking, it is an unavoidable, inevitable war or conflict between two naturally opposing forces. Why do you ask, Louis?"

"Why, my father said that an "irrepressible conflict' is the fight between the Alpena lumbermen and the Detroit & Mackinac Railway!"

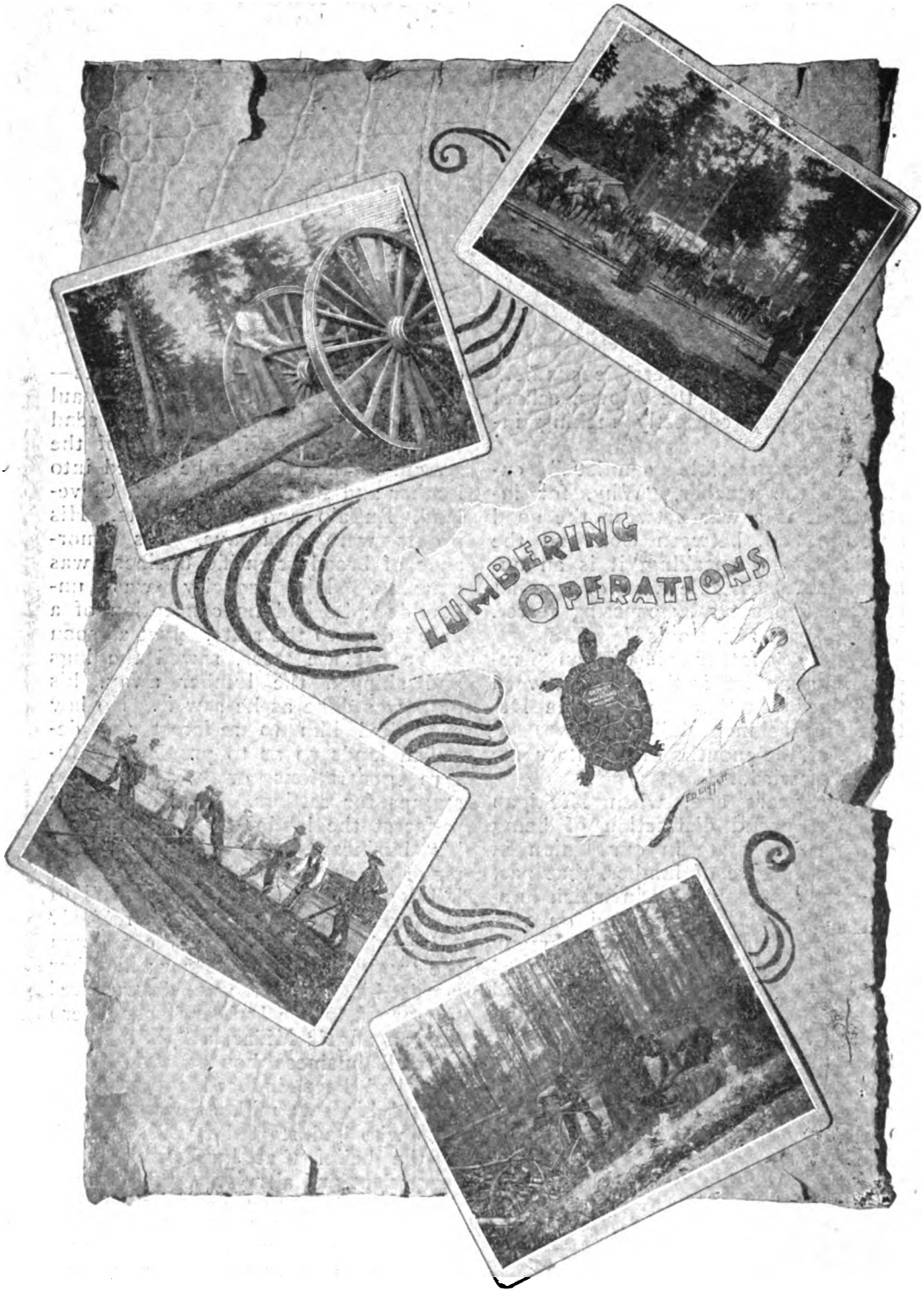
Out of the mouths of infants come words of wisdom!

Many years ago, when Michigan held the proud distinction of being the foremost state in our Union in the manufacture of lumber, that part of the lower peninsular in which lumber operations were carried on was dotted here and there with many thriving lumber towns. The standard gauge vestibuled Pullman trains pulled by giant locomotives on 90-pound steel rails over good, substantial, stone and gravel road beds, had not then come into existence in this part of the state. The population and business did not warrant such an expenditure. The narrow gauge logging road with the dinky locomotive and box car trains were in use. Scraps of iron were laid on loose ties thrown on top of the ground. Traveling was highly unsatisfactory and dangerous.

Lumbering was practically the only business. The lumbermen would cut down the giant trees of the forests—often regardless of ownership—haul them on the logging roads or send then down the swift currents of the stream to the mills, to be sawed into lumber and shipped to Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and other ports. His profits were enormous. His ignorance of broad scientific business was amazing. His rapacity was unbounded; he had no conception of a broad duty to the state. Just as soon as he cut the trees, sawed the logs and shipped the lumber away, his duty was done as he saw it. No law compelled him to re-forest the denuded lands so as to provide for future generations or to clear the stumps for settlers. Why should he re-forest the lands? It was none of his business. Why should he remove the stumps or clear the brush? Why should he invest the profits of the forests in the territory he robbed? All he had to do was to cut down the trees, to utterly destroy; in other words his mission was destructive! Compared to the lumber baron, Nero was an angel; Midas, a "piker."

Small business houses and homes that had been induced to grow up around his saw mill, as well as settlers who had started to till the soil, in the belief that lumbermen were benevolent and altruistic, soon learned their mistake. Just as soon as forests were denuded, the lumberman dismantled his mills and, like a thief in the dead of night, would silently move to other quarters. Behind him lay desolation, dread—and ultimate

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Lumbering Operations

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starvation. Sherman's march to the sea has been repeated time and again in Michigan's lumber camps!

It was not so long ago—in fact not more than twenty years, that East Tawas, Tawas City, Ossineke, Au Sable, Black River and other towns along the east shore of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan north of Bay City, were thriving, prosperous communities, depending upon the lumber business for their sole support. Today, a trip to these places shows scenes of utter hopelessness, despair and desolation. The red blood boils at the destruction wrought by these lumbermen. These little villages only exist! They are slowly dying of lack of nutrition. No factories to support them; no more lumbering operations; small crops and few farmers; no men of wealth—a dreary outlook indeed. There is only one house and farm outside of the small towns in the 60 miles between East Tawas and Alpena. *One house!* Other cities are analyzing the causes which led to the decline of these cities. They are living in dread. Alpena is even wondering if a similar fate is to be hers. Her people are waking up.



Scenes along the D. & M.

In 1890 the city of Alpena had 11,283 inhabitants; in 1900 its population was 11,802; in 1910, the last official

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census of the United States showed that Alpena had increased to only 12,706 inhabitants, a smaller comparative increase than that of any other city in the state.

Up to about twenty-five years ago business in Alpena during the winter months was practically at a stand still. No railroad touched Alpena, the nearest being many miles distant. Navigation during these months had stopped. The mills were obliged to shut down because of their inability to ship their products. Alpena was cut off from the rest of the world. During the long winter months, the wealthy lumbermen lived in Detroit or New York, while the common people who remained made themselves as comfortable as they could. The entrance into Alpena of the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad changed all this. Mills which had heretofore been closed during the winter were now in full operation and running throughout the year. Traveling men visited here during the winter, the city took on new life, the hearts of the inhabitants beat with new hope. Alpena was no longer isolated from the world—it was a part of it.

Some of the wealthiest lumbermen in the state lived in this city at one time or other. A few still reside here while closing up their lumbering and saw mill operations. It would appear, after investigation, that these lumbermen are not greatly interested in their city's development. Few have invested their money in enterprises that would make prosperity for the city. That initiative was left to the small business man. If he succeeded, all well and good; if the business required more support, then the philanthropic lumberman would come to the front, buy up the mortgage on a 10% basis, and then tell everybody what a good citizen he is. Some people of Alpena call them the Ten Per Cent men.

Taxes paid by these lumbermen for the support of the municipality is small. Usually their interests lie in other states, and usually their investments are made outside of the place which they call home. This is almost the invariable rule. It is a pleasure to record an exception to this usual condition—and occasionally an exception is noted. One of these lumbermen with a higher conception of duty than is usually possessed by men in his business, invested a large amount of money in a pulp and paper mill. These products made from the raw material nearby has resulted in one of the largest and most permanent industries in this state, giving employment to hundreds of men, and distributing hundreds of thousands of dollars in wages every year. One looks far to find any other instance of loyalty to a state. At least, there is not another such instance in Alpena.

This indifference of lumber barons to local enterprise and progress combined with their resistance to outside capital, has led to stagnation and depression resulting in unrest, uncertainty and even fear among the people as to what the future holds out to them. The selfishness and indifference of these lumbermen who have taken so much and given so little in return, is being driven home to Alpena men and women. Posing as friends and benefactors of the people, their acts prove them to be enemies, Their banks loan money in Mexico or Texas at 5%, while the home folks pay 6% and 7% interest. Poor farmers who haul logs into the mill yards are paid $7.00 while the same lumberman pays $12.00 for logs a few miles away, and pays the freight as well. Wages are less than in other business. All this creates a condition of such uncertainty and fear of the future that the people of this city are nervously seeking any and every opportunity to improve their condition. Calm, rational reasoning is forgotten. Anything to improve themselves is the fixed idea in their minds. Recalling the fate of Tawas, Au Sable, Ossineke and Black River, the thought intrudes: "After the lumber is gone, will we have the deluge?"

Now enters a new element in the situation.

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PART II.

DETROIT AND MAKINAC RAILROAD.

The old Detroit, Bay City & Alpena railroad, extending from Alger north to the various logging camps, into Alpena, went into the hands of a receiver in 1893. Hon. Don M. Dickinson, who was made receiver of the road, which at that time was merely a logging railroad, appointed J. D. Hawks as general manager. Gen. R. A. Alger, who had been financially interested in the road previous to the time it went into the hands of a receiver and knew everything about it, sincerely sympathized with Mr. Hawks over the hard task assigned to him. "There is no possibility of the road being able to get out of the rut and made to pay," he assured him.

Gen. Alger, however, was proved to be mistaken. The officials extended the main line south from Emery Junction to Bay City, a distance of 49 miles, and later north as far as Cheboygan. Meanwhile they constructed a number of branch roads which have been instrumental in developing new territory and also productive as a feeder to the main line. Today, the main line extending from Bay City to Cheboygan is 195 miles long, while the various branches exceeds 233 miles of tracks. From a railroad point of view, the D. & M. is one of the best constructed and operated railroads in the state of Michigan.

The success or failure of a railroad depends entirely on the condition of the country traversed by it. If the country and people are prosperous, the railroad will share in that prosperity; on the other hand, failure of crops, sparse population, hard times or lack of steady business means the receivership. These self evident truths were known to the railroad officials. They realized the fact, unless the country traversed by this railroad was prosperous, that permanent prosperity could not come to the Detroit & Mackinac Railroad. They foresaw even at that time the temporary character of the lumber and logging business and turned their best efforts to building up a permanent business for this railroad by attracting attention of capitalists and investors to new and productive business to be found in that territory. Their policy was to build up.

In the annual report of this railroad for 1896, J. D. Hawks, president and general manager, makes the following statement:

"During the year considerable effort has been made to develop business that will ultimately take the place of the log and lumber business."

How well this policy has been carried out, and how earnestly efforts were directed towards creating new business to take the place of the decreasing lumber business, may readily be perceived from a glance at the following table. Note the decline of forests products and the increase in permanent lines, such as agriculture, mining and manufactures:

	1897 Per ct.	1900 Per ct.	1904 Per ct.	1908 Per ct.	1912 Per ct.
Agriculture	1.35	3.10	4.75	2.77	6.27
Animal	1.25	1.02	1.08	1.34	1.25
Mines	1.55	3.05	21.65	32.84	19.49
Forests	86.58	81.08	61.72	49.16	48.11
Merchandise, etc.	6.15	4.11	7.33	8.21	15.27
Manufactured	3.12	2.64	3.47	5.68	9.61
	100	100	100	100	100

As a result of his efforts, the Michigan Alkali Company has established a large business in Alpena, and the Huron Cement Company operates a very large cement plant nearby, giving employment to hundreds of men. These are just two instances out of the many new enterprises brought to this section which have proved of large benefit to both the people in Alpena as well as for the railroad itself.

Realizing also that a good proportion of the land along this railroad was suitable for agricultural pursuits, the D. & M. devoted much of their energies to inducing settlers to come into this territory, and as an aid to them have run special trains of agricultural experts throughout the length of the road and on the various branches, with the object in view of educating farmers to the best methods of raising particular crops for which the

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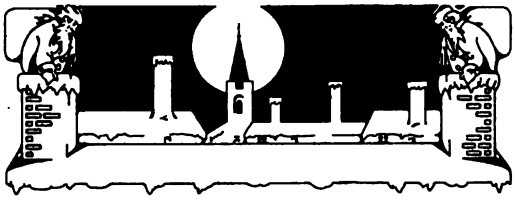
soil was especially adapted. The railroad officials realized, as every other intelligent man must certainly do, that the policy of the lumbermen was destructive and of only temporary benefit to any community. The moment the forests were denuded, disaster must come to any community which depended upon lumbering operations for their existence, unless something took its place as a revenue producer.

The policy of the railroad was to induce these lumbermen to establish permanent manufactories for their products in cities and towns along the line of the railroad. It was pointed out to them that various furniture, woodenware, oak flooring and other finished products of the forest, could be manufactured cheaply in these lumbering cities, and the finished product sold in competition with goods from the largest cities in the country. Had such policy been carried out by these men, who had robbed the forest—and sometimes without legal right to do so—the situation today would have been entirely different. To all these suggestions, however, the lumbermen turned a deaf ear. Their business was to cut and sell the timber; arrogantly demand railroad rates lower than their competitors or threaten dire consequence if concessions were not extended; stand in the way of outside capital seeking investment in Alpena, charge less interest on loans made outside than if made to their own people; invest their own money, with one notable exception, in outside places—but why continue. Alpena has no street car system; no first class hotel; no first class theater; no first class hospital; no manufactories of consequence. What have the lumber barone done for Alpena?

Thus we have two naturally opposing elements; on the one hand is the lumbermen, interested solely and selfishly in the policy of destruction, caring nothing for the future, nor for the desolation and ruin left in their footsteps. Non-progressive, and lacking a broad public spirit of loyalty, he becomes a menace to the development and progress of any community.

On the other side we have this railroad, depending for its existence and permanent success on the permanency and prosperity of the people and country through which it passes and urged by its self interest to do all within its power to build up and by that same self interest to prevent others from tearing down.

Thus are arrayed against each other in an irrepressible and inevitable conflict, two opposing forces; the lumbermen, a destructive and stagnating power, this railroad, a constructive and developing force. One is a Stand Patter, the other a Progressive. The story of their contentions, the bitterness and animosity aroused, the introduction of the Michigan Railroad Commission in the strife—all these when fully told—will make a story unusually interesting and informative. Which side will win?



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In the Icy Seas.

by JAMES NORTON

I.

The second-mate of the Thorgrim had a grievance, and he was a born nurse of grievances who had nourished many in his time. He gave most of his attention to the present grievance as the whaler neared the mouth of Isafjord, on her way from the hval-station to the outskirts of the Greenland ice, where the rorquals were then being hunted. Apparently he was devoting his whole attention to his duties as steersman. He kept his gaze immovably ahead, yet it is probable that he saw nothing—neither the great brown, bluff headland guarding the entrance to the fjord on the left, nor the range of mountains on the right, their ragged ridges white with eternal snows, nor even the dark water of the wide channel and the gray sky above it.

So absorbed, indeed, was he that he started violently when old Kaptan Svendsen, who was sitting behind him in a corner of the steering-box, stretched out his hand and pulled the cord communicating with the fog-horn.

A whaler had appeared round the brown headland, and Kaptan Svendsen, who for the past half-hour had been meditatively regarding the olive-green horizon ahead, desired some information of her skipper. The approaching whaler blew a white cloud and piped a reply. She was bound for the Langore station, not far off, and she was towing a blaa-hval as long as herself, and swollen above the surface of the sea like the half of an oval balloon.

"I would speak with Kaptan Clausen," said Svendsen, and the second-mate altered the Thorgrim's course accordingly.

Ere the two whalers were abreast of each other Svendsen bawled his congratulations. Such a grand blue-whale had not been taken that season by any of the neighboring companies. Clausen shouted his thanks, adding that the capture had been made easily and speedily. "Sixty fathoms he ran out, and then he died."

"Bad weather, I see," said the old man, nodding his head seaward.

"Left a gale behind us, kaptan," replied the other. "No use going out to-day."

"I feared it." Svendsen waved his hand, and the whalers parted.

He turned to the steersman.

"Adelvik," he said shortly.

Something like animation dawned on the sullen face, something like eagerness awoke in the dull eyes, of Einar Ovensen, second-mate. But it was not a youthful animation, nor was it a pleasant eagerness to see on the countenance of a man of little over thirty.

"Adelvik, kaptan," he repeated, and turned the bow of the Thorgrim in an easterly direction.

Adelvik is a little bay not far from the mouth of Isafjord. It is safe shelter from many winds and a good anchorage. There go whalers when the weather discourages a seaward trip and when a trip to the station would merely mean waste of time and coal; there they lie until their impatient captains decide to risk the run to the ice, and give the orders that send them wallowing and staggering across the Arctic Circle.

A couple of hours after the meeting with the Langore steamer, the Thorgrim, with wet decks and a salted funnel, slid smoothly into the bay and presently came to anchor.

Advelik is bounded east and west by great walls of rock, bare and precipitous, and landward by a strip of stony shore. Beyond the shore the ascent is rapid towards the frowning mountains, which, however, are deeply cleft by a narrow glen—the most vividly green patch, perhaps, on the north

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coast of Iceland. A few huts, the wooden upper stories more or less gaily painted, are visible from the water.

By the time the Thorgrim rode safely at anchor it was noon; and on board the Thorgrim noon meant dinner. Einar Ovensen was reminded of that fact by Hansen the cook going aft with a large vessel of sweet soup, from which escaped the fragrance of fruit stewed in sugar. Einar was engaged in watching a Danish schooner anchored some fifty fathoms to starboard. He watched expectantly, and smiled when a man appeared at the schooner's rail, waved his hands, held up eight fingers, and pointed shorewards. Einar returned the signals and betook himself to the cabin. Perhaps he was not aware that he was licking his lips.

Kaptan Svendsen and his first-mate, Sigurd, were already enjoying the soup, consisting of raisins, prunes, currants, and small slices of dried apple in syrup. The fact that they ate sweet soup three days a week had apparently no effect on their appetites. They glanced towards Einar and nodded pleasantly enough as he took his seat. Einar scowled and helped himself to a small supply of soup.

"We shall get out tomorrow," observed Kaptain Svendsen cheerfully. "It is too early for a long gale."

Kaptan Svendsen was a hopeful man and hard to depress.

"There is no doubt about that," said Sigurd with a kindly laugh. He picked the stem of a currant from his strong white teeth. "Did you hear, kaptan, that the Hekla came in yesterday with seven whales in tow?"

"Sej-hval, Sigurd!" the old man returned contemptuously. "Not sixty barrels in the lot!"

"But they say that the time is coming when there will be none but sej-hval to kill from Iceland."

"It will not be in my time, my good Sigurd. Yet I have heard that the blaa-hval and the fin-hval and, maybe, the knol-hval, are moving south. It may be so. It may be that they are becoming afraid. I do not know. They went north for fear of us, I believe. It is not so long since I killed whales not two miles from Isafjord, Sigurd; and now we go sixty, eighty, a hundred miles, and farther, to find them. But if they go south they will be followed."

Hansen entered with a steaming dish of lobscouse—salt-meat and potatoes boiled and mashed together. He laid it on the table, but did not remove the soup, to which captain and mate were wont to return after the meat-course.

"Einar, you do not eat," remarked the old man. "You should have hunger after two months at the whaling."

"I eat as I wish," retorted Einar sulkily.

"So!" said Kaptan Svendsen quietly, and resumed his conversation with Sigurd.

When the meal was over, Sigurd set his pipe going, took a fishing-line from his locker, and went on deck. It was customary to fish while storm-bound in Adelvik; already the majority of the crew were busy, and numerous haddock and cod, the firmest, whitest, and sweetest in the world, were lying on the deck.

Sigurd with his knife scraped the flat leaden sinker, to which were rigidly attached the two stout hooks, until it shone brilliantly. He took his stand by the rail, and let his line run to the bottom. Raising it three or four feet, he gripped it firmly and began jerking it over the rail towards him and letting it slip back. At the fourth jerk it quivered violently, and he drew on board a fine two-pounder. From which it is evident that the simplicity of the method of line-fishing in Icelandic waters can only be equalled by the simplicity of the fish there.

Hour after hour the sport—or, rather, the business—went on, the men mechanically sawing the air, water, and rail with their lines, and bringing fish, hooked by head, body, or tail, on board at frequent intervals. At four o'clock Sigurd descended to the cabin for coffee.

The old man was sitting at the table with cards in his hands and before him, engrossed in his solitary game of "patience." Opposite to him lounged

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Einar, sullen as ever, staring idly at the skylight, and occasionally sipping eau sucree from a thick tumbler. The coffee was partaken of in silence, and when he had emptied his mug the first-mate went again on deck.

Five minutes after he had gone the second-mate spoke.

"Kaptan!"

"Well, what is it, Einar?" asked Kaptan Svendsen, a trifle irritably. The old man did not like to be disturbed at his favorite pastime.

"I ask leave to go on shore this evening," said Einar, with a furtive glance across the table.

Svendsen laid down a couple of cards and stared at them thoughtfully. Several times during the present season Thorgrim had been forced to anchor in Adelvik. On each occasion Einar had received permission to go ashore. On each occasion he had returned—after the time stipulated—in a condition which, if it were not that of actual drunkenness, very closely approached the same. The old man had been quite at a loss to understand how the young one had contrived to arrive at that condition. Drink was forbidden on the Thorgrim, and it was scarcely likely that it could be procured at any of the few huts on the shore, the inhabitants of which did not taste alcoholic liquids twice in the year, and rarely possessed any store of their own. Svendsen thought of the Danish trader, but remembered that she had not been in Adelvik since the beginning of the season. Other whalers that had been in the bay along with the Thorgrim occurred to him, but he dismissed the suggestion almost at once. And Einar had sworn, when he was given the berth of second-mate, that he would bring no liquor on board at any time. The old man was sorely puzled, but he made up his mind as to his duty.

He laid down a third card, and, regarding it attentively, said quietly, "I cannot give you leave, Einar."

Einar changed his position. "You will not be sailing before tomorrow, kaptan," he said, still staring at the skylight. "There is nothing for me to do on board."

The old man set a card straight. "I cannot give you leave, Einar. Have you written to your father lately? Theer is a mail from Isafjord a week hence, and we shall have returned by then."

"Then you refuse me leave, kaptan?"

"I have said it."

Suddenly Kaptan Svendsen, as if with an effort, raised his shaggy, grizzled head and fixed his keen gray eyes on the young man's face.

"Listen, Einar Ovensen," he said, gently. "Your father, my oldest and dearest friend, gave you into my charge. Your father loves you, though you have not been a good son to him in the past—in the past, Einar—mark that! I speak only of the past. I am not reproaching you now. You have always been clever. You can do well, if you like; you can please your father and make him proud. It is not for me to tell you how. You know it. I gave you a chance because your father asked me. I would not have done it for your sake then; but I am waiting, Einar, to be able to do something for your sake. You have but to give me opportunity."

Einar shifted his position impatiently. Had the old man turned Lutheran priest?

"Have I not done my work?" he muttered.

"I have not complained. I have sometimes wanted you to take more interest in things, for it is the interest that makes work happy; but I do not complain. And if you do not care for the whaling when the end of the season comes, I will help your father to get you another berth. Meantime, I am your kaptan, Einar."

The old man bent over his cards, but his pleasure had departed.

Without replying, Einar rose and quitted the cabin.

Kaptan Svendsen sighed.

* * *

Supper was taken at seven o'clock, and thereafter the old man turned in for a four hours' spell. He had seen a satisfactory change coming over the weather, and he hoped to get the Thorgrim to business in the early morning.

About midnight he went on deck.

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"Sigurd," he said to the mate, "we will start at four. Do you turn in now, for you have had little to me."

"If you please, kaptan. Einar is on shore. He left the ship at eight o'clock. Have you forgotten, kaptan?"

"No," said the old man, looking away. "Ja, I have forgotten. I—I sleep heavily. Get out the other boat, Sigurd. I will go ashore for him; he must not delay our start. I will take Hans with me. Tell him."

"Let me go, kaptan. Or maybe a blast of the siren will be enough."

"You will take charge till I return," said Kaptan Svendsen quietly but finally.

And Sigurd, who knew the old man, hastened to fulfil his orders.

"You understand, Sigurd," said Kaptan Svendsen when the boat was ready—"you understand that the young man was given into my charge by his father. Therefore I must try to see that he comes to no harm. Did he take his gun with him?"

"I did not notice, kaptan. But when he went ashore another boat went ashore from the trader. I think Einar has a friend on the trader."

"So!" muttered Svendsen, and dropped easily from the low deck of the Thorgrim into the boat.

On reaching the beach, where the Thorgrim's other boat already lay, the old man bade Hans remain where he was and stepped ashore.

The northern horizon was aglow with the rising sun, which had set less than an hour before in almost the same position.

In front of the nearest hut an Icelander was shaving the lumpy grass with a tiny scythe. There would be plenty of time for sleep in the long winter, and in old Isafold it is well to make hay while the sun shines. As Svendsen approached him the Icelander paused in his work and took snuff from a horn flask. They raised their caps to each other.

Yes; the Icelander had seen two men come ashore in two boats some hours before sunset. They had met on the beach and had gone up the green glen; he could not say how far, but it could not have been a great distance, for ere long one had returned in his boat and rowed to his ship—the Danish trader.

Kaptan Svendsen thanked the man and went off in the direction indicated.

* * *

On a grassy space, hidden from the rough track by great boulders, Einar Ovensen lay asleep. His heavy breathing in the dead stillness of nature had reached the old man's ears, otherwise he might have remained concealed forever. Little gray moths played over and around him.

"So!" whispered Kaptan Svendsen, and the note of the whisper was very bitter.

An empty bottle lay on the grass near the sleeper; two bottles, unopened, lay in a cavity under a rock close by, and a flat stone like a lid was beside them. This, then, was Einar's secret store at Adelvik, supplied, doubtless for a consideration, by his friend the Dane.

Brandy of the vilest quality, containing little but a spirit of madness. Svendsen knew the gaudy labels on the bottles. Once in the old days he had seen the beach at the station littered with empty bottles so labelled; and now he saw again the awful night when the sixty factory hands had gone stark, raving mad, and when he, with the manager and the few sober individuals left, had gone forth with guns too late to save a poor wretch from being slit up by a brute with a flensing-knife. He turned and shook his fist at the trader lying in the bay, though doubtless her owner and her skipper were innocent of assisting Einar to his present sorry condition.

Then he stepped to the cavity, picked up the bottles, and smashed them on the rocks.

Einar awoke. First surprise and wonder in his filmy eyes, then a very devil.

"You swine!" cried Svendsen. "If it were not for your father I would leave you here to rot. Get up and come with me."

"Spy!" muttered Einar, rising slowly. Somehow the neck of the empty bottle had got into his hand. The old man was unarmed.

"Throw that bottle against the rock," said Svendsen calmly.

Einar hesitated, then obeyed.

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"Come!"

Einar lurched forward, pulled himself together, and walked fairly steadily towards the shore a few paces in front of the captain.

They came to a streamlet.

"Bathe your face," said Svendsen. "So!" he murmured when the young man rose from his knees. "Let us go on."

As they drew near the boat the old man said hurriedly, "Einar Ovesen, this matter is between you and me. For your father's sake, I will not betray you. I will shield you. I will give you one more chance. When we get on board you will turn in at once. You understand."

Stepping into the boat after the young man, Kaptan Svendsen remarked to Hans, "Einar had an accident among the rocks. I found him unconscious. Give me an oar."

And so they went back to the Thorgrim.

Sigurd was the only one on deck. Before the boat reached the steamer's side Svendsen called to him, "Sigurd, go and see if Hansen has left any coffee in the galley. If not, make me a cup, like a good fellow."

"Right, kaptan."

They clambered on to the deserted deck.

"Go to my bunk quickly," whispered the old man to Einar. The captain had a tiny stateroom. "I will bring you coffee. But go quickly."

The half-dazed man obeyed, and the other gave a little sigh of relief.

Sigurd appeared with a steaming mug.

"*Tak,*" said Svendsen. "Call the men to get up anchor, Sigurd. I will return soon. It is Einar's watch, but Einar had an accident among the rocks, and I found him unconscious." He repeated the words rather too carefully.

"Ja, kaptan," said the mate, rather too carelessly.

Svendsen looked at him keenly.

"You know, Sigurd?"

"I know, kaptan."

A moment's pause. Then, "I am your kaptan, Sigurd."

"Always, kaptan."

So they understood each other.

II.

It was the evening of the next day, and the Thorgrim had been fast to a fair-sized "blue" for upwards of four hours. The harpoon had been well enough placed, but its bomb-point had somehow failed to explode.

The gun had been reloaded, and Kaptan Svendsen was now standing by it, waiting for an opportunity to fire a second harpoon and so put an end to the struggle. The steam winch was grinding away, the cable was coming slowly on board, and the Thorgrim was gradually coming up with the whale, which had been swimming at or near the surface for some time, towing the steamer after him.

Suddenly, at an order from the captain to the steersman, who sang part of it down the tube to the engineer, the Thorgrim spurted ahead and ran parallel with the "blue," and four or five fathoms from him.

Kaptan Svendsen slewed the cannon to the left, took a brief aim, and pulled the trigger—but without the expected result.

With a roar of wrath he swung the weapon from him.

"Sigurd!"

"Kaptan?" came the mate's voice from the steering-box.

"Half-speed! The gun is broken. It will not fire. Come you here."

Leaving Einar in charge of the wheel, Sigurd hurried forward to the bow platform. Along with the captain he examined the gun carefully. Presently he shook his head.

"I think it is the trigger, kaptan. We can do nothing with it till we get to the station."

Svendsen pointed in the direction of the whale, which was once more swimming ahead of the Thorgrim.

"He will not die," he said irritably. "He might live so for days."

"But he becomes exhausted, kaptan."

"Ay; and then he finds his strength again. But I will not give him up; I will not let him go. I will lance him, Sigurd. Where are the long lances? I have not required to lance a whale for many years—I know not how many. Find the lances, Sigurd, and send the men to me."

Presently the six sailors stood before him.

"I am going to lance yonder blaahval,"

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said the old man. "It is, perhaps, a little risky. I will take the larger boat and three men. Which of you will come?"

The six, with one accord, declared their readiness.

"Then I must choose. I take you, Hans, and you, Fred, and——"

The second mate, having begged Sigurd to take the wheel for a moment, came running forward.

"Well, Einar, what is it?" asked Svendsen coldly.

Einar came close to the captain, his face working. "Take me, kaptan," he whispered.

"So?" said Svendsen inquiringly.

"A chance, kaptan; you said you would give me another chance."

The old man's keen eyes softened.

"For—my father's sake, kaptan."

Svendsen cleared his throat and turned to the men.

"Hans and Fred, lower the boat. You, Einar, will steer."

* * *

The boat moved cautiously and silently over the smooth swell under the clear sky. Pans of rotting ice gleamed exquisitely here and there; in the distance, under a white haze, lay the sheet ice, and nearer a small berg or two broke the monotony of gray-blue space. The whale had gone under, but his position could be judged not inaccurately from the cable that stretched tautly from the Thorgrim' bow to meet the water at a small angle. The "blue" was now making slow progress, for the screw of the Thorgrim had been reversed and was acting against the mighty flukes.

When the "blue" broke the surface at last he paused—it may have been in suspicion. An instant later the boat's bow bumped ever so lightly against his slaty hide, and Svendsen's great hands and arms rammed the long lance through blubber and flesh.

For a quick breath it seemed as if the "blue" were paralyzed; then he slashed air and water with his awful tail. And Kaptan Svendsen's "little risk" had become great danger. His boat was in fragments and he and his men were in the water.

On board the Thorgrim there was a rush to lower the second boat, while Sigurd, with a hatchet, leapt on the platform and hacked at the hemp, for now the whale, slowly but surely, was towing the Thorgrim from the scene of the disaster. The three-inch cable snapped with a loud report and flashed, a yellow streak, out of sight.

Then Sigurd ran back to the wheel and steered the Thorgrim towards the victims. The four men had been thrown in two directions by the blow. With the help of a couple of oars, Hans, his face bloody, was supporting Fred, who was afterwards found to have an arm and three ribs broken.

Fifty yards farther away Einar held on to the steering-oar, and near him Kaptan Svendsen struggled in the direction of the Thorgrim, now rapidly approach-

Njati laid his tracks with consummate ing. But the old man's heavy boots and clothing were beating him, bearing him down. He gasped painfully.

"Kaptan," spluttered Einar, "take the oar."

"No, Einar. Your father——"

"I can swim," replied Einar, and pushed the oar towards the old man.

"Einar——" He caught the oar.

"I can swim. Ah, kaptan!" sighed Einar, and straightway sank.

* * *

Kaptan Svendsen took his hands from his worn face and looked across the cabin-table at his mate. The Thorgrim was making for the station.

"Why," he asked piteously—"why did he say he could swim, Sigurd?"

"I think," said the mate slowly, "it was because—because you were his kaptan."

"And—and because of his father, perhaps?"

"It may be so, kaptan. Who knows?"

Svendsen sighed. "His father's heart will be very sore, Sigurd."

"And, I think, very proud," said the mate gently.

* * *

Their long search for Einar had proved vain. An undercurrent, perhaps. There is always the undercurrent to be reckoned with in the sea, which is deep—in man's nature, which is deeper still.

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The Royal Pictures.

by SCRATT.

The earliest notice extant of the pictures belonging to the Crown is to be found in an inventory, dated April 24, 1542, now preserved in the Record Office, and entitled, "An account of the King's money, jewels, plate, utensils, apparel, wardrobe stuffs, goods, and chattels, consigned to the care of Sir Anthony Denny at Westminster." A similar inventory taken after the death of Henry VIII. on September 8, 1547, which contains a few additions, is preserved in the British Museum. The pictures entered in these inventories may be classed under the heads of Portraits, Religious Subjects, and Histories (including Topograph). In the latter inventory further distinctions are made as to Great Tables, Little Tables, Tables like a book with folding leaves, stayned cloths, and in the case of some portraits, the words, "the whole stature," are added. A third inventory, commenced in 1548, and also preserved in the British Museum, is entitled "St. James's House nigh Westminster. An inventory of the King's stuff remaining there in the charge and custody of Richard Coke, one of the grooms of the King's Privy Chamber, and keeper of the said house of St. James, anno Secundo regis Edwardi sexto." This inventory also contains the following interesting statements:

A particular book of all such parcels of stuff, etc., in various places at Westminster on the xii day of November in the third year of our Sovereign Lord King Edward the Sixth (1549). The keys of which were in the only keeping of the Duke of Somerset until the time of his apprehension, being in October the said third year, at which time the same keys were delivered to the King's Majesties most honorable Council, and by their commandment the doors sealed until the said xiith day of November, at which time, by their appointment, Sir William Herbert, Knight of the order and master of the King's horses, Sir Edward North, Knight, one of the King's most honorable Council, and Sir Walter Mildmay, Knight, entered into the same houses, and there took a perfect survey and view of all such things as they found there remaining, and the same stuff, by like order of the Council, they delivered to the hands of James Rufforth for the King's Majesty, for the particulars whereof hereafter ensue . . .

The greatest historical importance must attach to any pictures, entered in one or other of these inventories, which may have had the good fortune to survive the vicissitudes of more than two hundred and fifty years. Some few are to be found in Windsor Castle, and at Hampton Court, where they were identified some fifty years ago by Sir George Scharf, and it is possible that a few others may still be added to this list. Among these may be noted the portraits of "Prince Arthurre, wearing like a redde cappe with a brooche oppon it and a collor of redde and white rooses": this is the well-known little picture at Hampton Court, which has been engraved under the false name of "The Children of Henry VII." "The Frenche Kynge, the Quene his wiffe and the Foole standinge behynde him": this picture is also at Hampton Court.

A special interest attaches to the following entry: "The Ladye Elizabeth, her Grace, with a booke in her hande, her gowne like crymeson clothe of golde, withe workes." This is the attractive portrait of Queen Eliabeth, as princess, which is now at Windsor Castle. The picture does not occur in the inventory of 1542, but does in that of 1547, so that it must have been painted between these dates, probably

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in the later year, as the princess appears to be about sixteen years of age in the portrait. The greater number, however, of the pictures, tapestry, etc., described in these inventories have disappeared.

From this date onwards the only records of the royal collection of pictures are such as can be gathered from the diaries of foreign visitors, such as Paul Hentzner, who visited London in 1598. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth do not seem to have had any strong feeling for the fine arts, except portraits, many of which have survived. The House of Stuart, however, showed a higher level of cultivation. James I. himself was a patron of artists, and showed some interest in the great development of painting which was in progress at Antwerp under the direction of Rubens. A short inventory of pictures, taken in October, 1624, evidently relating to such pictures as were the King's own private property, and had probably been brought from Scotland, is interesting as containing the following: "Imprimis. King James the 3rd of Scotland with his Queene done by Joan Vanak," this being the first notice of the important large diptych, now at Holyrood, which is ascribed in modern day to the hand of Hugo Vander Goes and not to that of Jan Van Eyck.

The elder son of James I., Henry, Prince of Wales, was the first of the royal family to show an intelligent interest in the fine arts, although his premature death prevented him from developing it. His brother Charles, however, may be regarded as one of the greatest collectors of pictures and finest connoisseurs of the arts even up to the present date. As Prince of Wales, Charles I. had already formed a collection of paintings of high quality, including those which he inherited from his brother Henry. As king, he continued to add to these, culminating in the purchase of the whole collection at Mantua of Vincenzo Gonaga, Duke of Mantau. In 1639 a catalog of this incomparable collection was prepared by Abraham Vander Doort, who had at the time the charge of all the King's pictures, medals, books, and gems at Whitehall Palace. This catalog, moreover, is not exhaustive, as it does not comprise the pictures at St. James's Palace or Hampton Court Palace, or the pictures in the Queen's residence, Somerset House, or Denmark House, as it had been styled since the days of Anne of Denmark. About 1,400 paintings are cataloged by Vander Doort, and the list of paintings by Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Mantegna, Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, and other great artists, of miniature paintings by Holbein, Hilliard, and the Olivers, is in itself of a nature to make a modern collector or director of a picture gallery insane at the mere enumeration. In the catalog, moreover, are to be found many of the portraits entered in the inventories of Henry VIII., acquired by Mary and Elizabeth, or brought from Scotland by James I. and Anne of Denmark. Each picture was branded on the back of the frame with the King's monogram, "C.R.," surmounted by a crown, and some bore the initials "C.P." of the King, when Prince of Wales, some even the "H.P.," denoting the property of his brother Henry.

The fate of this stupendous collection is well known. It is one of the tragedies, as it is one of the landmarks, of art history. On March 23, 1649, about two months after the King's head had fallen on the scaffold, the House of Commons resolved upon the disposal of the property belonging to the King, Queen, and Prince, and ordered everything to be inventoried, appraised, and sold. This action has been frequently misjudged. It has been attributed to the jealousy of the Roundheads and to the fanaticism of the Puritans. In good truth the House of Commons could hardly have acted otherwise. When they dethroned the King, and took his life, they laid on themselves the burden of carrying on the government of the country. The exchequer was empty, and the Civil War had bled the country to exhaustion. With the government and the expenses incumbent thereto came the legitimate debts of the late sovereign, debts which could not be repudiated without an act of injustice. The pic-

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tures, therefore, came to the hammer, but many were allotted in dividends to members of the King's household in payment of the debts owing to them, or to syndicates, who probably counted on being able to turn them to profit, according as events turned out. But these dividends seldom included the gems of the collection, though most of the famous paintings by Van Dyck were kept by this means in the country. Charles I. had many rivals as collectors of works of art, and the agents of the King of Spain, of Leopol, Archduke of Austria, then Governor of the Netherlands, of Queen

aces, for Cromwell and his ministers were quite alive to the value of pictures and tapestry as household furniture. A goodly number was recovered in this way, but of those which had left the country none came back, except an unexpected gift sent to the King by the States-General of Holland, who purchased a collection of paintings which had been acquired at the sale in 1649 by one Mynheer van Reynst, and returned them as a gift to Charles II. The pictures purchased at the sale by the famous merchant of Cologne, Eberhard Jabach, went a different way, as they were purchased



One of the Paintings.

Christina of Sweden, and other notabilities, were ready on the spot to compete for the greatest treasures. Hence it came about that the galleries of Madrid, Vienna, and Paris boast among their most valued possessions the masterpieces which were once the property of the British Crown.

Then came the restoration of the Crown in 1660, when an attempt was made to recover by persuasion or by force all the pictures and works of art belonging to the late King which could be traced in this country. Many were found still hanging in the royal pal-

by Louis XIV., and remain to this day at the Louvre at Paris. Charles II. himself was responsible for the refurnishing and redecoration of the royal lodgings in Windsor Castle, and rearranging the pictures there. His chief contribution to the royal collection, as a novelty, was the well-known series of portraits by Sir Peter Lely, known as "The Windsor Beauties."

At the time of Charles II.'s death a catalog of the pictures in the royal collection was prepared for James II. by William Chiffinch. The bulk of the pictures here enumerated can be iden-

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tified with those in Charles I.'s collection, and many of them are to be found at this day at Hampton Court or at Windsor Castle. The turbulent years which ensued were not encouraging to the fine arts in England, and added little of note to the royal collection, except portraits. William III. was no mean judge of painting; for, although he added some few paintings of the Dutch schol to the royal collection in England, he more than compensated for this by removing some of the choicest pictures to his palace at Het Loo in Holland. After his death Queen Anne begged to have these returned, but the Dutch Government declined to do so, and they now adorn the royal gallery in the Mauritshuis at The Hague, or the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam.

One important event relating to the royal collections is connected with William III. and his consort Mary. After two disastrous fires at Whitehall Palace, the King and Queen transferred their residence to Kensington Palace and Hampton Court Palace. Whitehall was definitely abandoned, and the palace pulled down. The paintings and other works of art were rearranged at Kensington and Hampton Court. John Evelyn, in 1696, notes that he "went to see the King's House at Kensington. It is very noble, tho' not greate. The gallery furnished with the best pictures from all the houses of Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Holbein, Julio Romano, Bassan, Van Dyke, Tintoret, and others: a greate collection of Porcelain, and a pretty private library. The gardens about it very delicious."

Queen Anne resided principally at Kensington, but little was altered in her time, and still less in that of George I. or his successor. A new impulse was given by George II.'s consort, the gifted and cultivated Caroline of Brandenburg-Ansbach. Queen Caroline would have been a generous patron of the fine arts had not her royal consort imposed his veto upon any such extravagance, as it appeared to him. The Queen, however, rearranged pictures at Kensington Palace, and discovered among other treasures the precious book of drawings by Holbein, now so widely celebrated in the world of art. Many of her artistic proclivities were inherited by her eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who acquired himself some fine and important pictures, including the famous "St. Martin dividing his cloak," by Van Dyck, at Windsor Castle. Frederick, unfortunately for himself, only lived long enough to show the follies and weaknesses which were the bane of the House of Brunswick, whereas had he been called upon to govern he might have revealed those latent powers of government which were shown, when called upon, by his successors.

It is the fashion to regard George III. as insensible to the charms of art. It was not the case, and even his taste was not in fault. Early in his reign he purchased a number of Dutch pictures of varying values, and acquired the whole collection of late Venetian paintings made by Consul Joseph Smith at Venice. As this collection comprised some sixty of the best paintings by Antonio Canaletto, the most important paintings by Zuccarelli, and practically the whole work of Sebastiano Ricci and Marco Ricci, the contribution was in bulk the largest since the Mantuan collection was acquired by Charles I. George III.'s partiality for Benjamin West has not been endorsed by posterity, but was certainly very much approved of at the time. If he preferred West and Ramsay to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the reason must have been personal, for the King and Queen thoroughly appreciated the skill of Gainsborough and Hoppner. Whatever the artistic shortcomings of George III. may have been, they found ample compensation in the artistic career of his heir apparent, who, as Prince Regent, made Carlton House into some semblance of what Whitehall had been in the days of Charles I.

It was at Carlton House that George IV. placed the precious collection of Dutch pictures which he had acquired from the Baring collection or through his agents in London and Paris. Among these pictures are works of Rembrandt, Cuyp, Pieter de Hooch, Hobbema, Gerard Dou, Paulus Potter,

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and others, the value of which has increased at the present day far beyond the prices given by the Prince Regent, which were considered at that time to be almost reckless extravagance. The same may be said of the furniture and china, which the Prince Regent was fortunate enough to acquire in Paris from the debris of the French Revolution. The acquisition of these treasures, moreover, was not the act of a mere indiscrimante collector, but of a real connoisseur, for Lord Yarmouth and the Prince's other agents in Paris knew the tastes of their royal master, so that the same cause which brought into being the famous Wallace collection at Hertford House contributed to swell the wealth of the royal collection and to give a more magnificent setting to the home of the British sovereign.

After his accession, as has already been stated, the attention of George IV. was devoted mainly to the reconstruction of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace as royal residences, for which reason during most of his short reign the royal collection of paintings and works of art was displaced and waited for the completion of the palaces.

It will be seen from this story that the material for rearrangement consisted of the following: The remains of the great collection of Charles I., including the pictures which had belonged to Henry VIII. and the intermediate sovereigns; the sporadic additions made to the collection from the time of Charles II. to that of Frederick, Prince of Wales; the large additions made by George III., chiefly Italian pictures; the collections of Dutch and other paintings formed by George IV. at Carlton House; the private collections of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace and at Osborne House; the private collection of King Edward VII. from Marlborough House.

The rearrangement of the pictures comprised in these various collections has now been effected, although much remains to be done at Hampton Court Palace, the whole having been carried out under the personal superintendence of the King. The arrangement has, on broad lines, been as follows: The pictures belonging to the foreign schols of painting or portraits of the period before the eighteenth century have been placed in Hampton Court Palace or in Windsor Castle, where the principal paintings by Holbein, Rubens, and Van Dyck are to be found. The pictures by Canaletto, Zuccarelli, and other Italian artists will also be found in Windsor Castle. The collection of Dutch, French, and English paintings formed by George IV. has been rearranged in Buckingham Palace, where a collection has been made of fine portraits by the great English artists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. In Buckingham Palace too will be found the collection of early German and Flemish paintings, formed by the Prince Consort, with the exception of those which were presented by the Queen to the National Gallery in accordance with the Prince's wish. In this palace also is a small collection of Spanish paintings, purchased by Queen Victoria from the collection of King Louis Philippe. Here, too, have been brought from Osborne the pictures of the early Italian school, collected by the Prince and Queen Victoria in the early days of their married life; and from Osborne, also, have been brought the paintings by Landseer, Phillip, Leighton, and other English artists to whom Queen Victoria extended her patronage. In Windsor Castle the famous corridor has been rearranged with a series of first-class paintings, mostly of the English school, the large collection of modern portraits and ceremonial pictures being for the most part distributed among the private apartments at Buckingham Palace. St. James's Palace now contains a series of portraits of sovereigns and other personages connected with English history from Edward III. to the present day, including a series of potraits and incidents in recent warfare, which were painted specially for Queen Victoria. In Kensington Palace the state rooms had been restored shortly before the death of Queen Victoria, and a number of portraits, historical and

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naval paintings of the eighteenth century had been arranged there, which remain substantially the same.

The pictures removed from Marlborough House have been rearranged, with a few exceptions, in the private apartments of Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. As these pictures and those at Sandringham House are the private property of Their Majesties, they cannot be said to form part of the royal collection.

The greater part of the royal collection is open for public inspection at Windsor Castle and Hampton Court Palace. The remaining portions, which are placed in the private apartments of Their Majesties and their court, are not accessible in the same way, for the obvious reason that such a privilege could not be granted without intrusion on the sovereign's private and domestic life. It is for this same reason that His Majesty the King has found himself compelled to decline, except for very special reasons, to remove any picture or work of art from the royal residences for loan elsewhere, a favor which was frequently granted by Queen Victoria, when Her Majesty made her home for the greater part of the year either at Osborne House or Balmoral Castle, in preference to Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. The crowds of sightseers who visit the state apartments at Windsor Castle, Hampton Court Palace, Kensington Palace, Osborne House, and Holyroodhouse, are in themselves a tribute to the public appreciation of His Majesty's gracious permission.



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Where the North Begins.

Lee Brown Atwood,
Poet of the Pines.

Up where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Up where a smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the North begins.
Up where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the North begins.

Up where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Up where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the North begins.
Up where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's a laugh in the river flowing,
Where there is more of reaping than of sowing—
That's where the North begins.

Up where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
That's where the North begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man courts living and counts not dying,
That's where the North begins.

An Image.

John C. Wright.
"Poet of the Lakes."

I've fashioned a garland of silver and gold,
Embellished with diamonds rare;
And never a picture or treasure of old
Had a setting half so fair.
All gay with the tints of the Autumn leaf,
The rose and the lily tall—
No colors less true would do for a wreath
For the one who was truest of all.
And the image I cherish within this frame
Is of one and never another:
A dear, sweet face, with a sacred name—
The best of all friends—my mother.

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The GATEWAY

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The object of The Gateway is to present information touching upon Public and Social Topics of to-day. The columns of The Gateway are open to all. It also offers stories, poems, and special articles on the progress of science and the useful arts.

BY JOHN F. HOGAN.

President Taft was foreordained to defeat. It was inevitable, not on account of his personality or shortcomings but because of the principles and policy of those whom he represented. "Let well enough alone" was the sentiment of the political party and class which he stood for. It was a selfish, business sentiment put forth by business men for their own mercenary ends. It was an openly declared acknowledgment that, to them, dollars and cents was the first, the highest achievement to attain.

Business being strictly selfish and non-political, attached itself to the strongest political party. This happened to be the party of Lincoln and of human rights. Soon, it became all powerful in the organization. It formed its policy and directed its legislation. Naturally Business did not overlook its own interests; in fact, Business, being selfish, usually got more than its share. The few benefited at the expense of the many. Enemies increased as Business grew arrogant. In time it became aristocratic and exclusive. It grew fat from the proceeds of Republican victories. Also careless. The influences of Lincoln as well as the lessons taught by the civil war were slowly fading from mind. The struggle for the uplift of humanity gave way to cold mercenary pursuits. The Dollar was King. Then the Republican party began to decay, Dollars were retreating before the army of Humanity. Roosevelt, recognizing the signs, tried to revive the party. He took sides with Humanity. The task was too great within his own party; Business was too strongly intrenched. So Roosevelt shrewdly and wisely stepped aside from the coming, inevitable crash. Nothing could stop it. Taft was the "goat." He was overwhelmed. It was a battle between Man and Business; a contest between the great common democratic people on the one hand and the select conservative, aristocrat of wealth on the other. No event of national importance influenced the people. They voted as their natural inclinations directed them..

The great common people represented in the Democratic party was, basically, opposed to the aristocracy of wealth as represented in the Republican party. In ordinary times, when uninfluenced by outside causes and when thoroughly informed, the democratic class far outnumbers the exclusive aristocratic class. This year was one of the few times when the division was well defined. The civil war was a dream of the past, political party lines were weakened; impetus in the contest was accelerated by Roosevelt, who recognized and adapted himself to the changed conditions—everything indicated the time was ripe for a change.

Then came the deluge!

Bryan, the great Commoner, won his greatest fight. He defeated Business at the Baltimore Convention; he nominated and elected Wilson; he defeated a Third Term movement. Bryan, in truth, led the common people to victory. What will 1916 bring forth for him?



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Michigan—Its Physiography

WHAT LIES BETWEEN DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

Copyright by Alfred C. Lane

Crossing the State to Chicago.

There are a number of ways by which one may reach Chicago from Detroit, but perhaps as direct as any is that of the Michigan Central Railroad. Whatever way one goes similar types of scenery will be encountered, coming in at somewhat parallel places.

Leaving Detroit by the Michigan Central, we pass over the flat lake plain nearly to Ypsilanti. Here and there are slight sand ridges which are hardly noticeable from the train. The various streams flow in quite shallow valleys fairly directly toward the lake and the railroad pays little attention to them in its course. Near Ypsilanti a change comes in the scenery. The railroad comes upon the old delta of the Huron river and then enters the valley of the Huron at Ypsilanti. Here is the State Normal College with its fine scientific hall. There have also been mineral well sand baths here, but the Ypsilanti underwear, which is the industry for which the town is perhaps most widely known, is due to the water-power there developed.

From this point on past Ann Arbor nearly to Chelsea the railroad follows the valley of the Huron. It originally followed it more closely, but the road has been improved so that now it runs in long and graceful curves. While the country will be by no means hilly as compared with New England, it offers sufficiently marked contrast to the first thirty miles. Here and there cuts may exhibit exposures of gravel or mixtures of gravel, boulders and clay known as "till" or "boulder clay." These deposits were left, not as margins of an ancient sheet of water, but as margins of the ice sheet.

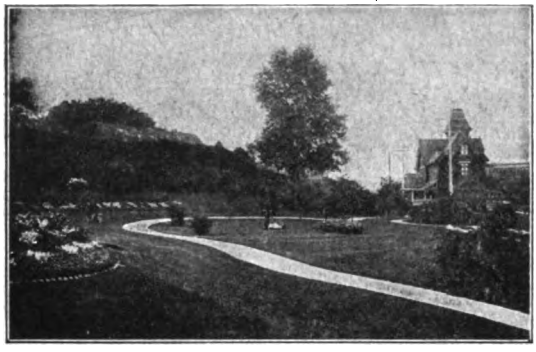
Ann Arbor is the city of the famous University of Michigan and the geology of the country immediately around and the history of the Huron river have been worked up in some detail in a folio prepared by Frank Leverett. The upper part of the Huron river is the older and has been captured and diverted from a westerly and southerly outlet as the ice and then later the waters of the great lakes receded, by streams flowing south which found a steeper grade in that direction and so were able to flow and cut back more rapidly. From Chelsea on we pass into a region across which these head waters of the upper and older Huron running from this great ice sheet once discharged, leaving vast quantities of sand which may be seen in cuts. Sometime huge masses of ice were buried in the sand plain for many years after the recession of the ice sheet as a whole, and finally melting they left curious undrained holes or pits often known as "kettles." Similar kettles may be seen forming now where glaciers in Alaska have retired. Sometimes these kettles are almost as fresh as when first formed; sometimes they are filled by lakes. Often these lakes have no outlet. The lakes are themselves becoming filled up and one may almost see from the train two examples. One is at Four Mile lake, between Delhi and Chelsea, where there is, or was, a Portland cement works. Portland cement is made here and also in numerous other places, out of a mixture of limestone, dough as it may be

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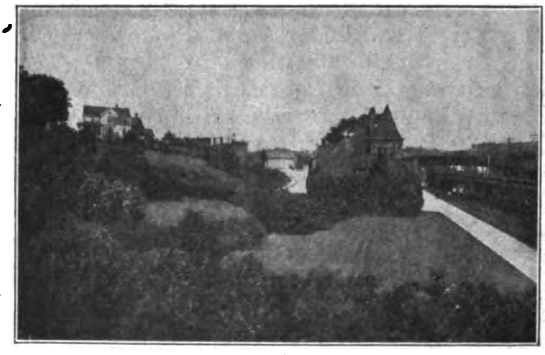
called, which is found in these lakes, and clay. These are mixed in the right proportions and then burnt. Other points where cement making may be seen in crossing from Detroit to Chicago are Holly, on the Grand Trunk; the Peninsular plant at Woodstock, Cement City, the Omega plant near Jonesville, and plants near Coldwater, Bronson and Union City. The deposit of lime is generally called shell-marl, but though fresh-water shells occur in it and occasionally also antlers of deer and other relics of animals that may have been mired, yet the vast bulk of the deposit seems to be due to the work of plants of a low order—the algea and the stonworts of the Chara family. Another lake which is generally filled with a deposit of these shell-marl or bog-lime is Grass lake near Jackson, of which a glimpse can be obtained from the train. But the "grass" from which the lake gets its name is really tall bullrush, the same which makes so much of the St. Clair flats appear like land, though it may grow in its oozy bed from a depth of four feet of water.

Another type of filling of lakes of which Michigan has so great an abundance, that we cannot fail to see, whatever route we take, is that which produces peat or bogs. This is produced by plants of a higher order, such as the sedges, and the result is a material largely carbonaceous, which may sometime have a value for fuel. Dried peat is a great absorbent and was used by Japanese surgeons as an absorbent dressing. It has also been found very valuable around stables for litter. Its greatest commercial value at present, however, is as an absorbent for slaughter-house refuse, for which purpose it is generally shipped to Chicago.

After we pass Grass lake we shall see comparatively little of lakes on this



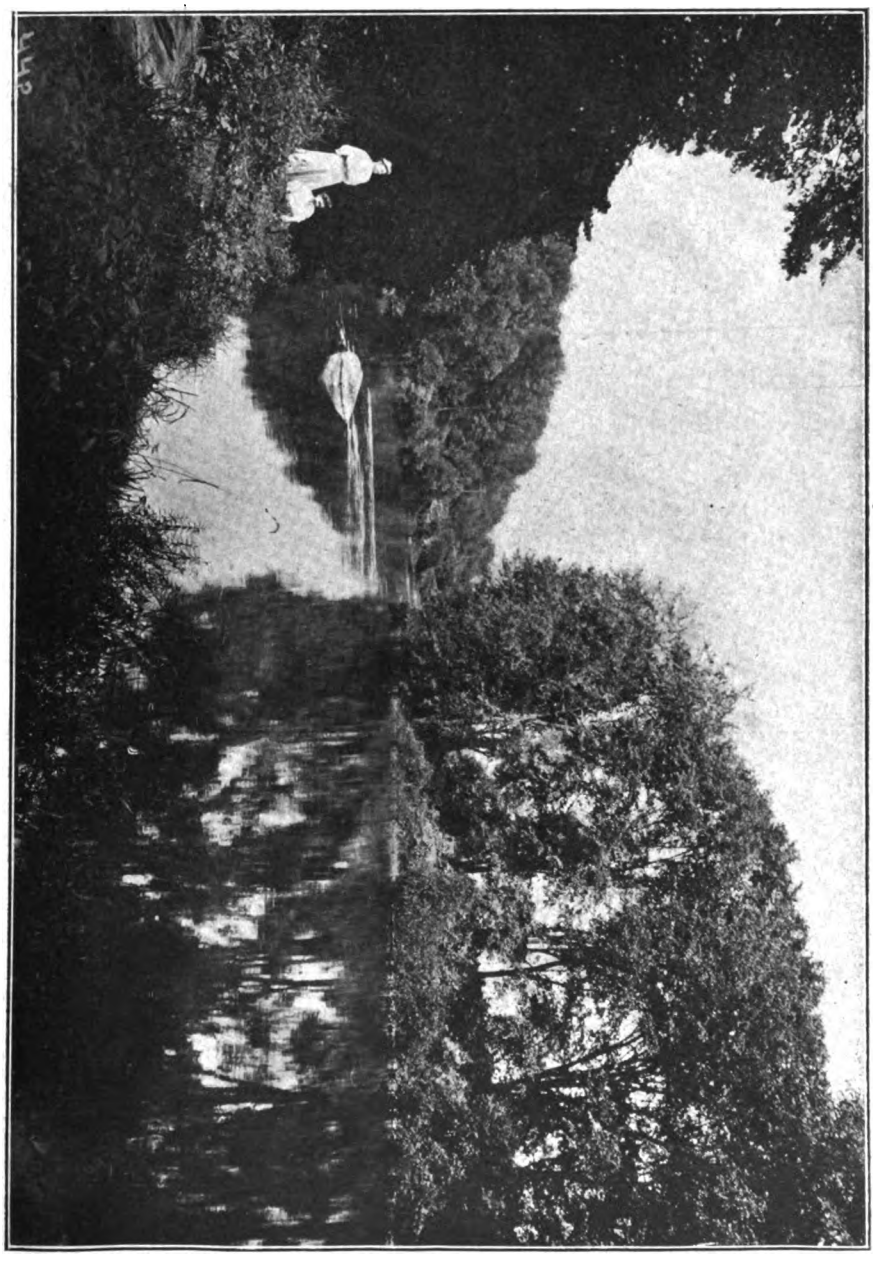
Ypsilanti



Ann Arbor

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route, for we shall most of the time from this on follow the line of outwash from the ice which wandered across Michigan, finally discharging above



Typography of Country near Ann Arbor

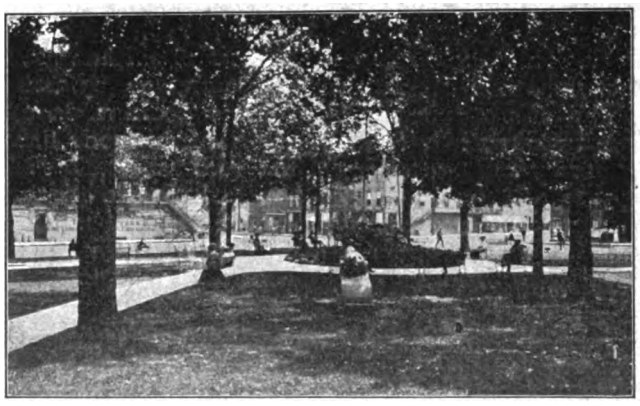
Dowagiac down into the Cancocean marsh in northern Indiana and Illinois. Around Jackson we may perhaps see some black piles of refuse from coal mines. This is the extreme limit of the coal basin of Michigan. The coal here is of considerable local importance, but is neither abundant nor of very good quality, being of iron sulphur. It was, however, the first district to develop to any great extent and helped to give Michigan coal a

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bad name which is not deserved by all means. Just as the peat is now being formed in the hills of the present land surface, so the coal seems to have formed in old sea-coast swamps, something like those around Cape Hatteras at the time it was formed, which was the last time that any considerable deposit was made in Michigan; but the great sheet of material was spread over it by the ice when the southeastern part of Michigan was out of water. We judge this for this reason, among others. Around Jackson, we find the coal here and there in troughs seemingly carved out of underlying formations. For instance, if we stop off at Jackson, about three miles southeast there is a cut which exposes limestone of the sub-carboniferous of about the same age as the St. Louis limestone of the Mississippi valley. This is also found north of town, but quite irregularly, and there is every indication that it was lifted and eroded before the coal itself was deposited. Coal formation is not very well exposed around Jackson, but on the road north to Lansing groups of sandstone may be seen underlying the state's prison.

Jackson is quite a railroad center and perhaps the presence of coal here may have done something in early days in establishing industries which attracted railroads. These made it a good rallying point and so the convention was held under the oaks at Jackson where the Republican party was organized. This is the main historical interest of the town.

Continuing along in valleys generally, which to judge from the streams which now occupy them, have usually no very great grade, we come to Battle Creek. Here the Kalamazoo river is joined by a wide valley which once carried a stream of ice and is now occupied by the relatively insignificant Battle Creek. Battle Creek is famous for its sanitarium and cereals. If some place have their history made for them by nature, others show the power of spirit over matter, and of these Battle Creek may be one. It early became a rallying point of a very religious people—the Seventh Day Adventists—and to this day the Kellogg Sanitarium is



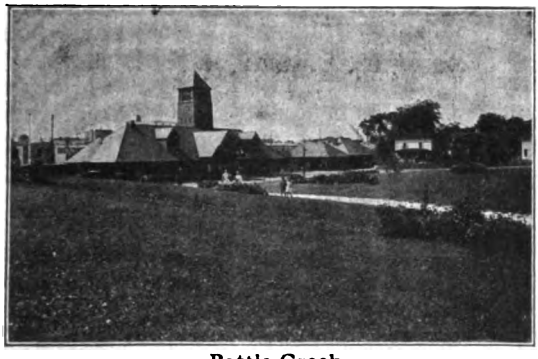
imbued with a distinctly religious atmosphere, and a quality of nursing is obtained which could not be obtained probably by money alone. Then some religious people became imbued with the idea that we eat too much meat for our spiritual good. It is indeed curious that while we hear much of the sins of intemperance in drinking, we hear comparatively little of the sins of intemperance in eating, and fasting is hardly considered a virtue now, though a careful diet and a rather meager one is often one of the remedies at Battle Creek. So from this moral point of view the general question of foods and pure foods became a subject of study. The manufacture of nut foods, cereal coffee and other such cereals was de-

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veloped. Finally it was found that these foods were a productive addition to the dietary of well folk and the manufacture of such cereal foods increased by leaps and bounds. It was taken up by people with no moral or religious interest in the matter, simply to supply the demand, and for a while, some time ago, speculation in cereal factory stock of all kinds of new productions was the regular craze.

It must not be considered, however, that this industry is the only one of this thriving town. There are very large agricultural implements and carworks, but the cereal manufacture does give the town its peculiar character more than any one thing. There is also a thriving nature-study club. This, too, is not due to any geographical phase more favorable than in any other community, but rather to the individuality of one man, Mr. Charles E. Barnes.

The next important stopping place is the city of Kalamazoo, a city of beautiful homes with a normal school and a college, and an insane asylum. It is a happy coincidence that it is known not only for its well conducted insane asylum, but also for its celery, and the other great insane asylum of the state at Newberry is also located in a town famous for its celery. The celery culture is carried on in the flat muck lands left by the filling of the lower spots in the old lines of ice margin drainage. This abundance of lakes and of low spots filled with peat or muck making excellent soil for celery and onions, is characteristic of a country where the present lines of drainage are so recent; but the system of drainage is not well organized. The last invasion of ice retired from Michigan only a relatively short time ago.



Battle Creek



Niles Station

Another characteristic and very productive crop of these low margins is peppermint.

We leave the broad valley of the Kalamazoo river before it turns north and passing through a group of marines and still following the lines of glacial outwash, which are especially good locations for railroads, being gentle in grade and relatively straight and

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lined with gravel deposits easy to cut and good for filling, we turn south to Lawton. We are now in a great grape region. W eare approaching the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, which is known as the fruit belt of Michigan. This region is exceptionally free from late or early frosts or great extremes of temperature, much more so than on the other side of the lake. The prevailing winds in this region are westerly. The weather that brings frosts is generally clear, and westerly winds are much more abundant in clear weather after a storm has passed. Now west winds, to reach this region must pass across Lake Michigan—a considerable sheet of water. In the spring they are chilled down near to the freezing point, and the lake is full of ice. They tend to prevent the too early budding of the trees, while at the same time, they are warmed up if there are nipping cold winds from the northwest. In the fall of the year the lake has been gathering all the summer heat, and the winds blowing over it from the west are thus made milder, and the probability of early frosts is lessened. Thus the isotherms, especialy those of extreme temperatures, run almost north and south from Chicago to Mackinaw clear up to Traverse Bay. Thousands of baskets of strawberries, blackberries, peaches and grapes beyond enumeration are sent to the great markets of Chicago and Milwaukee.

At New Buffalo, we come close to the lake shore, and we see the huge piles of sand blown up over the lake by these westerly winds invading the marshes. The streams here, like those of Monroe county, are sluggish, and the reason has been the same. The tilting at the north has tended to back up the water at the south end of Lake Michigan and to drown the mouths of the streams. Thus at the lower end of the river valley, the river comes into a lake which may represent the drownded part of its former valley. These lakes are, however, cut off from the great lake, instead of being deep bays or covers, as might be expected, generally by a carrier of sand which is built out across the mouth of the bay, and thus converts it into a separate lake. Sometimes, in case of storm, the barrier was continuous and the water filtered its way through the sand into the great lake, or piled up until finally it surmounted the barrier and broke a channel through, cutting this down nearly to the level of Lake Michigan. Then another big storm would close it up, and the same process would be repeated.

The larger lakes are now, however, in most cases, connected by dredged channels, which are protected by long piers or jetties from being filled up by the shifting sand. These make excellent harbors, and a row of them will be found all the way from New Buffalo to Frankfort. Near this point they cease; why, is another story.

The southern end of Lake Michigan is almost typical for the study of dunes and has been made classic by the researches of the professors of Chicago University. Not all the dunes are of recent formation, nor were they formed when the great lakes were at their present level. Some of them were made when it was at a higher level and are no longer moving slowly before the wind, but have been fixed by the growth of vegetation.

At New Buffalo we have to leave the field of our especial study. The rest of the way to Chicago is over a former extension of Lake Michigan, which has been called Lake Chicago. The plain is as flat as that around Detroit, diversified only by occasional ridges of this old lake, which are at times somewhat duny. This lake is drained off south through the recently reopened Chicago outlet. In this great work, man has been working with nature. If the tilting, of which we have spoken, had kept on long enough, the waters would naturally have found their way through this outlet as they did once before. It is obvious that the reopening of this outlet will stop the draining action. What the effect of the tilting will then be, will be the same as now in the northern parts of the Great Lake basin, and as we shall see in our trips in the northern end of the lower peninsula.

(To be continued.)

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A Buffalo Hunt.

by ELMER STONE.

"We are nearing the river," said the hunter as he noticed an mbungutwa tree for the first time during the day's march.

"Yes," said Mtali, the native tracker. "I hear the voice of a riverbird."

"Just then they crossed the spoor of a buffalo. It was an enormous track, nearly as big as a soup-plate, and the rain of a few days back had washed the edges in, showing it to be old. As they went on they noticed the same track, of various ages, crossing and recrossing; evidently the track of an old solitary bull, who for the last few weeks must have been grazing by day on the higher ground, and coming down nightly to drink at the river.

As the sun was getting low, they came to an enormous baobab tree with a patch of bare ground round it; a good camping-ground, as by the green reeds they knew the river must be close at hand. The tired carriers laid down their loads and set up the tent; Tayari, the cook, conjured up a fire in the twinkling of an eye, set three stones about it, to rest the pot on, and began to brew a most savory-smelling broth of a guinea-fowl, killed on the march, a handful of barley, and a few potatoes. At the critical juncture the hunter added pepper, salt, and sauce, with his own hand; some more stirring and it was served up; dough maide of maize-flour, and a cup of cocoa, completed the meal. Then drawing up to the camp-fire and lighting his pipe, the hunter's thoughts went back to the spoor he had seen that day. "I should like to meet with that fellow," he said to himself.

Meanwhile, old Njati was forcing his way through the thick spear-grass for his evening drink, nibbling at any sufficiently tempting shoots he came across on the way. Having reached the bank, he stood for fully ten minutes, sniffing the air for any scent of danger; and when he had satisfied himself that all was clear, he cautiously made his way down into the river and took a long drink, raising his head at intervals to repeat the same precautions. After this, he turned round, waded out on to the bank again, and began slowly wending his way up-stream, grazing off the fresh, green grass near the river, as that farther off was dead.

He had been doing this every night for some weeks now, visiting different parts of the river; and towards dawn, when the breeze changed to the north, he would go up-wind to the pastures away from the river which he favored during the daytime, and where there were certain mud-holes he knew about, as well as thick cover in which to lie up in the middle of the day. As he wandered along, he would frequently pause to listen and scent for danger, especially on entering and leaving the more crackly patches of stiff reed.

On one of these occasions he noticed a faint smell of smoke, which he recognized at once as the smell of a wood-fire, and not that of burning grass. Strolling on, he presently became aware of a most offensive odor blended with the smoke, which he had seldom come across before, but had good cause to remember; it was the smell of that biped who had loose skin on his body, and whose cry, when disturbed, was "Damn! Damn!" The grass had died and grown again, and the rains had come and gone eight times since he had seen one of these beings; and then it had made thunder come out of a stick and stung him in the shoulder. After that, when he was feeling unwell, it had followed him two whole days before he had got clear of it.

Now, of all the big jungle-folk the buffalo is the acutest, and of all the buffalo Njati was most full of guile. A young bull on recognizing this smell would have turned round and stampeded for about ten miles, when he would have felt tired, lain down, and forgotten all about it. Njati, however, knowing that man suffered from a kind of torpor dur-

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ing the night, and was then practically innocuous, pushed on up-wind, and after half a mile his quick eye caught the twinkle of a fire. Stealthily he made his way to the edge of the bare ground near the baobab, took a good look at the little camp and then leisurely strolled off. "I will take them such a trek," thought he to himself, as he made his way down to the river and waded across to the other side. "First of all, I will take them through this prickly spear-grass, then craft. At one place he went down the bank, and so across again."
across the river again, down the other bank into the water, trampling the mud to make it look as if he had crossed, and then gently came back again on the same side in the dead reeds where his tracks would not show. Several times he followed his old spoor of a day or two back for some distance, doubling, twisting and turning, till, after a final maneuver opposite the place where he had drunk early in the evening, he said to himself: "Now I think it would be better for my health if I trek off, and spend the next few weeks in the neighborhood of the big river down in the plains." So off he went and never stopped till he had covered a trifling matter of forty miles.

With the red glow of dawn the little camp was astir; and Mtali, who had gone off to get water, came rushing back, calling out, "Master, the big buffalo has been here during the night!"

Off went the hunter without waiting for breakfast, taking Mtali and old Chindebvu with him. They crossed the river waist-deep, and assiduously followed the tracks for several hours. When they came on the old tracks they smiled, and thought, "He doesn't catch us like this;" where Njati, pretending to cross, had doubled back, the practiced eye detected a spot of mud among the reeds. Then they followed the tracks down into the river, where Njati had entered opposite his drinking-place, and crossing over found fresh tracks going up the opposite bank, or, rather, what they took to be fresh tracks, for Njati, with master cunning, had purposely entered opposite where he had waded out after his evening drink, and had left the river again in a much less obvious place.

After they had followed these tracks a short way, something about them making the hunter suspicious, he stooped down and felt them with his hand. "The sun is hot now," said Mtali, but in a rather half-hearted voice. From many long journeys together these three understood each other perfectly, although one was white and the other two were of widely different tribes, and in matters of this sort seldom found it necessary to resort to articulate speech. It was odd, they thought, that the animal should be heading back to camp. As they continued, without uttering a word, each knew the doubt that was rising up in the minds of the others; and presently Chindebvu silently pointed to where the animal had been browsing. They each plucked a bit of the bitten grass, examined it closely, and then went on in silence, for the sap of the bruised grass was already dry. At last the hunter said, "We will eat food when we get to camp, and then go out again."

It was now about noon, and presently the baobab hove in sight, and as the hunter sat down to the food that the skillful Tayari seemed always to have ready for him at whatever time he returned, he thought, "I am glad to get breakfast, and I am glad that magnificent buffalo has got away, but I should like to have had a glimpse of him."

After his meal he said to the two trackers, "It must have been the last time we crossed the river." They grunted an affirmative in two different keys. "Shall we go straight back there?" Again came the grunts of acquiescence.

Now, a buffalo, as a rule, does not cover much ground in a day, as he wanders about in a very leisurely way, frequently resting, and about ten o'clock he looks for thick cover to lie up in till the sun is well on the decline. The hunter therefore still hoped he might find him taking his siesta, or wallowing in a mud pool afterwards, and the little party returned as fast as they could to where they had last crossed the river.

Opposite where Njati had entered there was only one practicable landing-place, and the only tracks here were those they had followed before, and which they discovered, on inspecting the place more carefully, were of the same

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age as those where he had descended for his drink.

Where had he gone now? He had certainly entered the river opposite, but had not landed here; and all the rest of the banks, above and below, were too steep to ascend. Mtali took one side of the river, and Chindebvu and the hunter took the other, and so they slowly worked their way down stream; and after covering five or six hundred yards, they were about to turn round and try up stream, when they came on the spoor again. Old Njati had waded down this distance in the water, and then, instead of choosing an easy sloping bank to climb out on, had clambered up a steep, hard bit.

After this, although the tracking was simple and straightforward, they soon recognized the hopelessness of following, as they saw that old Njati was on trek, the spoor going ahead without waiting to feed by the way, and, worst sign of all, down-wind—which meant that the old fellow expected danger from behind, and consequently there would be no possibility of getting near him. However, they pushed on till dusk, and then reluctantly had to admit themselves beaten and turn back. After making their way so far as they could in the dark, they found a sheltered spot, lit a fire, and sat down to wait for the moon to rise.

II.

Now Njati went down to the big river, and having come here he traveled down the bank for three days and suffered much hunger by the way, for this was not the season for the grazing of the big river. The sun was hot and burnt his back, and there was no green grass; moreover, all the bango reed was dead and burnt. After a while he came to a stream which met the big river, and following it up he found a swamp. Much of this had dried up, but there were still parts where the reeds were green, and also grass, but of an inferior quality. Here he maintained himself till the rains came and it was time to go into the hills.

With the first rains the green grass sprang up juicy and sweet, and he lingered at the foot of the hills till the heavy rains came and the grassy places were under water. Then he climbed up the steep sides, and came to the rolling valleys, up and down which he wandered for a while. Here, too, was a sheltered place under the side of a rock to lie in, and at other times the leeward of certain trees and the bamboo brake to protect him from the wind. Thus the rains passed, and he descended to the plains again, and the burning of the grass found him once more in his old haunt by the Mpuzi stream, where we first made his acquaintance.

The years went on, and Njati was growing infirm. His knees were weak, and he could not travel so far nor so fast; he lay down often, and so fed less, and could not wander in search of the best grazing. His eyer were dim, his senses failing, and the food no longer tasted good to him; he no longer could climb the hills nor visit the swamps, and his change of grounds lay only between the Mpuzi and the big river.

It so happened that about this time the hunter came down from the north, where he had been hunting ivory, and arrived at the waters of the great river. Here he camped, intending to cross the next day; but, going out in search of something for dinner, Mtali, who was with him, struck the spoor and signed to his master to come and see.

"What is it?" said the hunter.

"It is he of the Mpuzi," answered the tracker.

"Perhaps yesterday," said the hunter.

The eye of the native travelled up the spoor and caught the bowed head of a thirsty plant, which had been trodden down by Njati in passing; and an examination of this showed that he must have passed a couple of days ago. They followed up the spoor for some distance, and by the manner of its going judged that he was changing grazing-grounds, and by the direction that he must be returning to the Mpuzi. Having come to this conclusion they returned to camp. Two days later they were again camped under the baobab tree, and the following day, at dawn, the party set off along the banks of the river, and after a long search they came on the spoor.

The sun had now passed the third time of prayer, and the chances were that they would not come up with him that day. However they forged ahead, and soon came to some grassy uplands, where old

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Njati had wandered during the day and rested often. Judging that he would lie up on the further side, instead of wasting time here, they crossed to the bush, and making a cast they had the fortune to hit on his tracks.

"He now wants to lie down," said Chindebvu, noticing where the buffalo had stopped and tried a piece of ground by kneeling; but it evidently was not suitable, as he had got up again and gone on.

Presently the tracks, which had been going steadily up wind, turned at a slight angle. A buffalo, when he has selected a lying-up place, generally makes a detour to reach it, finally approaching it from the windward side, so that he may be able to wind anyone following on his tracks.

The party took the precaution to leave the spoor at this juncture, and after moving at right angles to it for a little way, opened out at a distance one from the other, and proceeded up wind through the possible lying-up place. Although they had taken this precaution, it seemed so certain that the buffalo must have moved on again after his midday halt,—the afternoon being well advanced,—that they pressed on hastily through the bush country without due caution, so anxious were they not to waste time. Njati must be now well on his way to his evening grazing-ground, they thought; but as in war so in hunting, the unexpected always happens.

Old Chindebvu on the right of the line had just passed a thick clump of thorn, when there was a bellow and a beat of hoofs, and, forgetting his age, he clambered up a miniature thorn-tree with the agility of a baboon, and was perching on the topmost twigs, like some strange kind of bird, while Njati pounded underneath in a cloud of dust. The hunter caught a glimpse of the flying form and massive horns, and aiming well forward delivered a rapid shot. In another moment the bush had swallowed up the animal, and there was only the sound of his galloping hoofs growing fainter in the distance.

Slowly and solemnly Chindebvue descended from his perch, ignoring the gibes of Mtali, and sitting upon the ground became engrossed in the study of chiropody. This operation finished, they got to the spoor again, and soon a drop of frothy blood showed them that the buffalo had been hit in the lungs, but, remembering the angle at which the shot had been fired, the hunter feared that only one lung had been penetrated,—as proved to be the case, for an hour later the animal was still going strongly, though limping slightly on one leg; and as he was going down wind there was no hope of their coming up with him that night.

About an hour before sunset they arrived at a mud pool whither the buffalo had gone to wallow, drink, and plaster his wound; and, by the way the mud had settled, they judged he must have passed half an hour or more before them. As here at least was water, they resolved to pass the night at this place. The water-bottle had been untouched since leaving the river, but now that there was a chance of refilling it, it was called into use. The remainder of their luggage was the hunter's much battered canteen, a native axe, and a strip of biltong. This comprised all the necessary impedimenta for a luxurious bivouac.

The hunter wandered off with his gun, which Mtali had been carrying. The latter now picked a few reeds growing in the pool, and, choosing a good place, laid them carefully down, crossing and recrossing them at the bottom of the shallow pool to keep the mud down and to allow comparatively clean water to be taken off the top without stirring up the sediment. Meanwhile Chindebvu, taking the axe, had cut down a few long straight saplings, and choosing two suitable trees planted a couple in the ground between them and lashed the remainder across.

While all this was in progress a couple of shots were heard, and presently the hunter returned with a brace of guinea-fowl. All hands then set themselves to bring in bundles of long grass, and, with strips of bark of the saplings, these were lashed into the framework, making a wall to protect them from the wind. Dead branches were collected, a few more saplings cut down for firewood, and a fire was soon made to leeward of the wall. The birds were cut open, cleaned, and cooked spatched-cock fashion in a cleft stick, the end of which was sharpened and ctuck into the ground near the

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fire, and turned when necessary.

The canteen was now opened and revealed its contents; they belied its disreputable-looking exterior, for here, neatly packed away, were a small tin of cocoa sufficient to make one pint, a little bottle of saccharine, some salt and pepper, two biscuits, a little bottle of quinine, a spare box of matches,—and something long, carefully wrapped up in silver paper. The birds and the cocoa were both excellent. Grass was thrown upon the fire to give a light, while they arranged little piles of wood with which to feed it during the night; there were placed within arm's reach, as it is tedious to get up to replenish the fire. Two thick poles hed been cut down, and there were placed with their butts in the fire, so that as their ends were consumed they could be pushed farther in.

Everything having been made snug for the night, the hunter cleaned his rifle, reloaded it and laid it by his side, and then drew forth the silver packet, which being unwrapped disclosed a cigar of choice brand. In a hard life of camping and traveling, far from civilization, luxuries have to be reduced to a minimum in bulk and weight, and the hunter's selection of the only luxury that he allowed himself was the result of careful deliberation; for a few boxes of cigars do not weigh much, and yet every single cigar enabled him to finish off a rough hunter's meal in exactly the same way as the most gorgeous of London's dinners would have terminated.

With the scent of good tobacco in the air, the hard ground and frugal fare seemed less real than the scenes of a different life which flitted before his imagination; and so, heaping up the fire, he lies back with his hand clutching the rifle at his side, and dreams of fair faces and gay cities intermingled with enormous tuskers waiting to be killed by a rifle which will never go off, till a cold chill creeps over him, and he awakes to pile up the fire and to sleep once more.

III.

The false dawn saw the hunter sitting by the fire, and gathering the scattered embers wherewith to brew a cup of cocoa, while the natives toasted little pieces of biltong on shapened sticks.

By the time the surrounding objects began to assume definite form the water-bottle had been refilled, and they started off again on the track of old Njati. The blood-spoor had now stopped, all but a tiny clot now and again on a twig or branch crossing the way. After going some way they came to a shallow mullah containing a dry watercourse bordered by a stiff cane-brake, a likely place for a buffalo to be lying up in. As it would have been unwise to follow the tracks in here down wind they made a long detour to approach the place quietly from the opposite side; and here they found outgoing tracks which showed clearly that Njati had again moved on. There was fresh blood on the spoor, which was curious, as for the last hour there had been no vestige of any. They had not gone far before the hunter stooped down and picked up a little wisp of clotted hair. He examined it critically, and then passed it on to his companions, who uttered exclamations of surprise, for it contained the black and white hairs from a lion's mane.

Retracing their steps to the cane-brake, they entered and saw the whole story written upon the ground, for those to read who could. Here was the stealthy tread of the lion's pugs, short of stride, as he crept towards his prey, sometimes dragging his stomach along the ground, now the crouch ready to spring, with the impress of the animal's form on the ground, and the marks where the claws, shot out ready for the grip, had torn up the grass; and there, ten yards distant, was where the buffalo had been lying, and, getting the alarm just in time, had staggered to his feet, and the signs of the mighty conflict, his hoof-marks ploughing up the ground as with a mighty heave he had thrown his antagonist clear of him, to slink off with a wounded side, as the bleeding tracks of the lion showed. After the fight old Njati had moved on, growing weaker at every step, till, finding a patch of dead grass, he passed through, and lay down on the farther side so as to hear any one approaching through the grass.

As the sun mounted overhead he longed for water, and thought of the cool valleys of the hills, and then again of the swamps during the first rains. The heat-haze of the parched country burnt into

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his eyes, and he rested his head on the hot, bare soil, as it seemed to have grown too heavy to hold up. Suddenly, however, he heard a rustle of grass, and turning his head he saw his enemy standing near with the thunder-stick in his hand. Tottering to his feet he gave a fierce snort and tried to charge the intruder. The hunter raised his rifle to his shoulder,—but before he could fire the magnificent beast fell with a crash, and lay convulsively kicking with his hoofs; and then, with a long-drawn sigh, old Njati passed away, and started on the long trek to the grazing-grounds of the spirit buffaloes.

The hunter stood regretfully looking down at the noble beast, whose horns were scarred and chipped with many a fight. The idea of seeing this fine animal converted into joints of meat seemed repulsive to him, and as Mtali came running forward, knife in hand, he waived him back. As he turned to go a swift shadow passed over the ground, and breaking off some branches he placed them reverently over the massive head, to keep away the vultures, and then silently wended his way back to camp.

"Truly are the white men mad," said Mtali to the little group around the camp fire that night.

Old Chindebvu raked in the embers with a stick, and after a thoughtful pause said: "How may you, a young man, know what is in the heart of the white man?"

"But there was all that meat left lying in the bush," complained Mtali, turning to Tayari for consolation.

After another profound pause, Chindebvu said: "The white man is strong,—the white man is brave,—the white man is fierce,—but what medicine does he make to become thus? He does not eat the heart of the lion, nor does he wear a necklace of the hair of his enemies. Surely, to-day he has made some great medicine, and you, a young man, cannot know the medicine of the white man."

"Nevertheless, shall I go to-morrow and fetch some of the meat?" said Mtali, sulkily.

"Chindebvu," called the hunter, "we trek to-morrow at dawn for the big river."

Personal Opinions on Current Events

American Federation of Labor Says McNamara Offense Was a Social Crime.

"The McNamara offense was a social crime. Thinking people, who were made to realize the poisonous, miasmic influences corrupting the atmosphere of industrial life, were well-nigh overwhelmed by the weight of collective responsibility devolving upon them as a result of the existence of such conditions. The McNamaras were either criminally insane or insanely criminal—either condition due to imperfect education, incomplete education or defective mentality. In any case, society is responsible for not remedying the conditions. What concerns labor and society generally is preventive measures and human betterment, so that life and working conditions may be pure, wholesome and clean. Those infected by deadly social poisons due to social neglect are the heritage of our own aims and those of our fathers."

Pulpit Talks to Detroit Citizens.

Rev. J. A. Vance—I believe the Almighty cares little for the prayers of the man who turns the land over to the grafters on election day.

Rev. J. P. Huget—It is every man's duty to find the truth and to be loyal to it when he understands it.

Rev. J. M. Skinner—It is not the duty of the minister to introduce politics, but there are broad principles which he should place before the people for their guidance.

Rev. W. B. Forbush—The country would be fairly safe under any of the candidates, but the city is the danger point in America.

Rev. M. Lee Grant—Votes for women will not be a panacea for all political ills, but it will be a long step forward.

Rev. W. R. Fruit—The gang leader and the self-seeker should be discarded for the upright citizen who will live up to his responsibilities.

What to Do With Our Ex-Presidents, Answered by Bryan.

"The question is often asked, 'What shall we do with our ex-presidents?' Now that we

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soon will have two ex-presidents and two ex-vice-presidents, it might be worth while to consider what means could be employed to utilize their experience and accumulated information. It seems to me that the nation might avail itself of their services and at the same time afford them a dignified means of keeping in communication with the public.

"It has occurred to me that both these ends could be attained by a law giving an ex-president the privileges of the floor in both the senate and house with permission to take part in debate, without, of course, the privilege of voting or serving on committees. The retiring vice-president should be given these privileges on the floor of the senate under the same limitations, and I see no reason why they should not be accorded to an ex-speaker of the house if he retires from congress."

Absurd to War on Trust, Says Mrs. Martha Strickland Clark, Lawyer and Suffragist.

"It is absurd philosophically, untrue historically, and impossible scientifically to talk of abolishing the trusts or big business corporations, for they form a part of economic evolution which is in the very nature of progress.

"No great cause was ever advanced by violence or furthered by iconoclasm.

"Under the present scheme of things, thousands of women must work or starve, and I do not advocate their starving; but I believe in the protection of wifehood and motherhood and I believe that to be a mother is something more than bringing a child into the world. It is to have enough strength, enthusiasm and power to care for him with all her best faculties until he is equipped in mind and body for the life battle.

"Let us use our ballot to take the children out of the factories and put them into the schools and playgrounds; let us use it to carry into the governmental conscience the importance of the family, to restore the wage-earner to that family at the end of his day, not fagged with work so that he thinks only of a meal and a bed, but that he may have life left for recreation and recuperation.

"Let us use it to cut out, by a minimum wage, the competition of women with men."

Cardinal Gibbons Scorns Pessimistic Forebodings.

"It is the habit of pessimistic prophets to predict that our government will soon come to an end, and that it is already in the throes of dissolution, and the disaster is sure to occur if their favorite candidate is defeated. These prophecies are usually more frequent on the eve of a presidential election. I have been listening to these dire prognostications for over half a century.

"But in every instance the American people wake up on the morning after election to find that they were disquieted by false alarms and that the government is transacting its business in the same quiet and orderly manner as before.

"By a wise provision of the constitution of the United States political authority is not concentrated in one individual, or in one department of the administration, but is judiciously distributed so that the balance of power may be preserved. Our general government consists of the executive, the legislative and the judicial branches. If anything goes wrong with any one of these departments, the evil is checked by the other two, and usurpation of power is prevented. There is an habitual jealousy among these branches. They are on the alert, zealously watching one another, so that no one branch may exceed its legitimate bounds. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Has Survived Severe Strain.

"Two momentous crises occurred in my own day which were well calculated to test the vitality and strength of the Republic. The first was the war between the states, when the nation was cut in twain, when fratricidal blood was shed over the land and a tremendous conflict was carried on for four years. This calamity has happily ended, and the dismembered states are now more firmly united than ever before, because slavery, which was the bone of contention, has been removed once and forever.

"The second crisis occurred in the presidential contest in 1876 between Tilden and Hayes. Mr. Tilden was robbed of the fruit of the victory which, I believe, he honestly won, and by questionable devices. Mr. Hayes was declared the successful candidate.

"A nation that could survive these terrible strains must be possessed of extraordinary vitality and resources, and leads us to hope that in any future emergency the leaders and statesmen of the Republic will rise to the occasion and bring order out of chaos."

Statement of ownership, management, etc., of The Gateway, published monthly at Detroit, Mich., as required by Act of August 24, 1912:

Editor and Managing Editor, John F. Hogan; President, Charles T. Wilkins; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles S. Seidel; Manager, John F. Hogan, all of Detroit, Mich.; Publisher, The Gateway Publishing Company; Owners, John F. Hogan, Charles T. Wilkins, Charles S. Seidel. No bondholders, mortgagees or other security holders. John F. Hogan, Manager.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 23d day of October, 1912. Arthur E. Lewis, Notary Public. My commission expires August 21, 1915. (Seal.)

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

"The Garden of Allah" has just finished an eight weeks' engagement at the Auditorium Theater, Chicago, to receipts exceeding $200,000. This is without question a record for any attraction performed at less than grand opera prices.

* * *

Madame Simone has just begun rehearsals of a new play written for her by Louis N. Parker, the author of "Disraeli" and "Pomander Walk." Madam Simone, on her arrival, reiterated her promise to divide the time she spends on the stage equally between French engagements at the national theaters in Paris, and English-speaking tours of America. She brought over with her twenty-two trunks full of new gowns, and stated that there was not a single freakish dress in the lot.

* * *

Robert Loraine declares that his present tour of America in Shaw's "Man and Superman" marks his last appearance in this most brilliant of all Shawian comedies, and that, in all probability, he will not be able to return to America again for many years to come. He is now established as a London actor-manager, and has contracted to produce on a very large scale. As it is, he says his present plans will give him all he can do for several seasons to come.

* * *

As had been antiicipated, George Arliss repeated his great New York success in "Disraeli' 'in Boston. He will probably remain in that city until after the new year.

* * *

Bonci, the tenor, sang into a graphophone the other day for the Columbia people and all he got was $100,000 for six selections from "Martha," "Boheme" and other operas. Even if the records last till the year 2,000, Bonci, the tenor, will not get another cent for singing into the graphophone. These singers ought to have a union, or something, to enable them to get a living wage for their wares.

* * *

William Winter, long regarded as the "dean of American critics," emerged from retirement temporarily that he might make public his opinion of the Century Theater production of "The Daughter of Heaven." Mr. Winter's letter to the producers of Pierre Loti's famous Chinese spectacular drama reads in part: "I have seen every important spectacle displayed in America during the last sixty years, and I think 'The Daughter of Heaven' is superior to anything of the kind I ever saw."

* * *

About the holidays Mme. Simone, who is to appear in a new play by Louis N. Parker and D. Devere Stackpole, and the Irish Players who have added several plays to their repertoire, will return to this country. Lady Gregory's band will be reinforced by the addition of Maire O'Niell, their talented leading lady, who was unable to accompany them last season on account of illness.

At approximately the same time John Barrymore will be seen in "Cooper Hoyt Inc.," a comedy by Hugh Ford, general stage director for the Liebler Co., and Richard Bennett will make his stellar debut in a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "The Fourth Estate."

* * *

Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Boston are the cities that are to see "The Garden of Allah' 'this fall and winter.

* * *

A stage-children's school is project-

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ed in connection with the Children's Theater, New York.

* * *

Twelve Chinese dancing girls, the first to be imported to this country, will participate in the performance of "The Daughter of Heaven." A New York daily referred to these dancers as "Chinese chickens," of the Cochin China variety. Why not Oriental squabs?

* * *

Madeleine Louis, formerly leading lady for William Hodge in "The Man From Home," has the part of Rose Maylie in the allstar "Oliver Twist" this season.

The cables report that Marie Doro, who is to appear in the title role of "Oliver Twist" this season, has made arrangements with Sir George Alexander to star his London theater next summer.

* * *

Two English leading men, well known in this country, are to appear with the all-English company to enact "The New Sin" in this country. They are Cyril K. Keightley, who was leading man for Billie Burke in "Love Watches," and Julian L'Estrange, who has acted in a similar capacity for Simone, Maxine Elliott, Gertrude Elliott and also for Billie Burke.



On the Book Shelf

by CRITIC

Roger Pocock, whose latest book, *A Man in the Open,* has been acclaimed a genuine masterpiece of fiction, wrote his first volume of fiction several years ago while confined in a hospital.

Although *The Sign at Six* is a vivid portrayal of New York City life, the author, Stewart Edward White, is a Californian, and most of the book was written while Mr. White was camping in the mountains.

By novelizing *The Woman,* the great Belasco-DeMille play, Albert Payson Terhune has demonstrated that dramatic literature can be made interesting book literature, provided it is given proper treatment.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, whose latest mystery novel, *The Secret of Lonesome Cove,* has just been published, was graduated from Hamilton College. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society and the Alpho Delta Phi fraternity.

In his rollicking novel, *The Jingo,* George Randolph Chester asserts that women's extravagance in dress is the backbone of commercial prosperity. The men who pay the bills would probably be content with less prosperity.

Before writing her idyllic novel, *The Marshal,* Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews went carefully over every inch of the ground which figures in the story.

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Consequently there not inaccuracies of description in the book.

Readers of *The Master of Mysteries* are having lots of enjoyment in their efforts to find the key to the ciphers which will disclose the author's name and his reason for concealing it.

Charles Tenney Jackson, author of *The Midlanders,* was formerly a newspaper writer. Now he spends much of his time on a houseboat in southern Louisiana, where he does his literary work.

When Will Irwin was investigating the methods of mediums, fortune-tellers and other psychics he received valuable aid from an ex-medium of San Francisco. This woman figures as Rosalie LaGrange in Mr. Irgin's new novel, *The Red Button.*

Is Maria Thompson Daviess a suffragette? This is a question which has arisen since the publication of her charming little book, *The Elected Mother.*

Hilare Belloc, author of *The Four Men,* is an Englishman of French extraction. He has been elected several times as a member of the House of Commons.

No man in America is better known than Robert J. Burdette, lecturer and humorist. He has succeeded to a remarkable degree in injecting his own personality into the pages of *Old Time and Young Tom.*

MacGrath Plans Trip.

Now that Harold MacGrath's latest novel, *The Place of Honeymoons,* has been published, the Syracuse author has again turned his attention to globe-trotting and is planning another tour of the world. He has already visited every continent and most of the countries of the world and is as much at home in Bagdad or Moscow as he is in New York.

"There is no denying the fact that I am possessed of the wanderlust," he said recently, and I am never so happy as when packing my trunks with the prospects of a long voyage before me. I have encountered discomforts and annoyances during my travels, and have had a few real adventures, but I have learned to make the best of things without losing patience.

"When I first began globe-trotting I found it difficult to put up with the inconveniences which one encounters in many countries, but now they don't bother me a bit. The old adage, 'When in Rome do as the Romans do,' should be strictly borne in mind not only in Rome, but in every part of the world.

"Yes, I am going to circle the earth again, though just when I shall start I can't say at present. However, it will be soon. My real object is pleasure, not work, but it is quite probable that I will get some ideas for another book while I am away."

Mrs. Rhinehart's New Home.

One of the finest suburban homes in the vicinity of Pittsburgh is that belonging to Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of *Where There's a Will* and a long list of other novels. Mrs. Rinehart formerly lived in Allegheny, but she always cherished the desire to own a country home. A year ago she purchased an estate at Sewickley and immediately remodeled the house which stood on it, to suit her own ideas.

The house is now finished in Georgian style, and while it has all the charm and atmosphere of the older houses, it is equipped with every modern convenience. The grounds contain fifty acres, and a brook, spanned by rustic bridges, runs through them.

While living in Pittsburgh Mrs. Rinehart found it impossible to do her literary wark at home, and was compelled to maintain an office in a building downtown, but her new home is ideal for literary work and most of her latest story, *Where There's a Will,* was written there.

The Marshal.

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illustrated by Andre Castaigne. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Lofty in theme, strong in plot, ideal in setting, marked by a literary quality far above the average. "The Marshal,"

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by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, takes its place among the works of fiction that will live longer than an hour, a day or a season. It is written throughout in a beautiful minor key, appealing to the finer emotions, yet never degenerating into sentimentalism. Mock heroics and melodrama have no place in its makeup, though it deals with men who are fearless in their struggle for the cause they think just. It is romance, pure and undefiled, which rests on an historical fact is never projected in a pedantic way, but rather reveals itself hand in hand with the story.

It is a story of France—The France of the Napoleons, and the idea on which the whole plot is based, that of unswerving loyalty to a cause that seems lost, is one that makes a universal appeal. When that loyalty attaches itself to a family so popular as subjects a romance as are the Bonapartes, and then the person embodying that loyalty is a fascinating, lovable young man, interest and sympathy are given the reader without reserve.

Then the plot is compounded of love and adventure, the two most popular ingredients; but there is woven through it much of the peaceful life of rural France both among the peasants and among people of position. The beautiful family relations that exist in both ranks, and of friends both old and young, furnish many beautiful pictures and give an atmosphere to the whole that is delightful to breathe.

Miss Daviess Fulfills a Prophecy.

When Maria Thompson Davies, the Nashville author, whose new book, *The Melting of Molly,* has put thousands of American readers in a good humor during the past three months, was an art student in Paris, she became acquainted with an American miniature painter who had lived in Paris for many years. This woman took a great interest in Miss Daviess and her work, and gave her much valuable help. One day, while visiting Miss Daviess, she chanced to pick up a manuscript which the young student had written during her spare moments. It was a series of little sketches of student life which bubbled over with fun and good naturedly satirized various members of the American art colony.

"My dear," said the older artist to Miss Daviess, "never let me hear you worry again about your artistic career. Even though you may never achieve world-wide fame as a painter, you have a firm grasp on a sister art which should prove far more remunerative. You can write, and in a way, too, that will win you a large audience, for you are a born humorist."

A few days ago Miss Daviess had a letter from her old friend:

"What did I tell you?" she wrote. "You have fulfilled my prophecy. A copy of *The Melting of Molly* fell into my hands through a friend who has rerently returned from New York. I read it and re-read it, and I rejoice in the fact that your store of humor has never dwindled. You are accomplishing far more good in the world by painting word pictures of the bright side of life, than you would had you confined yourself to the paint-brush."



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Long Distance Rules

"I never worked in a department store," said the toll room girl, "but with all their tickets and checks and routine, they probably haven't any more thorough system than we have in the long distance telephone office. We have a rule for everything and we have to learn the rules in a regular school room with desks and blackboards and examinations, and when we have learned the rules, we have to live up to them.

"You know there are three branches to long distance work: recording, line operating, and switching. Each is a separate vocation and is done at a different kind of switchboard.

"Our switchboards are no larger than writing desks, for there are only a few lines in each one. We have comfortable swivel chairs with backs and foot rail, and best of all, we have good light and ventilation, and quiet. There is less noise in the toll room on a busy day than in an average business office.

"The recorders are the girls who answer when patrons call for 'Long Distance.' The long distance calls are assigned to them in rotation. The first rule of recording is to let the patron put in his call in his own way, before asking for details. This is more courteous and prevents some patrons from getting rattled. The first thing the recorder wants to know, however, is the name and the telephone number of the patron, what the postman calls the return address. Then, if any interruption or misunderstanding occurs, the same recorder can call the patron back. She immediately tests with the local operator to be sure that she has understood the patron's number. The recorder then fills out a ticket with all the necessary details, name, street address and telephone address of called party, whether ticket is 'Collect' or 'appointment with time,' whether party will talk to any other person at the address given than the one named, the time of placing the call, a serial number and her own number. Then she tells the patron that the line operator for the city wanted will call him, and she proceeds to put the ticket into a carrier and shoots it to the proper line operator. Our ticket carriers differ from cash and bundle carriers because we don't have to put the tickets into any holder. The ticket carrier handles them just as they are.

"There are 134 toll lines in the Detroit switchboard, and thirty-six line operators in the day shift, so the average number of lines for each girl is less than four. These lines are all marked so that the girl knows if any are not working well, and which are to be used for the longest calls and which for short haul business. We have route books which lay down the law as to which is the first, second and third route to be followed in reaching each city, for of course the whole country is covered with a great mesh of wires and there is always a choice of routes. We must follow a certain formula in reading each ticket to the operators at the distant city.

"We make notations on each ticket of everything that is done about the call, with the time. These notations are all in a very elaborate code of abbreviations which we are taught. For example, '12. U I' means that at 12 o'clock it is reported that the called party is out but will be back at 1 o'clock.

"Our heaviest business is with Toledo. It keeps ten circuits busy. The line operators have time-stamping clocks set in their switchboards and they stamp each ticket as the long distance conversation begins and stamp again as the conversation ends. They can then read the elapsed time from the stampings. Switching operators have all the lines within reach and build up circuits through Detroit, as requested by operators in other places.

"We get pretty well acquainted over the wire with operators in distant cities whom we have never met, and these friendships promote good operating."

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FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XIX. JANUARY, 1913. No. 6

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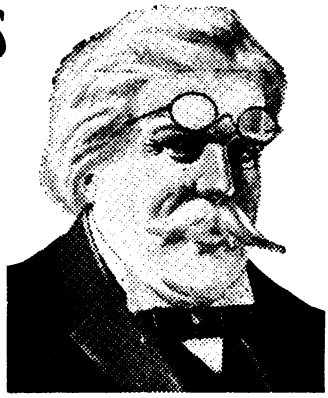
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
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VOL. XIX. JANUARY—1913. No. 6

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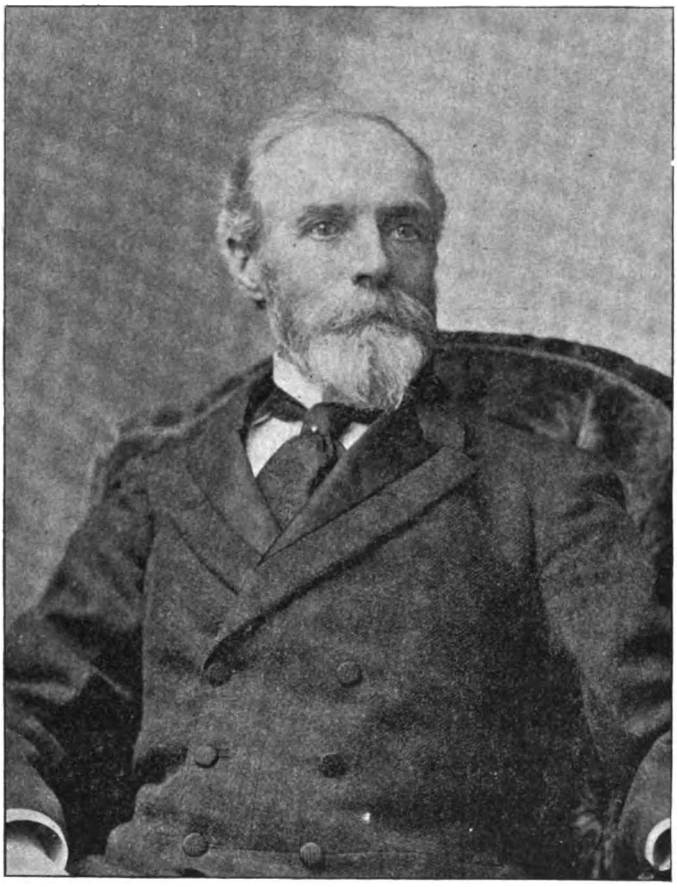
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HON. WHITELAW REID

LATE AMBASSADOR TO COURT OF ST. JAMES
WHOSE RECENT DEATH ENDED A NOTABLE
CAREER WHICH BEGAN AT THE BOT-
TOM OF THE LADDER.

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Foods and Food Values

WITH SUGGESTIONS HOW TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING

An Unusually Interesting and Informative Article Prepared by Experts in the Michigan Dairy and Food Department

The primary use of foods is to supply the body with warmth, energy and the necessary materials for rebuilding such parts of the body as have been worn out in the act of living. The pangs of hunger are simply the outcry of nature that necessary material shall be supplied to repair bodily wastes and furnish fuel to create energy to run the human machine.

When we satisfy hunger we are apt to do so without much regard as to the suitability of the food used or its comparative cost with other foods of similar composition.

Years ago the dairyman discovered he must feed a "balanced" ration to the dairy cow; that is, a ration containing a certain amount of "carbohydrates" to furnish the cow with heat and energy, and a certain amount of "protein" to repair the muscular system and produce milk. But the dairyman did not stop here. After examining the composition of different foodstuffs suitable for the cow's consumption, he found that "carbohydrates" and "protein" were much more expensive in some foods than in others. He thereupon selected such foods as were cheapest and yet would "balance" the cows' ration. In other words, he selected not only a "balanced" but an economical ration. A study of the science of food values and application of the same will effect large reductions in the cost of living.

THE USES OF FOOD CONSTITUENTS.

We have before stated that some foods supplied warmth and energy to the body. These are different kinds of force, one of which can be changed into the other. Many of these foods do not assist in repairing the waste of the body, because they do not contain the necessary elements of which the body is composed; hence the warmth-and-energy foods must be supplemented by foods that contain the materials of which the body is composed. It will be therefore necessary for the proper understanding of the food question to know the composition of the body and the foods necessary for it. The constituents of food are for these purposes divided into five classes: Fat, Carbohydrates, Protein, Mineral matter and water.

FAT.

Fat is found in animal products such as meat, butter, cheese and milk; also in the oils of the olive and cotton seed and in various nuts. Grains like oats and corn also have considerable fat.

These fats or oils furnish force to the body in the form of heat and energy. A given weight of fat produces more than twice as much energy as the same weight of sugar or starch foods.

If more fat is taken than the system demands, the surplus fat may be stored in the body as fat to serve as a source of heat and energy at some future time if needed.

Fat does not produce muscular tissue, but by chemical processes is virtually "burned" in the body to produce power.

CARBOHYDRATES.

Carbohydrates are substances which are so named because they consist of

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carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. The most common carbohydrates are the sugars such as milk sugar, cane sugar and grape sugar; starches, which are the principal parts of wheat, corn and other cereals and also of vegetables like the potato. Carbohydrates also furnish power and energy to the body like the fats but only about half as much. They may be changed in the body to fat and stored up for future use. Like fat, carbohydrates do not produce muscular tissue.

PROTEIN.

Protein (Pro-te-in) is a name applied to a large class of substances containing nitrogen such as lean meat, the white of eggs, the casein of milk, the gluten of flour and other cereals. Protein in foods is used by the body to repair and grow the muscular tissue. It is the most important of the food stuffs and generally the most expensive to buy. It can also be used for heat and power like fats and carbohydrates, but should not be, as the former are not as expensive.

MINERALS.

Mineral matter in food is the ash left after the food is burned. The mineral matter of the body consists of phosphate of lime, of which the bones are composed and compounds of sodium, magnesium, potassium and iron which are found in the blood and the muscular tissue in small amounts.

Mineral matter occurs more or less in all foods in sufficient quantities for bodily needs so that but little heed may be given it in formulating a balanced ration for human consumption.

WATER.

Water—more than half the weight of the human body is water. It is absolutely essential to life as it helps perform the processes of digestion, distributes the food material to all parts of the body and maintains the body at a uniform temperature. It is a natural constituent of all foods and being abundant in nature no attention is given to it in formulating a ration.

These different classes of food materials occur combined in nearly all foods, but the relative amount of the different substances varies and occasionally in some foods one is entirely absent.

The average human body contains about 15% fat, 18% protein, carbohydrates 10%, mineral matter 6% and water 60%.

Fat and carbohydrates are actually burned up in the body to produce heat and power. Every fuel gives out a definite quantity of heat when it is burned and the value of the fuel is determined by the amount of heat produced by a pound of it. A "Calory" is the unit for measuring heat, just as a pound is the unit for measuring weight. A Calory is the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of one liter of water one degree.

COMPOSITION OF FOOD MATERIALS.

Kind of Food.	*Protein.*	*Fat.*	*Carbo-hydrates.*	*Ash.*	*Water.*	*Fuel Value Calories, Per Pound.*
Olive oil	...	100.0	....	...	...	4080
Bacon	9.4	67.4	....	4.4	18.8	3030
Beef suet	4.7	81.8	....	0.3	13.2	3510
Butter	1.0	85.0	....	3.0	11.0	3410
Lard	...	100.0	....	...	...	4080
Whole milk	3.3	4.0	5.0	0.7	87.0	310
Skim milk	3.4	0.3	5.1	0.7	90.5	165
Buttermilk	3.0	0.5	4.8	0.7	91.0	160
Cream	2.5	18.5	4.5	0.5	74.0	865
Whole egg	14.8	10.5	....	1.0	73.7	700
White of egg	13.0	0.2	....	0.6	86.2	265
Yolk of egg	16.1	33.3	....	1.1	49.5	1608
Cream cheese	25.9	33.7	2.4	3.8	34.2	1950
Cottage cheese	20.9	1.0	4.3	1.8	72.0	510
Lamb chop	17.6	28.3	....	1.0	53.1	1540

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Pork chop	16.9	30.1	....	1.0	52.0	1580
Smoked ham	16.1	38.8	....	4.8	40.3	1940
Beef steak	18.6	18.5	....	1.0	61.9	1130
Dried beef	30.0	6.6	....	9.1	54.3	840
Cod lean fish	15.8	.4	....	1.2	82.6	325
Salt cod	21.5	.3	....	24.7	53.5	410
Oyster	6.2	1.2	3.7	2.0	86.9	235
Smoked herring	36.4	15.8	....	13.2	34.6	1355
Mackerel, fresh	18.3	7.1	....	1.2	73.4	645
Shelled bean	9.4	0.6	29.1	2.0	58.9	740
Navy bean, dry green	22.5	1.8	59.6	3.5	12.6	1600
String bean	2.3	0.3	7.4	0.8	89.2	195
Corn, green	3.1	1.1	19.7	0.7	75.4	500
Apple	0.4	0.5	14.0	0.3	84.6	290
Dried fig	4.3	0.3	74.2	2.4	18.8	1475
Strawberry	1.0	0.6	7.4	0.6	90.4	180
Banana	1.3	0.6	22.0	0.8	75.3	460
Corn	10.0	4.3	73.4	1.5	10.8	1800
Wheat	12.2	1.7	73.7	1.8	10.6	1750
Buckwheat	10.0	2.2	73.2	2.0	12.6	1600
Oat	11.8	5.0	69.2	30.0	11.0	1720
Rice	8.0	2.0	77.0	1.0	12.0	1720
Rye	12.2	1.5	73.9	1.9	10.5	1750
White bread	9.2	1.3	53.1	1.1	35.3	1215
Whole wheat bread, oat	9.7	0.9	49.7	1.3	38.4	1140
Breakfast food (cooked)	2.8	0.5	11.5	0.7	84.5	285
Toasted bread	11.5	1.6	61.2	1.7	24.0	1420
Corn bread	7.9	4.7	46.3	2.2	38.9	1205
Macaroni, cooked	3.0	1.5	15.8	1.3	78.4	415
Sugar, granulated	...	....	100.0	...	...	1860
Molasses	2.4	....	69.3	3.2	25.1	1290
Stick candy	...	....	96.5	0.5	3.0	1785
Maple sugar	...	....	82.8	0.9	16.3	1540
Honey	0.4	....	81.2	0.2	18.2	1520
Parsnip	1.6	0.5	13.5	1.4	83.0	230
Onion	1.6	0.3	9.9	0.6	87.6	225
Potato	2.2	0.1	18.4	1.0	78.3	385
Celery	1.1	....	3.4	1.0	94.5	85
Grapes	1.3	1.6	19.2	0.5	77.4	450
Raisins	2.6	3.3	76.1	3.4	14.6	1,605
Canned fruit	1.1	0.1	21.1	0.5	77.2	415
Fruit jelly	...	....	78.3	0.7	21.0	1,455
Grape juice	0.2	....	7.4	0.2	92.9	150
Walnut	16.6	63.4	16.1	1.4	2.5	3285
Chestnut	10.7	7.0	74.2	2.2	5.9	1875
Peanut	25.8	38.6	22.4	2.0	9.2	2500
Peanut butter	29.3	46.5	17.1	5.0	2.1	2825
Cocoanut (desiccated)	6.3	57.4	31.5	1.3	3.5	3125

The tables show the relative amount of the various constituents in our common foods. It will be noticed that vegetable foods are generally high in carbohydrates and animal foods high in fats, while the amounts of protein in both animal and vegetable foods may run as high as 25%. Different foods vary greatly in this respect.

It has been estimated that a man at hard work requires 3½ ounces of protein, 3½ ounces of fat and 17 ounces of carbohydrates to meet the demands of the system each day.

THE PALATABILITY OF RATIONS.

The dairyman knows that his milch cow demands 2½ pounds of protein and a proportionate amount of carbohydrates. These he gives the cow from the cheapest foods available but he recognizes one ex-

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ception, that is the ration must be palatable. The cow must like it or she will not do well on it. Likewise palatability is a necessary thing in human eating. We notice from the tables given that the cheapest thing that human beings can eat which contain the necessary food constituents are oats, corn, wheat and rye. But the human stomach is not as large or powerful as the bovine stomach, and a strictly grain diet would lack palatability and variety, both of which must be considered in formulating the human ration.

PROTEIN IN THE RATION.

By far the most important item in human food is the protein part of the ration. It is this that must be had to repair the waste of the muscular tissue of the body. Being the scarcest of the food elements, it is the highest in price and a material reduction in living cost can be had if we select those protein foods that are relatively cheap. The cost of 3⅓ oz. of protein in a day's ration in oats, corn or wheat would be about 2⅓ cents, but as these foods are low in protein a man would have to eat about 2 pounds a day of these foods to secure the necessary protein. We must, therefore, select foods that are richer in protein.

Most people depend on meat for the protein element. But a days' ration of protein in beef, pork or lamb would cost 18 cents. The common white or navy bean contains a large amount of protein, and a days' ration of protein in beans would cost less than 5 cents.

Other cheap sources of protein are as follows: The price in cents being the price of 3⅓ ounces of protein in the foods named which is the amount needed by a health man at hard work. Cottage cheese, 9 cents; skim milk, 14 cents; cream cheese, 16 cents. The figures here given should not be entirely relied on for many of the foods having a high protein cost have also a large value of fats and carbohydrates and both must be considered in making up a ration. We desire at this time, however, to call especial attention to the value of beans as food. They have a very large available quantity of protein exceeding meat in that respect and the price is very low. Moreover, the State of Michigan raises more and better beans than any state in the union and eating beans not only saves money for the consumer but helps a Michigan industry.

RELATIVE HEAT AND ENERGY VALUES OF FOODS.

From Cheapest Sources.

Kind of Food.	*Cost Per Pound, Cents.*	*Fuel Value for 1 Cent, Calories.*	*Kind of Food.*	*Cost Per Pound, Cents.*	*Fuel Value for 1 Cent, Calories.*
Corn	1.5	1200	Whole milk	4	78
Oat	1.75	983	Lamb chops	20	77
Wheat	2.5	700	Parsnips	3	77
Buckwheat	2.5	640	Onion	3	75
Rye	3	583	Honey	22	69
Granulated sugar	6	310	Dried fig	22	67
Corn bread	4	301	Maple sugar	23	67
Potato	1.3	296	Beefsteak	17	67
Beef suet	12	292	Skim milk	2.5	66
Navy bean, dry	6	267	English walnut (shelled)	50	66
White bread	5	243	Buttermilk	2.5	64
Lard	17	240	Apple	5	58
Toasted bread	6	237	Cream (18.5 per cent)	15	58
Whole wheat bread	5	228	Smoked herring	25	54
Molasses	6.3	205	Fruit jelly	30	48
Rice	10	172	Cottage cheese	12	43
Peanuts (shelled)	15	167	Canned fruit	10	41
Desiccated cocoanut	19	164	Mackerel	18	36
Raisins	10	161	Whole egg	20	35
Bacon	22.5	135	Green corn	15	33
Chestnuts (shelled)	15	125	Oat breakfast food	10	29
Stick candy	15	119	Dried beef	30	28
Peanut butter	25	113	Salt cod	16	27

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Smoked ham	18	108	Grapes	20	23
Pork chops	16	99	Codfish (lean)	16	20
Fresh shelled beans	8	93	Green string beans	10	19
Banana	5	92	Strawberry	10	18
Butter	37	92	White of egg	20	13
Cream cheese	22	89	Oysters	20	12
Yolk of egg	20	80	Grape juice	25	6
Macaroni, cooked	5	81	Celery	15	6
Olive oil	52	79			

HEAT AND POWER IN THE RATION.

For energy and heat the working man must be supplied with 17⅓ oz. of carbohydrates. For this the various grains like oats, corn and wheat rank very high, also the sugars, but by far the most available, both from cost and the standpoint of health is the potato. The carbohydrates in the potato are more easily digested than those of cereals and besides the potato contains a large amount of mineral salts necessary for the maintenance of bodily health. Michigan produces more bushels of potatoes than any state in the union with one exception and we can help our health, our pockets and our state by eating more potatoes.

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO WASTE IN FOODS.

In recent years many foods have been put up by the manufacturer in paper packages; while these packages are both convenient and sanitary, the purchase of food therein is often very expensive to the consumer. Take the breakfast foods for example. The net weight of a package of corn flakes is about 10 ounces. Now the package is simply corn and its food values cannot be any greater value than an equal amount of cornmeal. When the consumer gives ten cents for a package of corn flakes he is simply paying $320 a ton for corn meal.

Take the wheat breakfast foods. The net weight of a package of wheat breakfast food is 12 to 16 ounces and it sells for 10 cents a package. It contains no more food value than an equal amount of wheat, and at this price the consumer is paying $4.50 to $6.00 a bushel for wheat. In these foods the package costs more than the food, yet we throw the package away and wonder at the high cost of living.

The net weight of a package of biscuit crackers is 5 ounces for which you pay 5 cents or 16 cents a pound. Crackers of equal food value can be purchased for 8 cents a pound in bulk.

Bulletin No. 2 of the Kansas State Board of Health says:

"The statements so often made in the advertisements of breakfast foods, that their particular product has a special nutritive value not found in the grain or cereal from which it is made is on its face entirely false. The retail price of these products is from two to five times the price of meal or flour made from the same grains. From a standpoint of economy, therefore, these products have no legitimate ground for existence."

The Bulletin of the Main Agricultural Experiment Station for 1906 quotes the cost in cents per pound of some of these cereal foods: Quaker Oats, 3 cents; Cream of Wheat, 8.8 cents; Grape Nuts, 14 cents; Shredded Whole Wheat, 15 cents; Force, 16 cents; Flaked Rice, 18 cents; Granula, 27 cents, and Prof. E. H. S. Bailey, food analyst for the State Board of Health, in an article in December Popular Science Monthly, adds the following: Quaker Corn Flakes, 13 cents per pound; Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 13 cents; Maple Corn Flakes, 14 cents; Post Toasties, 14 cents; Grape Sugar Flakes, 17 cents; Malta Vita, 18 cents; Sugar Corn Flakes, 20 cents; Holland Rusk, 22 cents, and Puffed Wheat, 29 cents. Professor Bailey then comments as follows: "At this rate a bushel of wheat, which might be originally worth one dollar, would when made into a breakfast food cost the housekeeper from five to twelve dollars, calculating that 75 per cent of the grain is available as food, as is the case in making wheat flour. Oatmeal in bulk sells at five cents a pound, and simple preparations of other grains at from five to seven cents."

"These are a few of the illustrations to show 'where the money goes,' or at

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AMOUNT:

Kind of Food.	*Cost.*	*No. or Measure.*	*Weight Grams.*	*Weight Lbs.*	*Weight Ozs.*	*Total Cost.*
Milk	$0.08 per qt.	1 quart	976	2	2	$0.08
*Cheese	0.22 per lb.	.....	193.3	.	6.8	0.093
Eggs	0.35 per doz.	10	566	1	3.9	0.29
†Meat	0.22 per lb.	.....	307.7	.	10.8	0.148
‡Codfish	0.15 per lb.	.....	428.5	.	15.1	0.141
‖Bread	.....	.....	188.6	.	6.6	0.025
Corn meal	0.03 per lb.	.....	137.7	.	4.9	0 009
§Potatoes	1.00 per bu.	7	722.7	1	9.4	0.026
Cabbage	0.025 per lb.	1 head	1875	4	2.2	0.10
Dried beans	0.06 per lb.	.....	143	.	5.05	0.018
Oranges	0.40 per doz.	8	1304	2	14.0	0.226
Apples	0.60 per pk.	12	1052.6	2	5.1	0.092
Bananas	0.20 per doz.	5	774	1	11.3	0.10
Prunes	0.15 per lb.	.....	187.5	.	6.62	0.061
Nuts	0.60 per lb.	.....	128.7	.	4.5	0.168

*Full cream cheese.
†Meat, fat round beef.
‡Codfish, boneless.
‖Bread, white.
§Potatoes, 60 lbs. to bushel.

least some of it, expended in the ordinary household. Some of us are living on the luxuries of the market, and use them as food to furnish the proteids and carbohydrates and fat for daily consumption. Instead of using the oak and maple and pine for fuel, we are feeding the fire with mahogany and Circassian walnut and rare imported woods."

CHEAP CEREALS.

Cereals for the breakfast table seem to be necessary and they are very cheap when obtained directly from the grain itself. Plain oatmeal and cracked wheat make the best cereals at a very small expense. A much greater food value is obtained in these forms at much less expense than in the manufactured products.

Millionaire food manufacturers and electric signs in every city are all paid for by the consumer and do him little if any good.

The wife of the writer recently bought a bushel of wheat (60) pounds of a farmer for $1.00. She procured a small grinder and grinds it coarse for breakfast food, and fine for graham gems. The breakfast food is cooked for 48 hours, a fireless cooker being used part of the time; in this way she has a superior article of food at a minimum cost.

A loaf of bakers' bread weighs 14 ounces and sells for five cents. The cost of the raw material in the bread is 2¼ cents. The bread averages from 57 to 62% water. Whether the housewife can save by making her own bread is a question for each to decide. The cost of 2¼ cents is for raw material at wholesale price.

White bread should be avoided as it lacks the bran which contains all the mineral elements of the wheat. The bran contains phosphate of lime, which builds up the bone. We give the following receipt for

BRAN CAKES.

First mix together one cupful white flour and three cupfuls wheat bran. Beat together one egg, two tablespoons molasses, a pinch of salt, a cupful of sour cream, a teaspoon soda, and stir into this sufficient of the bran flour to make a batter that will run on the tins when dropped from the spoon. Sour milk and a small piece of butter may be used instead of the sour cream, and sweet milk with baking powder may also be used, but care must be taken not to stir them too stiff.

FRUITS AS FOOD.

It will be noticed in the tables that fruits and certain vegetables have a very low food value. They should not for this reason be disregarded. Their large bulk and the various acids in the fruits aid greatly in processes of digestion and are nature's remedies in the curing of many derangements of the digestive system. The citric acid of the lemon and orange is good for liver derangement and the malic acid of the apple is an in-

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vigorator of the bowel action.

As the best remedy to take fat off the system, Dr. Kellogg advises a fruit diet. The bulkiness of the fruit allays the hunger craving while its low nutritive food value does not tend to pile up flesh or fat on the body no matter in how large quantities it is consumed.

THE VALUE OF MILK AS FOOD.

One of the most valuable of foods for human consumption is milk and it may be largely used as a substitute for meat. A quart of milk (cost 8 cents) furnished .016 pounds of protein and 78 calories of fuel value for each cent invested. A pound of beefsteak costing 17 cents gives .011 pounds of protein and 67 calories of fuel value for each cent expended. It will be seen that a quart of milk has a greater food value than a pound of beefsteak and costs less than half as much.

Considered from the standpoint of food values, one of the cheapest and best foods is ice cream, although by most people it is considered a luxury. Cottage cheese has also a high food value and can be used as a substitute for meat.

We give below a table showing the relative values of a large number of foods as compared with milk at 8 cents per quart.

Each of these foods contains the same amount of nutritive material as one quart of milk.

RELATIVE PROTEIN VALUE OF FOODS.

From Cheapest Sources.

Kind of Food.	*Cost Per Pound, Cents.*	*Protein for 1 Cent, 1-1000 Pound.*	*Kind of Food.*	*Cost Per Pound, Cents.*	*Protein for 1 Cent, 1-1000 Pound.*
Oat	1.75	67.4	Chestnut (shelled)	15	7.1
Corn	1.5	66.7	White of egg	20	6.5
Wheat	2.5	48.8	Macaroni, cooked	5	6.0
Rye	3	40.7	Parsnip	3	5.3
Buckwheat	2.5	40.0	Onion	3	5.3
Navy bean, dry	6	37.5	Bacon	22.5	4.2
Corn bread	4	19 8	Beef suet	12	3.9
Whole wheat bread	5	19.4	Molasses	6.3	3.8
Toasted bread	6	19.1	Eng. walnut (shelled)	50	3.3
White bread	5	18.4	Desiccated cocoanut	19	3.3
Cottage cheese	12	17.4	Oysters	20	3.1
Peanuts (shelled)	15	17.2	Oat breakfast food	10	2.8
Potato	1.3	16.9	Raisins	10	2.6
Smoked herring	25	14.5	Banana	5	2.6
Skim milk	2.5	13.6	Green string bean	10	2.3
Salt cod	16	13.4	Dried fig	22	2.0
Buttermilk	2.5	12.0	Corn, green	15	2.0
Cream cheese	22	11.8	Canned fruit	10	1.1
Peanut butter	25	11.7	Strawberry	10	1.0
Fresh shelled beans	8	11.7	Apple	5	0.8
Beefsteak	17	10.9	Celery	15	0.7
Pork chops	16	10.6	Grapes	20	0.6
Mackerel	18	10.2	Butter	37	0.3
Dried beef	30	10.0	Honey	22	0.2
Cod fish (lean)	16	9.9	Grape juice	25	0.1
Smoked ham	18	8.9	Granulated sugar	6	0.0
Lamb chop	20	8.8	Lard	17	0.0
Whole milk	4	8.2	Stick candy	15	0.0
Rice	10	8.0	Olive oil	52	0.0
Yolk of egg	20	8.0	Maple sugar	23	0.0
Whole egg	20	7.4	Fruit jelly	30	0.0

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THE OLD HIGH HAT.

Oh! ye needn't be so sly,
All ye lads, when I go by,
Wid your winkin' o' the eye
An' your smirkin' an' all that.
Shure, I'm wise enough to see
That the cause of all your glee
Is the ancient cut o' me
An' me ould high hat.

Arrah! lads must have their play,
So I've not a word to say;
'Tis mesel' that wance was gay
As the gayest wan o' you.
Shure, there wasn't manny men
That would joke about me then,
When me blood was young an' when
This ould hat was new.

It was wid me an' me bride
When the blessed knot was tied;
An' it followed when she died,
Where they soon will lay me, too.
It has served me all these years,
Shared me laughter an' me tears,
As it's sharin' now the jeers
O' the likes o' you.

Now we're worn an' ould an' sick,
But there's joy to think, avic,
That ye never held a brick,
An' there's some that can't say that.
So they needn't be so sly
When they smile and cock their eye,
All thim lads, when we go by,
You an' me, ould hat.

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The Needed Lesson

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD HIM

by DEWARD RYAN

It was a holiday audience. Mothers in the lobby at the entrance dusted the snow from the shoulders of innumerable small lads in sailor suits and whisked it from the picturesque hats of little girls in their smartest clothes. There was a great stamping of feet, a great bother of getting neckerchiefs and furs removed, a great excitement at the entrance where they took the tickets, a great sorrow at the box-office where they refused to sell any more of them. A few of the disappointed, indulging in a species of philosophical consolation beyond their years, seemed to take a dark kind of comfort in lingering near by and seeing the cruel man inside the grated window refuse places to others. To these embittered spirits a severe blow must have been administered when a gentleman who came into the lobby with a vague and uncertain air—rather as if the last flurry of snow as he passed were what had decided him to pass the afternoon at a theater—succeeded in purchasing a box, the only thing left in the house. That a gentleman of thirty-five, however rich, should sit in a beautiful box quite alone seemed somehow out of the picture that afternoon.

The incongruity of the situation was apparent enough to Sidney Aldrich as he was being conducted to his place. It was asinine to be in a box alone, at a matinee, where there would probably be a dull would probably be alone in boxes for some time to come. It was to be presumed that one could ultimately get a circle of some sort—of what sort it was perhaps not altogether pleasant to think. Still, when one can pay for boxes, one can fill them somehow, and can find pleasures in a rank of society which is not too particular so long as one remains a host.

As he looked out over the audience it occurred to him to wonder how many of them would consider it possible that a gentleman who, three weeks ago, had been in a striped suit in the state penitentiary eating prison fare could be overfastidious about anything. Had he not wondered himself, during that last month? But the dinner he had ordered on his first day of freedom had been an admirable one; he remembered the relief and thankfulness with which he discovered that his tastes had not been permanently reduced to the standard of the convict. Since then almost all the finer quality of his luxuriousness had come back—if that was the sort of thing it was suitable to thank God for, he thanked Him. Yes, it was something to have made a good lunch. It bred contentment. He repeated to himself that he was content, while the band played a lively overture, a medley of comic songs of the day —though Aldrich could not know that.

The audience were by this time in their seats, although it would have been a gross misuse of language to say that they were settled there. A good half stirred uneasily, so sure of the coming pleasure that expectation became almost unbearable. Aldrich's eye rested for a time upon a party just by him in the pit, a fat woman dressed in shabby mourning, wedged tightly into a seat between two squirming urchins of about nine and seven; then he turned away in disgust. This, he somewhat scornfully told himself, was a fair example of the simple uplifting beauty of the family life—two dirty boys and a vulgar, perspiring mother. It was like the admirable arrangement of Providence that the dirtier of the two should be on the side next the box, so close that with a good firm grasp on the boy's collar it would have been possible to jerk him out of his place and fling him out of sight. Oh, beauty! oh, squalor of the family life! Aldrich, with

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a letter from his wife's legal representatives in his pocket, felt that on this subject he might speak with authority. Most of the men in the theater, with their brats clambering over them, could, he imagined, talk with lachrymose sentimentality of what a good woman could do for a man. Lord save us! Irene was good enough, if that had been all that was needed.

Curtains go up at the appointed time—or more generally a quarter of an hour later—whatever may be the emotions of gentlemen in the boxes or bootblacks in the last row of the gallery. The heavy folds of the golden brown now parted and disclosed to the enchanted audience a hall in the palace of the Emperor of China. The Princess passed by, lonely as a dream, and troops of dancing girls swayed in elaborate figures. The audience was a-quiver with joy, and even Aldrich, though near enough to see the soiled frippery and the hard, worn faces, still felt something of the old glamour, the old magic of the theater. It wakened desires and sent his mind searching the future. He would carry his fists tight-filled with gold, and wander into the regions of delight.

"Gee, mamma; it's fine, ain't it?" broke rapturously from the child who had become Aldrich's particular aversion. Meanwhile the palace of the Emperor gave way to Aladdin's humble home. Aladdin's mother, represented by an exuberant "comedienne" with a German accent, betook herself to the execution of a song and dance. The audience chortled, and Aldrich felt rise up within him a wave of dislike and contempt for humanity in the abstract, for the serious, the simple, the good—so they styles themselves—who could come and gape with joy at such vulgarity. His wandering eye caught sight for the first time of a man he knew, who would know him perhaps. A cheap seat in the balcony, tired-looking, dowdy woman by his side, and an awkward child sitting heavily on his knee—these, it appeared to Aldrich, were the advantages with which life had blessed Murphy. At this moment, as if influenced by the eyes upon him, the man in the balcony looked toward the box. Aldrich felt, rather than saw, remembrance dawn upon his face, and turned quickly away. He had already experienced what could be done, even in awkward hands, by the pludgeon of non-recognition, and in spite of himself he turned a little pale. He added another to Murphy's list of advantages—that of being able to feel superior to an ex-convict. Then his pride recovered, and he looked again toward the balcony. The man above, with an air of hesitating yet friendly embarrassment, bowed. Aldrich stared unrecognizingly at him till Murphy in confusion turned away, unable to bear the cut direct. Aldrich adjusted his tie with studied carelessness and turned languidly to the stage. From a box, he mediated, one can cut people in the balcony; from a seat in the gallery it would be ineffective. He fancied that on Murphy's face astonishment had been the strongest emotion.

Not to regret what had happened would have been to be a fool. It had almost ruined his life. But to repent was another thing. He had been a thief, and he had been caught. It was, with the exception of the getting caught, what thousands of men did in the town every year. He had injured no one except a firm of brokers, rich on the ill-gotten gains of the Street. People used to say of him that he was unmoral, not immoral. He disputed nothing; perhaps this was the same thing as being regretful, not repentant. If he were poor now, like the conventional figure, perhaps he would repent. But while he had been "put away" he had come into complete possession of his inheritance from his father. If he had had it all then, nothing needed to have happened; so if the fools of trustees had realized that when a man says he must have money he must have it. Even as it was, he might probably have got hold of something, replaced what he had used of his firm's money, and so avoided the forgery, if he had not been in such an agitated state, with Clara Montalva making scenes of every description in West Thirty-ninth street—and, after all, it was she who had had the money—and Irene at home raising the devil's own brand of rows. The period of the trial, and, after that, even the prison, had actually seemed havens of rest. Clara had been extensively dragged into the case, and he had been able easily

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to imagine the newspapers with lurid columns on Irene's sad position as a deceived and long-suffering wife.

And so she was. But Irene herself, with her infernal coldness, her eternal moral standards, her sermons, and her lack of sense of humor—or, her sense of humor!—knew best whether or not there were any reasons for his behavior. Besides which, he had heard, he thought, of forgiving wives, of women who met the ex-convict at the prison-gates, and gave him something to live for. What had Irene done to give him a chance? She hadn't even so much as divorced him, owing to some religious scruple. But she's get some decree of separation, contrived with cursed ingenuity, which gave her the custody of the child and took away from him the right ever to see, ever to speak a word to his own son.

"D—— Irene," he muttered. It was no good trying to hide the truth from himself, smothering it with anger and pride. There had been a chance for him in life. There was an interest he could have taken up, a responsibility he would rather have accepted. When he went away he had promised Tom he would come back. It had been a gay parting; both Tom and he loved gaiety, and he had made a frolic of the last half-hour. For all that, towards the end, the child had felt something; for he had clasped his little arms tight about his father's neck and kissed him again and again in a tiny gust of affection. Aldrich remembered how he had rushed away with eyes suddenly wet. And all through the years in that unmentionable place he had remembered. Probably Irene neither knew nor cared what he had promised Tom. He had broken so many promises to her that she would never understand the one he might have kept. Tom perhaps remembered—only perhaps. Aldrich could imagine his wife trying to efface from the boy's mind the memory of his father, very likely saying it was her duty, and perhaps almost deceiving herself with this half truth. Ah, he knew her better than she did herself! She had always been jealous of him. Her eyes had always been angry when the boy turned to his father as a comrade; she had never forgiven that. Yes, Tom and he had something in common, perhaps just the wish to enjoy life—at any price. He had paid his price; he would have liked to keep his boy from buying at such a cost.

Now they would allow him to do nothing. Irene had written to that effect, and so had her lawyers, though her style had more sting to it. Her money would be sufficient for the boy, and she claimed —and the Court upheld her—the entire responsibility of his bringing-up.

"I cannot conceive that it would not be bad for any child whatever," she had written, "to live in personal contact with you, that it would not injure his prospects in the world to have a person of your character, your record, and your disgraced position in the world, as a father."

Not only Tom, but any child! Any of the little beasts in the theater that afternoon; that ugly, freckled boy by the box, for example. To even the ugly, the poor, the vulgar, he was to be an outcast, a pariah, pitch—the touch of his would defile them. Very well, then, and confound them all. The world was wide. If he was to go down, he would go down pleasantly. He would descend, as Aladdin on the stage, now clambering down from the cavern's mouth, into a region of glittering gems and gold, of banque tables, of women with fair faces and outstretched arms, promising delight, and might heaven send him to perdition if ever a moment of human sympathy were allowed to spoil one precious half-hour of life! In this black mood sat Sidney Aldrich, and the grace of God was not in him.

Then, half-way up a sparkling tree which, heavy with diamonds and precious stones, drooped gracefully into the enchanted garden, he saw a tiny point of flame and a small thread of smoke trailing lazily away from it towards the audience. Idly Aldrich followed it with his eye, curiosity only faint within him. Then he suddenly bent forward, even now half unconscious of what he was doing, like one pine in a forest, swayed by a puff of wind scurrying across the tree-tops. For so did the first premonition of their fate faintly ripple over the audience, a great sigh, a catch of the breath. The orchestra faltered, and, in the momentary silence, a woman across the house began to laugh hysterically. On the stage some one

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rushed out, pulled at the tree, and brought it down, stamping on the blaze when it fell. In the wings, Aldrich saw four men struggling with a hose, and then they were shut out of sight by a rush of white ballet skirts, as the inhabitants of the enchanted cave fluttered towards that side of the stage. Standing up in his box he could see that when the blazing tree fell the fire had caught above, and that a red snake was already climbing the cavern's side. Only then did he become conscious of the turmoil of the audience. They were all on their feet, the aisles were already full, and there was a clamor of high-pitched, excited voices. The orchestra had stopped, and Aldrich saw the bass drum player scuttling through a low door underneath the stage. Then from the wings to the footlights rushed a strange figure, the low comedian, an Arab servant below the waist, an American in a dressing-jacket above, his wig stripped off, and his forehead showing pale above his painted face. His voice rang out clear, but with the same musical crack in it that had been convulsing the audience a few minutes before. He pleaded, he insisted, he commanded that the audience be calm. There was a slackening of the flow towards the doors for an instant, and here and there a few people sat down again. In the front row of the balcony to the left Aldrich noticed a young woman with a pale face and blue eyes forcing two little girls back into their places, speaking with unnatural quietness of tone, though her hands were gripped frantically together in the effort to control herself. (She and the two children were the only ones in that section of the balcony who did escape.) Four more musicians slunk away, and then the comedian leaned over the footlights and addressed the leader in agonized tones:

"For the love of heaven, play the 'Kilkenny Rag-time Jubilee.' We've got to keep 'em quiet."

The leader was out of his seat, but he gave a glance of appeal to the six men who were left, and they picked up their instruments. They did not start in tune, but the quaver of violins rose resitatingly in the uproar.

"Whoop" yelled the low comedian, with a humorous crack in his voice, banging on the ground as though he held a shillelagh.

"The people of Kilkenny said that rag-time
Was an Irish tune,"

he began. Aldrich saw a knot of men at the corner of the proscenium arch, heard oaths, and calls for the electrician.

"They said it was too good to be invented
By any colored coon."

The music was hopelessly jangled; two violinists had taken flight. The comedian's last line had tailed off into a kind of wail. "God save us all," he said in a low voice, and rushed off to the left. Aldrich saw a man give a furious pull at what he imagined was a switchboard. He tugged again and there was darkness —darkness except for the red glare with which the flames on the stage now lighted up the theater.

As the sparkling electric globes went out, showing at last the fatal progress of the flames in Aladdin's garden, the sounds of the place seemed to transform themselves for one instant into the great roar of a beast, of a maddened animal starting to fight its way to safety. The first scream of rage subsided, and then the horror began—almost in silence at first, it seemed, by comparison with what had gone before. Only the shriek of a woman crushed, the cry of a child trampled underfoot pierced at times the dull, continuous roar of that grim battle.

But the story of the day is not to be written here—its fights in tight-packed corridors and down staircases with the dead and dying; its heartbreaking batterings against exit-doors rusty and bolted; its thousand forgotten or never-to-be-discovered heroisms; its nameless and unspeakable cowardices; and the sweep of devastating flame sucked from the stage across the ceiling and so down to claim its burnt-offering. Memories of it that one would not wish to waken live in a hundred desolate homes, in the hearts of mothers left childless, and in the loneliness of orphans. This is the story, not of the great disaster, but of one human soul and of its passage through the flame.

We must go back to Sidney Aldrich in his box| At the beginning he had felt singularly unperturbed. In the oddest way, even in this desperate crisis, the lit-

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tle associations of ordinary life clung about him and gave him a feeling of security. He could scarcely formulate it to himself, but he had a sense that the way out from so pleasant, exclusive, and expensive a place as a box would somehow be made easy for him. The hatred he had earlier felt for the close-packed hundreds in their seats, the bitter pride in his money and in the privileges it gave even an ex-convict over their more poorly furnished virtue flamed up again, and for one second—when it can truly be said that his soul touched bottom in the lowest pit—he almost rejoiced at the thought of frightened creatures panic-stricken while he stood calm. Composure, he told himself, always saved one at times like this. A man alone, responsible only for himself, not trying to quiet hysterical women or to lug along wriggling children, could go out in peace.

Events had piled fast upon events; perhaps no one can ever know just how those terrible moments flew. But, though it seemed hours that Aldrich watched, fascinated, the beginnings of disaster, it could only have been the shortest time before he seized his hat and turned to go, still in his strange shallow unconsciousness of danger to himself. It was the very moment that the lights went out, and then, as the great fear fastened upon the heart of the audience, he suddenly found himself trembling and clutching at a chair for support. The spirit of the terror was claiming him, as it had already claimed the others out there, and he staggered in its grasp. Then out of the confusion he saw a dark figure of horror clamber over the edge of the boxtowards him. In awkward haste and fright he started away from it and then gave a nervous, over-wrought laugh that was half a sob as he recognized the freckled boy who, with his mother and brother, had sat below him in the pit.

Hauling himself over into the box with frantic energy, the child, his face pale and pinched and his eyes eager and straining, turned and called out, "This way, mother. We can get out here. There ain't so many people. Come, come!"

The fat woman in black had already started towards the aisle. She faced Aldrich, her face red and puffy and her shabby bonnet awry—she had stopped to put that on. Evidently she had not missed the boy behind her till he called, and now her eyes were frightened and her voice shrill.

"Come back, Tom!" she cried. "Come back to mother! Mother can't go that way!"

"Yes, yes!" screamed the child by Aldrich's side, and "No, no!" urged his brother, urging her towards the aisle.

"Shall I help you over?" called out Aldrich, with a vision even then of the grotesqueness of such an attempt.

"No, no; I can't," was the agitated reply "Come, Tom."

The child had by this time slid past Aldrich and stood by the door of the box. He shook his head in frightened obstinacy. Aldrich glanced at the stage and saw tiny tongues of fire stretching hungrily out from almost all of the garden trees towards their quarry. He stepped to the edge of the box with quick decision.

"You must hurry, madam; this boy can come with me. You'll have enough to do with the other."

The mother quivered with agitation and fastened her little reddish eyes, now wet with tears, first upon the child and afterwards in one long, searching look upon Aldrich. Then she, too, decided quickly.

"All right, sir. Oh, sir, do save him!"

Aldrich went towards the door, but here stood the child, stamping his foot and crying with rage.

"No, no!" he yelled. "Mother, come this way."

"Mother will meet Tom outside," she called back to him.

"Cross your heart!"

"Yes, mother'll meet her boy outside. Mother promises Tom."

She started bravely forward, the shabby bonnet hanging over one year, a dirty urchin's hand clasped tight in hers, to fight with death in the red glow of the flames.

Aldrich took one look at her and then started, a child's hand in his as well. The boy stopped crying—he had his mother's promise.

For almost a third of its length the side aisle was clear. No need of action stirred Aldrich for the moment, and his

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eyes scarcely say what was before him. There was in them, instead, the faint dawning of a new vision of the crowd around him. It was not a mere love of life alone that was moving them, it was a longing to clasp the hands of friends again, not to forsake some poor fireside, to come home to some waiting child. And that was the real thing in life, to keep the promise that one made to Tom—oh, whay *had* it to be the same name?

Ahead he saw a wedged-in, screaming crowd; he caught the child up, and two small arms clutched him around the neck for safety.

"Where's mother and Eddie? Can't see mother," complained the little voice in his ear.

"Don't worry, old man," said Aldrich, holding him closer. "Don't worry. Mother promised Tom."

Earlier there had been a rush in the side aisle to an exit door there, but the iron-bound barrier had withstood assault. No one was left by it now but a small man with a worn face and a scraggy beard, who was trying to drag a fainting woman up the incline of the aisle. The middle aisles were jammed, and ahead there was a kind of human torrent coming down a staircase. Once or twice a woman fell over the railing upon the heads of the crowd below. A young boy and girl went racing across the seats from the side aisle hoping thus to come nearer the central exit. They were hurled violently back as they attempted to go over the barrier at the last row. Aldrich saw the sharp top of a seat catch the girl in the small of the back. She lay there afterwards, a limp figure. Turning he could see the flames, now escaping from the proscenium arch and flying up toward the ceiling. The heat was already that of a furnace. A clear place to die in was what had been given him, that was something. Clean flames would consume him, he would not end his life beating his way through a helpless crowd of women. If that were the only way, he could at least die like a gentleman. But then he felt again the clasp of little arms around his neck. He was not alone; he was denied even that last desperate courage of resignation. He must make the fight, even though he knew it hopeless.

A fresh rush across the seats now took place, and Aldrich, finding his aisle half cleared, made his way to the wall at the back and stood underneath the staircase. The heat was maddening, and ahead were all imaginable and unimaginable horrors. Suddenly he realized that at his left was an open door and a staircase leading down into the cellar. Just inside lay a man apparently with a broken leg, and from below he heard a woman crying. The crowd fighting its way out had passed by. It might be a mere trap, it might be a hiding place from which they could crawl out when all was ended. With one glance back Aldrich plunged down. There was a small smoking-room to the left and to the right a vaulted passage from out which smoke was lazily drifting. Putting the boy down Aldrich rushed up again. Just outside was the little man dragging the fainting woman; Aldrich siezed her and bore her below, the man following querulously. Again he rushed up and closed the door against the awful heat outside.

In the smoking-room a tiny lamp for lighting cigars still burned dimly, and here Aldrich established his little group of refugees. There was one strange addition, a terrified girl in a white ballet-skirt, who came to them out of the smoking corridor. She had wandered into the wrong passage as she was searching in the confusion for the stage door. The smoke poured thickly out of the passage now, and Aldrich thought he could see the flickering of fire through it. They closed the smoking-room door. Some one knocked over the little lamp, and then they sat in darkness. Aldrich with Tom's arms again around his neck. They waited, waited perhaps for death, not knowing when nor how it might come. No one of them was ever able to tell how long they were there nor of the agony and suspense of that wait in silence, while above the unknown was happening.

Ultimately Aldrich ventured out. There was light from the door at the top of the staircase, which was ablaze, but there was less smoke and heat. They could come forth, for in a few minutes the fire had licked up the theater and died, leaving the charnel house to cool as night came on. Aldrich, carrying Tom, staggered across the awful field of battle. The firemen were in the entrance, some

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reporters and policemen, and an old man who was crying and insisting on going back to find his overshoes.

"Is that your boy?" asked the police officer.

"Yes," answered Aldrich. "Oh, I mean no." And they asked Tom his name and where he lived. There would be nobody there, he said, except his brother and Eddie. Papa was dead. He thought he had no relatives. He did not want to go home. Mother would meet him outside.

They got some ill-cooked beef and some coffee in a restaurant near by, and then drove through most of that long, cold night in a rickety, musty-smelling cab. First to Tom's house, to find the little flat dark. Then from one morgue to another, part of the great pilgrimage in search of the dead which went on for many days and nights of that week of sorrow. About 3 o'clock in the morning they found her. She had died half-way up the aisle, her bonnet still on—and perhaps awry—and Eddie's hand still tight in hers. Tom cried a little, because he was tired, and it was late, and he did not understand. Then he went to sleep as they drove to the hotel. He was put to bed, but Aldrich lit a pipe, and wrapped in a dressing gown, stared from his window into the night, watching it grow gray in the east across a waste of ice and tossing waves. But the world he looked on seemed a different world. For in that desolation, that black horror which was bowing the city's head low in ashes of despair, he caught a gleam from the silver lining of the cloud. Something had gone from him and something had come, a responsibility he could accept. If only the authorities—and he thought of this humbly—would entrust an orphan to an ex-convict. There was the money, he thought, and smiled; they must see that with that he could give the boy great advantages. And this Tom was only an ugly, freckled little boy of the commonest origin—not like the other, who, too, had believed a promise that would never be fulfilled. The longing and the memories gripped his heart as they had sometimes in the long, dark prison nights. On the edge of his bed he bowed his head and choked with one great racking sob. Then he lifted it and caught again the gleam from out the lining of the cloud.



What Pat Thought.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"

Fooling the Doctor.

An old Scotchman, not feeling very well, called upon a well-known doctor, who gave him instructions as to diet and exercise and rest. Among other things he advised the patient to abstain from all forms of spirits.

"Do as I say," he added cheerfully, "and you'll soon feel better."

The Scotchman rose silently and was about to withdraw when the doctor detained him to mention the all-important topic of the fee. "My advice will cost you two dollars," he said.

"Aw, mebbe," said the old Scotchman, "but I'm nae gaun to tek yer advice."

Reflections.

Never write what you dare not sign.—Scotch Proverb.

That is the best government in which an injury to one is the concern of all.—Solon.

To hope and not be impatient is really to believe.—George Meredith.

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.

Nonsense!

"Well," said Kwoter, "you know, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'"

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Bright. "If the lady's heart isn't faint and she's willing to help him a little he can win every time."

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The High Cost of Living Will Go Still Higher.

Professor Carleton R. Ball, in charge of cereal investigation of the Department of Agriculture, emphatically declares that the high cost of living is going to be still higher in future. Professor Ball bases his statement on an analytical review of the farm census recently issued compared with the census of 10 years ago. While the tariff undoubtedly has a certain influence on the high cost of living and the cost of a higher living must also be considered, nevertheless the most influential factors among all that affect prices is that of supply and demand.

The census shows that the increase in acreage of improved farm lands in the United States was only 15 per cent during the past 10 years. The increase in population during the same period was about 21 per cent, or about 50 per cent greater than the increase in farm acreage.

The 21 per cent increase of population, however, did not benefit the farm to that extent in spite of the back-to-the-farm movement. Instead we find according to the census that the farm population increased less than 8 per cent while the cities benefited to the extent of more than 35 per cent. Furthermore the increase in crops due to the improvements in farm machinery counteracted the loss in productivity of soil so that the products—not the value—is practically the same as it was ten years ago—only about 10 per cent greater.

A few other statements of fact are illuminating.

The value of the crops in 1899 was about $2,700,000,000.00; in 1909 the crops were valued at $5,000,000,000.00, or about 84 per cent in value as compared with a 10 per cent increase in actual production. During this period of ten years, farms increased 118 per cent in value.

Ten years ago, the United States exported breadstuffs to the value of about $270,000,000.00; in 1910 the value of breadstuffs exported fell to $133,000,000.00. Taking into consideration the difference in cost of breadstuffs we find that the quantity exported in 1910 was only about one-quarter of what was exported in 1900. Within five years from today, we will stop sending our farm products to other countries and possibly before that time arrives, we will import grain, cattle and other necessaries of life for our own people.

We find, therefore, a relatively smaller increase in food production as compared to a greater increase in population; an insufficient relative increase in the number of farms and farmers to supply a rapidly increasing number of urban population; an alarming decrease in our export business in breadstuffs with a corresponding increase in cost of foods.—And we find nothing at present to reassure us that foods will not continue to advance in price during the next decade.

The government is advocating ideas to make farm life more attractive; it is also teaching the school boy in large cities the value of gardening. Both are wise and useful measures. Wages, however, must be increased to meet the growing demands of labor, and a more scientific understanding of foods and their value for consumption must be understood. Such knowledge as is found in a leading article in this issue of THE GATEWAY should be a means to that end. We recommend it to our readers.

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Obey the Law

by JOHN A. READ

An anarchist draws a revolver on a king or president as titular representative of law and order. A revolutionist throws a bomb under the Czar's carriage. The Czar's agents shut up a young woman in a cell and torture her till they obtain confessions, true or false. Both sides appeal to moral principles. On the one side, liberty, justice, even human brotherhood—with a brother or two eliminated—are to be ushered in by a necessary act of preliminary violence. On the other, order, authority and religion are to be maintained by hanging students, flogging peasants, or torturing a schoolgirl. The worst things of all are done in the name of good causes. The world is shocked by the Terrorists, while it takes Abdul Hamid, Leopold, and the Czar in a different spirit. It regards those in authority as licensed to kill. The very fact that their bloodshed is on the wholesale scale seems to paralyze the imagination. One realizes the horror of an individual murder. It has all the elements of a drama. The personal touches are well worked up by skilled reporters. When we learn that 3,000 Armenians have perished in a massacre it is a piece of statistical information—a part of the necessary machinery of the Turkish empire—something that conscientious clerks compile in Blue-books and put away in pigeon holes. Try to realize the guilt and misery that the figures cover, and the imagination falls back baffled. There is no murderer to concentrate wrath upon.

As a preliminary to a discussion of the ethics of violence we should like to see the scales held evenly between the Revolution and the party of Order. Taking history through, it may safely be said that, where Liberty has slain its thousands, Order has slain its tens of thousands. There is just this to be said in favor of the violence of Order, however, as against the violence of Liberty, that it does not necessarily stultify itself except when it is associated with religion. Order, it must reluctantly be admitted, can be established by an unsparing use of cruelty. Coercion does not always goad men to rebellion. It may take the manhood out of them, and for this the tyrant may care little enough. It is otherwise with the violence of religion and of liberty. The devotees of the guillotine held that the end justified the means, and that the tree of liberty could only grow if watered with the blood of aristocrats. They landed themselves in the hands of the young artillery officer from Toulon, and they stamped on the minds of half Europe an association between liberty and bloodshed which a century has not expunged. The humanitarian has a noble end in view, but he destroys it in the means he uses to achieve it. The despot has an ignoble end, and his means are in keeping therewith.

But what, it may be asked, is the humanitarian to do? Is he to content himself with a silent protest? In a land of free speech he may make himself heard, but even here do people listen to words unenforced by deeds? And suppose there is no free speech, no law to appeal to, no fair trial? Is rebellion never justified? And if rebellion on the large scale, why not the execution of a criminal? It is difficult to deny that there are, or may be, cases in which violence has the immediate justification of success. But in the first place the distinction drawn in the popular mind between concerted rebellion and individual assassination has its ground in reason. The rebel leader must appeal to the people. He is not accuser, judge and executioner all in one. Assassination is a game which two can play at, and not two only, but as many as there are who choose to risk their lives. The death of Plehve, just in itself as ever a death sentence was, leads by the rapidly moving logic of facts to the formation of the Black Hundreds. Violence provokes violence, and inclines the Middle Party, who always hold the

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scales, to the side of Order. The Buddhist maxim is true of history;

For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred;
Hatred ceases by love; this is always its nature.

This, says the practical man, is all very well for a copybook heading. It would make the text of an eloquent discourse in a fashionable pulpit. But look at the hard facts. The world is made of sterner stuff. Well, let us look at the hard facts, remembering only that our question is not what cause will gain the outward victory, but what forces will move the world in the direction of certain definite ideals, in the name of which violence is justified, ideals of freedom and social justice. From this point of view it may fairly be asked whether any body of men has made so deep an impression on the modern world in proportion to its numbers as the Society of Friends. Whether we look at the reform of the criminal law, at the cause of peace, the abolition of slavery, or in our own time the removal of industrial oppression, we find Quakers taking a leading part and impressing the world by self-restraint, by calm assertion of principle, and by quiet persistence in maintaining it. Violence is puzzled in dealing with such men. Non-resistance when manifestly the result not of cowardice but self-control is the most baffling of all weapons, and the most persuasive of all arguments. The ancient Stoic, confronted by an irresistible despotism, took in essentials the same line. "You can take from me," he said, "everything but my will," and Stoicism had not to wait long before it found itself upon the throne, and its maxims permeating the Roman jurisprudence. Revolutionists are too apt to forget that kings, nobles, and bureaucrats themselves are human, and have minds finally accessible to ideas. They forget that a challenge provokes them and makes them fear to concede to reason what they might be suspected of yielding to terror. In the tangle of motives which have produced democratic reform in Europe, who shall say what emotions have predominated? There has always been enough show of force to give the cynic pretext for maintaining that each concession has been due to fear. Yet when we look at the ease with which armed risings are almost invariably suppressed by organized power, we may infer with safety that no governing class has abdicated its power until it was honeycombed by a moral doubt of its authority—a doubt which swept its more enlightened members over into the camp of the attack, and paralyzed and distracted the resolution of all but a very few of those who remained.

The partisans of violence are apt to confuse two very different things. Men are not impressed by words. They are influenced when they see evidence of strong and genuine feeling. Outbreaks that give proof of such feeling pent up in great masses owe nine-tenths of their psychological effect to this cause. But it does not follow that fear is the motive to which they appeal, nor therefore that an act of horror is the only method of impressing the dull minds of the comfortable. "The woman conquers the man," said Lao Tsze, "by continual quietness." The woman of the present day adopts a different method. She maintains that her quietness had been misunderstood, and it is true that if she wants her rights she must make men understand that she feels and feels intensely. But when in order to do this she appeals to physical force, she resorts to the principle on which man justifies the reservation of political power for the stronger sex. Accepting her logic he will destroy her conclusion. It is the same with the weaker nation and the oppressed class. By persistence they convince the skeptical of the reality of their grievances. By violence they enable the stronger to assert the necessity of maintaining order. Force in the hands of the minority is a double-edged weapon, and nine times out of ten it cuts the hands by which it is wielded. It may succeed, but at best it breeds mischief on the way. The passive method is infinitely more difficult for man, and its triumph is necessarily doubtful. But the good that it does is not dependent on success. It is inherent in the nature of the thing, pure and unmixed.

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Michigan—Its Physiography

WHAT LIES BETWEEN DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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Detroit to Milwaukee.

We may also go across the State by way of Grand Rapids, and from Grand Rapids there are various routes to Chicago and Milwaukee. Leaving Detroit, we pass for a while over the same flat plain, the slope of which is only five or ten feet to a mile and invisible to the eye. Down the slope the streams flow almost directly with but few laterals. At Plymouth, we approach the higher shore lines and close to the station there are low cuts through the gravel beaches.

From this point on, we pass through a series of moraines which might be considered in a certain way as the beaches of the ancient ice-sheet which extended from Labrador. This ran into Michigan in three great arms, one down Lake Michigan, one down Saginaw Bay, another extending down Erie and Huron basin toward Fort Wayne. Between these there are reiterant points or spits where the former irregular surface was high, and thus was earliest uncovered by the ice. By the time we get to Island



A small portion of typography in Oakland County.

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Lake and Brighton, we are in the lines of the drainage from the ice-sheet belonging to the drainage of the Upper Huron valley, which is older than that of the Lower Huron, and once drained south-eastward. By the time we get to Howell, we are fairly in the part of the basin covered by the ice extending down Saginaw valley.

Leaving Howell, we may catch a glimpse of the sanitarium for consumptives to the south of the track at an elevation of 1,084 feet on a huge pile of gravel known as "The Cane." From this point the country becomes less rolling. The plain here was underneath the ice somewhat as the Detroit plain was

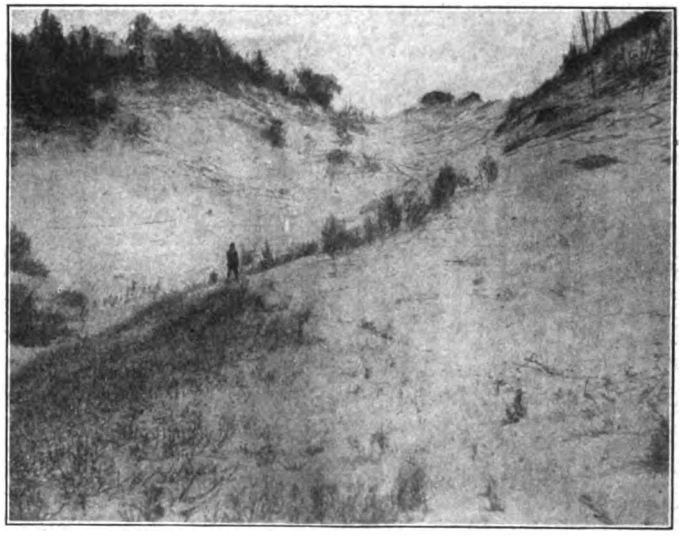


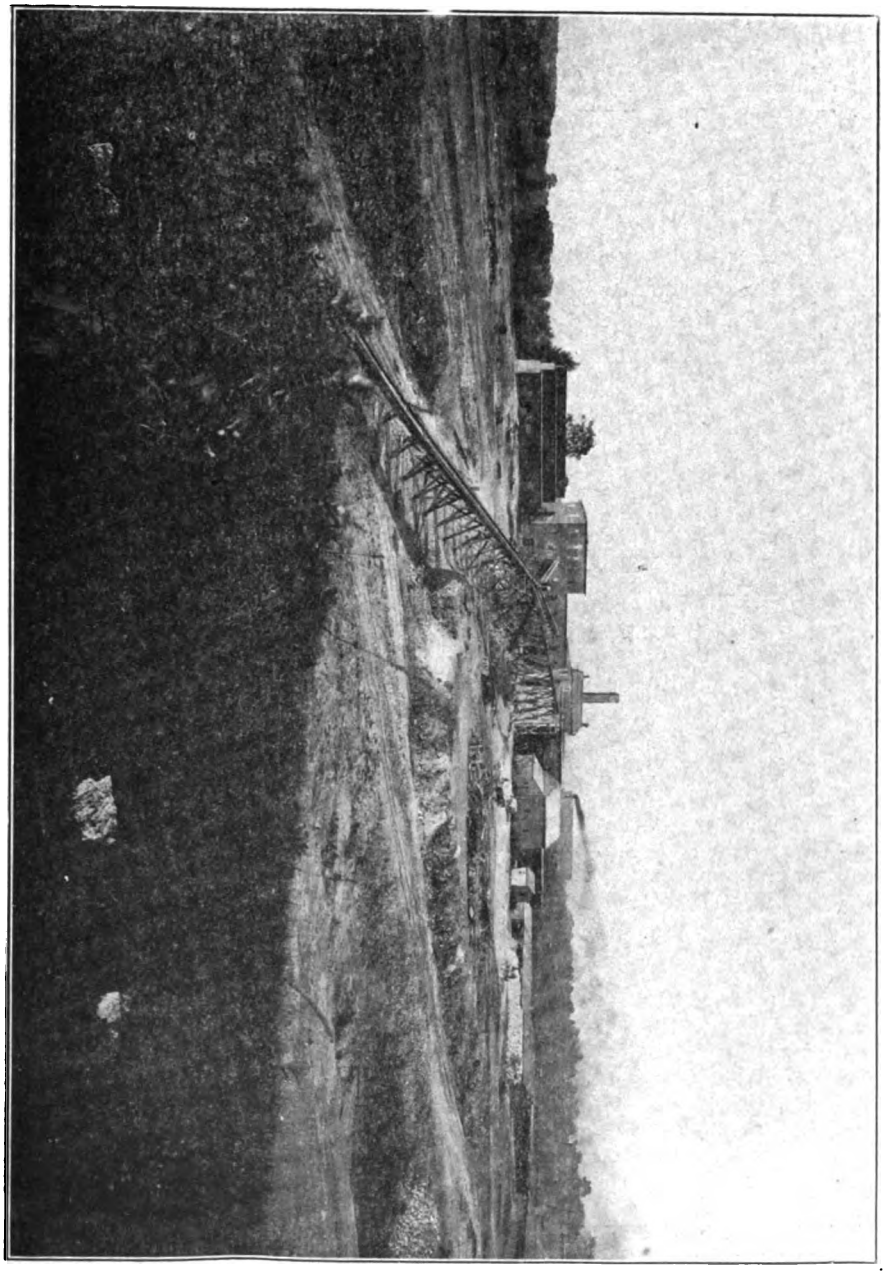
Illustration of Morainal Lake. Typical of country along Pere Marquette Railroad from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

underneath the water. It is diversified here and there with sharp ridges of gravel which seem to have been formed in channels cut in the ice by the streams working along under it. Here the gravel was piled up in narrow ridges, which were left when the rest of the ice melted away. They are known as "Hog's Backs" or "Indian ridges." They generally furnish first-class road or railroad ballast, and so are often carted away. Some may be noticed near Howell and Webberville, and very often from Mt. Hope cemetery near Lansing.

Lansing is the capital of the State. It was located here at an early date, when the population of the northern part of the State was comparatively insignificant, and it is nearly half way between the Lakes, east and west, close to the meridional line of the old land office, which is marked by the small station of meridian. Various railroads come from here and Cedar and Grand Rivers here meet. Upon the Grand River there are two dams, furnishing quite a little water power. The meeting of the two streams probably determined the exact point of growth of the city, while its general central position determined its location as capital. About fourteen miles farther on we come to Grand Ledge, a picturesque spot, well worth a moment's study. Here the river cuts a gorge in the sandstone and coal marshes which overhang the river in picturesque cliffs. Underneath them can often be found stalactites of calcite and calcareous tufa due to the evaporation of the hard water oozing through the cliffs. There have been coal mines here for many years, (although we think, perhaps, of there being earlier explorations of this kind at Lansing and Williamston) and a large quarry for shale, used in manufacturing sewer pipe, gives here and there a fine exposure. We can see the ancient coal bed represented by the peat bog and the black clays. In

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these one may sometimes find fern impressions and impressions of small fine shelled forms. The river is here broken by a number of small islands known as "Seven Islands," which are quite a summer resort. In the clays there are occasional large nodules of carbonate iron, kidney iron ore. In the center of these are cracks producing a pattern something like a turtle's back, at times known as "septaria." These septaria are filled with other minerals, such as zinc blende, pyrite, calcite and kaolin.



The Alabastine Mill

Grand Rapids.

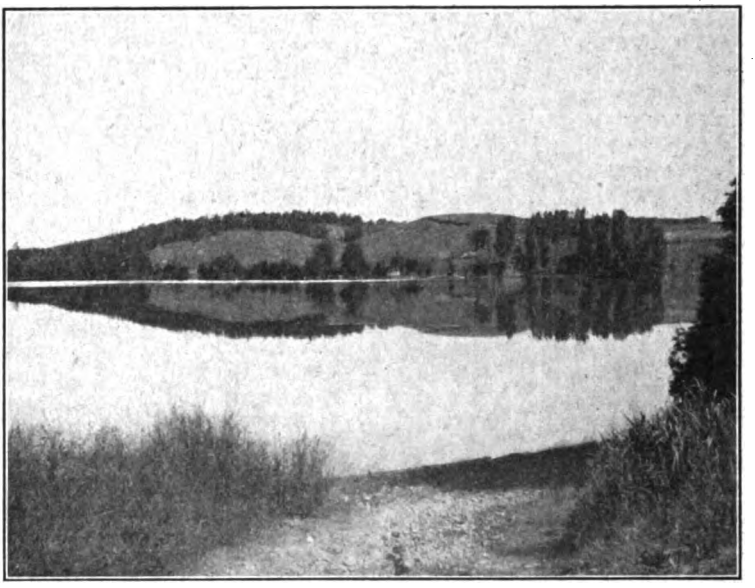
Grand Rapids is in many points a very

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interesting city. Like many other large towns it is situated on a river at the head of navigation. As often happens, the head of navigation is also the site of a water power. Navigation, to be sure, does not amount to much at present, but it did in the early days, and it may very probably again when the projects for large water ways are completed, for a deep water way canal could be constructed following the old glacial outwash channel precisely as the Chicago canal has followed it. This would extend from Grand Rapids up the Grand River to its junction with the Maple and then from the Maple over to Saginaw.

One industry was very early established at Grand Rapids due to another of its natural resources. That is the manufacture of gypsum. Before the formation of the coal, the center of Michigan was occupied by a cut-off sea like the Caspian, and large beds of gypsum were deposited which extend from Grand Rapids to Alabaster north of Saginaw Bay. These were first opened near Grand Rapids and the plaster business is still one of the great industries of the town. There is a vertical shaft close to the principal bridge, and large pits where it can be well examined will be found not far from the end of the street-car lines, at Grandville, southwest.

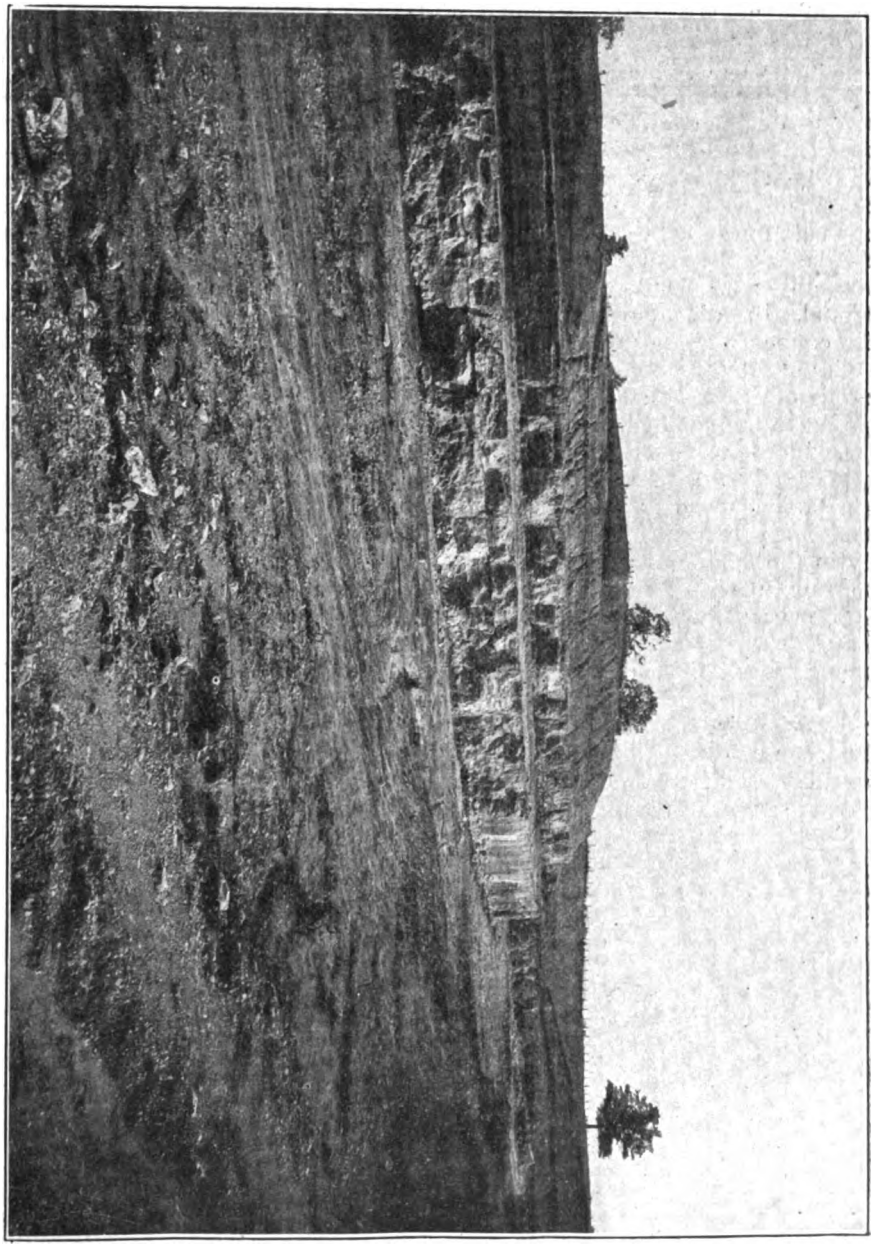
As interesting in some respects are the mines of the Eagle Plaster Mills, which lie north of the Grand Rapids valley about an equal distance from the center of the town. These are entered on a gentle incline under the bluffs which bound the valley. It is an interesting coincidence that the abundance of plaster of Paris at Grand Rapids, which reminds one by its name of the capital of France, is paralleled in other ways. In Paris, the abandoned plaster mines are used to grow mushrooms. This is also true at Grand Rapids. It would be an interesting thing to make a list of the points in which these cities are alike. Paris is famous for its artistic furniture. So is Grand Rapids, and it was quite a joke upon a certain wealthy lady of Michigan, when she brought home an elegant suite of furniture from Paris and found the "G. R. M." trade-mark on the bottom.



A Wind Gully in the sand dune on Lake Michigan Shores.

Grand Rapids is, indeed, the furniture center of the United States. Many things can be sold by samples carried from point to point by the traveling salesmen. Furniture cannot. It must be sold by catalogue, or the buyer can more economically visit some central point

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Alabastine Plaster Quarry near Grand Rapids.

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where these samples are assembled. The result is that twice a year there is a great assembly of buyers and sellers of furniture at Grand Rapids, and there are huge buildings where one can see literally acres of tables and lounges.

Originally, no doubt, the location of these markets was determined by the fact that Michigan had forest products—the raw material for furniture—in unequaled variety and abundance. This is no longer the case. The furniture of Grand Rapids comes from all over the United States (much of it from the south), but the money made in despoiling Michigan forests has largely been invested elsewhere, and it is still largely controlled by Michigan capital. In order, however, to maintain its eminence in furniture manufacture, Grand Rapids must have taken advantage of its early start and experience to make the best possible furniture. This is, indeed, what has happened and the grades of furniture now made in Grand Rapids are distinctly of artistic quality. The value of them consists more largely in the labor put upon them than in the raw material, which has to be brought to Grand Rapids from a distance.

Of course, there are many special lines of manufacture. For instance, Grand Rapids carpet sweepers, which are protected by a patent and so are definitely localized, can truthfully be said to "sweep the world." Much of the furniture is not sold on sample at this great mart, but by catalogue, and the art of illustrating furniture by photograph in color has attained wonderful perfection. Thus we have springing up a great illustrating industry, as subsidiary in the first instance but now independent.

These and other industries are all favored by the fact that Grand Rapids lies in a region favored by nature with large truck farms all around, peopled by a sturdy race of Hollanders who know how to farm thoroughly, and farming under glass is a great industry.

Leaving Grand Rapids.

As we leave Grand Rapids there are many ways to Milwaukee and Chicago, but by any road we soon pass off the limestone and gypsum lands and enter an area where the underlying rock is sandstone—Marshall sandstone. This is much poorer in mineral matter. The lakes have strewn sand and the rivers have brought sand down so that the soil is in many places quite light, in other places, however, we find lake clays. As we approach the Lake shore, whether it be by Ottawa Beach, Whitehall or Muskegon, we find the rivers emptying into lakes which are the flooded lower parts of their own valleys. These lakes are cut off from the Great Lake by barriers of sand which has been transported along the shore. The prevailing west winds have an interesting effect in piling this sand back and in many places the dunes may be seen advancing upon the fertile land. Many of them were, however, old dunes as we have said before.

(To be continued.)

Habit.

"It is curious how habits fix themselves upon us," said Silas Hayrick's nephew, who was studying for the ministry.

"Yep, I know it," replied Silas. "You take Lizzie's husband, for instance. Sence they've moved up to the city where they have all these latest conveniences he takes a bath regular every week, whether he needs it or not."

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Interviewing the Ancients on Modern Questions

by WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS

Mensius' Views on Republican China.

"Good morning, Mr. Mensius, as the representative of the Modern Press, I have called to get your views and reviews on the changing of the Throne of Heaven into a Republic?"

Heedless of his visitor's query the Sage kept at his task of picking out, here and there, from the cases that lined the walls, the ideoform characters he wished, then, setting them in the composing frame, studied their meaning for a moment to see if he had correctly expressed his idea, and turned towards the intruder, "If you had studied the Classics, that I arranged as a test for a scholar's worth as an official, you would be able to quote at once the appropriate saying, and by it would be able to judge, without disturbing my meditations, whether the first head of the Republic was prepared to become such a Great One as should be able to succeed in the task he set for himself.

Two thousand two hundred and seventy-four years ago I spake what has now come to pass,

"When Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature, and supplies his incompetencies."

By these tests has Sun Yat Sen been tried and not found wanting; and to one greater one has he also risen, one which I had not conceived; but whose lesson he had learned in the Land of Washington; —that for the sake of his Cause he should be willing to renounce for himself all the glory and honor, and be contthus might his Country gain! Truly we tent to be but as his fellows,—if only who endured toils of Eld thought to reap their wage ere we died, and to be worshipped for them by our descendants; but this man has given up reward here and hereafter for the sale of the Nation! Men say the People of Han know not what the words Nation and Country mean,—but by the Shades of the Ancestors of Sun Yan Sen they lie!—else he had found no root in his being whence the flower of his patriotism might spring!!"

II

SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS

ON THE CAUSE OF MARITAL UNREST.

"My views on the cause of Marital Unrest? Well, I don't know which appeals to me most,—your nerve,—or your ignorance! The editor of the Journal you represent must be either bug-house or a bachelor, if he doesn't know the answer without sending you to annoy me trying to find out! WOMAN, of course! If your education had not been neglected you would be conversant with the pearls of wisdom I set to metre some two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years ago, and would know

"Since a whole day of happiness no man
Spent with a wife since the World began,"
"Marriage makes of Man a Simpleton,—since he
Sees not—what all his neighbors gladly see—
That strange delusion which would make *his* bride
So perfect,—so imperfect *all* beside."
"Loud in her praises, he can never see
That as his neighbors, so his fate must be!"

and that, instead of looking forward after marriage to a life of peace and happiness, he would know he had taken upon him

"A thralldom, and a bondage, and a yoke,
Which Jove hath made, and never can be broke,"

though in your day I hear the courts try to help some mortals do it sooner,—

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"Till Pluto free him from a weary life,
Perchance while fighting for a worthless wife!"

Added to all these reasons for unrest, which we ancients had in the double yoke, you moderns have "bum" cooking, predigested foods, wifely dressing in "shapely" hobble-skirts and parading the avenue of a windy day,—and Suffragette campaigns,—and if there wasn't unrest on Earth Jove would hump off his throne and let June run Olympus while he took a snooze in a quiet rathskellar!"

ENNIUS OF ROME.
169 B. C.)

"What gets my "goat," as I peruse your journals of supposed "civilization" in this dawn of the 20th century since the Coming of the Light, is to see the old frauds, of the days of Darkness and Barbarianism, as rampant as ever; and to see that, for a few sestertii, the said journals, that prate so strongly against Graft, print their advertisements in their "Personal" columns, where they know the sorrowing eyes that search the column in hope of news of a lost one, will see the "ad" of the Seeress who makes a specialty of "Restoring Lost Relatives, etc."

Bah! In our day it was bad enough, with the Consuls keeping up the mummery of consulting the Augurs,—but even they had the decency to wink while they did it,— and didn't let anyone pin "ads" of some local fakir on their togas for the public to read!

We, at least, made them keep themselves under cover, and, a little later than my time, the Emperors made them hunt their holes for fair; but now, for fear some silly fool might not be able to find a quack for himself—or herself—that would cheat the last coin away under pretense of giving aid, you help spread the net twice a day, and reap a few coppers for it!

Half the take-in would be small pay for the share of the Curse that should be yours!

Did I not warn you long ago?

"I value not a rush your Marsian Augurs,
Your village Seers, your market Fortune-Tellers,
Egyptian Sorcerers, Dream Interpreters,"

and tell you plainly what they were,

"No Prophets they, by knowledge or by skill,
But Superstitious Quacks, Shameless Imposters,
Lazy, or Crazy, Slaves of Indigence,"

and how they cozened you of your coin,

"Who tell fine stories for their proper Lucre;"

and with what ignorant presumption they

"Teach others the highway and cannot find
A by-way for themselves;"

and with what affrontery they

"promise us riches,
And beg of us a drachma;"

and, if you want to excite their bile, tell them you will

"let them give
Their riches first, then take their drachma out!"

IBU ALRUMI.
HIS RIDDLE—AND OMAR.

"An interview from me,—well, young man, they say all life's a riddle. So I'll give you one: Americans are supposed to be the best "guessers in the world, but we Saracens had it over you in the making of riddles.

"The loftiest cedars I can eat,
Yet neither paunch nor mouth have I;
I storm whene'er you give me meat;
Whene'er you give me drink I die!"

I sprung this on Omar, but he was busy tinkering up the Calendar, and only replied:

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?"

which sounds as if he had

"Filled the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
His Winter-garment of Repentance flung!"

OMAR KHAYYAM TAKES A CRITIC TO TASK

"So that would-be wit of an Ibu Alrumi thought I had been boozing did he, just because I imparted a bit of real thought to him? Well

"Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong,"

but I'd rather

"Drown my glory in a shallow Cup,"

and

"Sell my Reputation for a Song,"

than live the dry-as-dust lives some of these goody-goodies do!

"And much as Wine has played the Infidel
And robbed me of my Robe of Honor,—well,

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I wonder often what the Vinters buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell!"

These High-Brows all rail at me because I am contented with common things, and the common lot of man,—because I'd rather sit in a shady shop and make my tents, with the Crowd going and coming and customers coming in to chaffer, or friends dropping in to chat, to wearing a starched turban and kotowing at the Sultan's court. And they hold it a scandal that when I feel like having a little fresh air I don't lounge around the fountains spouting in the Palace court—and listen to the spouting of the Ulemans, but take my "Book of verses" and "Underneath the Bough," with "a loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine,—and Thou," find "Wilderness a Paradise enow!"—for the Now anyhow!

"The Worldly Hopes men set their hearts upon,"—why I've seen my old chum's head upon the spike over Mahmoud's gate! What if he was Grand Vizier for a while?—can he now

"With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown!"
"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,"
"Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;"
"Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the Winds resign!"
"And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more,
The Eternal Saki from the Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

THE SEX.

"My opinion on the sex?"

The old Camel-Driver combed his beard with his fingers for a few moments, while he chewed his betel-nut and lime.

"Well, of course, things have changed somewhat, externally, since my day,—for then the sex wore the trousers and we the skirts,—then they took our skirts away and made us wear their trousers,—and now in the West of the Franks I hear they want to wear the pants again,—but, inwardly, Woman has always been woman!

I had a little experience of this sort a few centuries ago that I put in verse, and called "The Inconsistent Lady,"—although I don't know why just calling it "The Way of the Sex" wouldn't have done as well!"

"When I sent you my melons, you cried with scorn,
'They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled, and yellow!'
When I offered *myself*, whom these graces adorn,
You flouted, and called me 'an ugly old fellow!'"

BARTOLOMEO d'SANT ANGELO on A POET'S WEALTH.

"Wealth,—well, young man, wealth, we are told in the schools, is a relative term,—that is that, when a man has aught of anything more than the average of his fellows, he may be said to be wealthy in that regard.

Some men acquire wealth in lands, some in jewels, some in broad ducats of Milan; some, in the Orient, count theirs in cattle, horses, or women; those of the Netherlands in ships; the great Lords in vassals; the Pope in—God knows what; but I, even above the rest of my fellow Tróubadours, am blessed with the true Bardic hoard; for

"I am so passing rich in Poverty
That I could furnish forth Paris and Rome,
Pisa and Padua and Byzantium,
Venice and Lucca, Florence and Forli;
For I possess in actual specie
Of Nihil and Nothing a great sum;
And unto my hoard whole shiploads come,
What between Nought and Zero annually.
* * * * *
Nor doubt the safety of my wealth a whit,—
No thief will ever steal thereof, God wot!"

THE KING—AND THE PRESS

The old Hidalgo pursed his lips at the request of the Reporter to be allowed to communicate the unwelcome news to the monarch, who could be seen in the palace-yard tinkering with a new aeroplane. "In the old days," he answered, "I should not have hesitated even for a moment on the course to pursue,—I'd have called the Guard and had you kicked down the steps,—but to-day even we of Spain and Morocco have learned that a new Power has risen in the world, which has no bounds wherein one may confine it, keeps no armies or navies, yet rules where-e'er men have symbols to convey thought, and that, although its chiefs be of many races and languages, all stand by the other when any other

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Power would suppress it.

So, as an Embassador of the Press, I may not use discourtesy to rid myself of your unwelcome presence,—yet even the Press should remember,

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of Kings!"

THE ESSENCE OF PHILOSOPHY.

Don Quixote gathered himself from the straw, where he and Sancho had spent the night for lack of the wherewithal to pay for beds in the inn, and picking stray whisps from his hair and mustache took stock of his interlocutor:

"You would have my thoughts in regard to the "Cult of the Brain"? Well, since Minerva has ever been my guiding star, and in following her I reached, without toll or price, this soft bed upon which I have passed a dreamless night, I see not reason why you should not come to me as to the Fountain-Head or Earthly Knowledge.

* * * * * *

Philosophy! 'Tis the Algebra of Thought!—being the means of reaching a knowledge of the Unknown, reasoning from the Known. 'Tis Science Spiritualized!—a tri-angular survey that takes the 10,000 years of Earthly Knowledge as a base from which to measure the Peak of Infinity!

'Tis the Bitterness of the Past transmuted into Hope for the Future;—or, speaking in a Rockerfellerian way, it is the Evil-smelling "Crude" of Human Life refined into the Light-giving Oil of Knowledge!"

* * * * * *

Here the landlord came and kicked him out of the stable; but, as this was but a regular incident in his daily life, he did not seem to notice it, and disappeared down the winding road still philosophizing; although the Reporter had staid to breakfast with the landlord at the inn.



[redacted]

1913

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Make Your Fortune!

Various needed inventions to make riches for the fortunate inventor.

by JAMES HALL

The twentieth-century inventor has an enormous field before him; the more that civilization has the more it needs. Successful new inventions invariably bring the demand for myriads of others in their train. There is, for instance, an absolutely colossal fortune in sight for the man who will invent a perfect substitute for either india-rubber or guttapercha. The supply of these two substances is almost stationary, while the demand is constantly increasing.

It is not only the rapid multiplication of motors and cycles that makes such enormous requisition upon the world's stock of rubber; electrical industries have much, perhaps most, to do with the threatened rubber and guttapercha famine. A single Atlantic cable takes fully five hundred tons of best Singapore rubber for insulation purposes, and nothing else will act as a substitute. Nor must it be forgotten that the great game of golf absolutely depends upon rubber and guttapercha for its very existence. All the best balls are composed of fine elastic wound upon a cord and covered with a shell of guttapercha. The demand, in fact, from one cause and another, has jumped all at once from hundreds to thousands of tons.

Trees are being planted by the thousand in Ceylon, Brazil, and elsewhere, but it takes a good many years for the Hevea Braziliensis and the other rubber-producing trees to come to maturity. Meantime, inventors all the world over are doing their utmost to find a substitute. It would require a stout volume to record even the more important of the various experiments which have been made, or cite all the substances which invention has exercised its ingenuity upon, so far without success. The task of producing an artificial india-rubber has "stumped" even the Germans, the cleverest synthetical chemists in the world, men who succeeded in producing indigotin and scores of other coal-tar miracles.

Some years ago great excitement was caused by the discovery that a compound of nitrated linseed oil and nitro-cellulose gave rise to a substance closely resembling rubber. But the artificial product has not the same elasticity as true rubber, and though useful for certain purposes is by no means the equal of the natural article. Castor oil, moize oil, crude Texas petroleum, and many other similar substances have been experimented upon, while quite recently tanned pigskins may be made available for motor car tires.

Auto-motor vehicles have shown, as nothing else could, the inherent badness and wastefulness of the present system of road-making. The ideal road of the future will be one that is smooth, impervious to water, noiseless, dustless, and upon which horses cannot slip nor wheels skid. The new road surface must, above all, be inexpensive. Here, again, as in the case of rubber substitutes, it would take many issues of this magazine to give even a *résumé* of the multitudinous materials which have been tried—and found wanting! Some of them we are well acquainted with—asphalt, wood blocks, tar, macadam, concrete, bricks. Rubber has even been used to pave the courtyard of great London hotels. There is the material known as Westrumite and other somewhat similar inventions for use on the surfaces of ordinary macadam roads, which certainly do much to bind them together and keep down dust. But none are perfect, and the best are very expensive. A curious experiment has recntly been made here in America. Paving has been made out of the fibre of common salt marsh grass pressed into blocks by

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hydraulic power, after which the blocks are submerged three times in three different kinds of oil. The resulting pavement is said to have all the advantages of wood pavement and to outlast any timber, even jarrah. Those best qualified to give an opinion, however, believe that the perfect pavement will be some form of glass, which brings us to another possibility of the future—namely, malleable glass.

Much interest was aroused when, in 1875, a Frenchman, M. de la Bastie, announced that he had made a form of glass so tough that it could not be broken. His process consisted in heating glass until it was just about to soften, and then dipping it in a bath of oil at a much lower temperature. The inventor demanded millions for the patent rights of his process, and, had it been all that was claimed for it, the price would perhaps not have been excessive. But it soon appeared that the results of the toughening process were not uniform, and that objects made by the Bastie process were by no means unbreakable. This defect, together with the high price, has as yet prevented its coming into extensive use.

What is really wanted is glass that is not merely toughened but malleable as well. More than once, in the records of the past, we find stories of the invention of malleable glass. In the reign of Tiberius an inventor brought before the emperor a goblet of glass which, when flung down upon the floor, instead of breaking, only bent, and was easily straightened again with a hammer. It is never safe to trust a despot of the Tiberius type. The emperor had no fancy for all his subjects owning vases which could be crumpled up like handkerchiefs and carried in the pocket. He therefore kept the vase and killed the inventor!

The world wants malleable glass, and wants it badly. The man who discovers it will be one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Not only roads, but houses—floors, ceilings, roofs, and all—might then be built of delicate-hued, transparent glass bricks or tiles. All our household utensils might be of the same material. Metal, china, and earthenware would then be at a discount, and an age of glass supercede that of steel.

Great, however, as would be the economic revolution effected by the discovery of malleable glass, it would hardly equal in its wide-reaching effects the invention of a method of utilizing atmospheric electricity—that is to say, of making practical applications of it without employing chemicals, dynamos, or other intermediaries. About seven years ago a certain Senor Clemente Figueras, Spanish by birth, who held the post of Engineer of Woods and Forests in the Canary Isles, claimed to have solved this problem.

This gentleman was declared to have invented a generator with which he was able to collect and store the electric fluid. His apparatus, rough as it was, was said to give a current of 550 volts, with which he lighted his house and drove a motor of 20 horsepower. Alas! we have heard no more of this world-shaking revolution. What has become of the Spanish scientist and his amazing invention?

About a year after the Figueras fiasco Mr. Alfred Whitney, of Chicago startled creation by his project for obtaining electric power from the depths of space. According to this gentleman, our atmosphere extends for only seventeen miles, instead of the hundred or so we are accustomed to think of, and above it is an thereal region charged with pure electricity. Some men might have been puzzled how to reach this store of everlasting power, even supposing it to exist. But a little thing like that does not trouble the Whitney mind. Seventeen miles up, he declares, the power of gravity ceases to exist. All that is necessary is to build a gun powerful enough to shoot a bullet-shaped magnet beyond the gravity limit. The bullet is to carry a cable, of which, as the magnet falls into space, one hundred and fifty miles will be unwound, and from that distance will be obtained electricity equalling 140,000 horsepower. Men of science may jeer, but Mr. Whitney is not disconcerted. The firing of that big gun should be a sight worth seeing.

The discovery of some method for obtaining atmospheric electricity first hand would be an amazing boon to humanity, and a good second would be a method of extracting electric power direct from coal. There is well-founded hope that the latter of these two problems may be

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satisfactorily solved before very many years are passed; probably a larger amount of brain power is devoted at the present moment to this one object than to any other single possible invention. At present, under the best available electric power systems, we can make use of less than one-twentieth of the available energy of coal. The rest is absolutely wasted. Just imagine what a huge saving would be effected could each locomotive or other engine manufacture its own electricity out of coal! Travel both by sea and land would drop to half its present price. Manufacturers would find power so inexpensive that nearly every article of common use would be cheapened from 20 to 50 per cent. Every house would have its own electric light at an infinitesimal cost. Electric vehicles, smooth, swift, noiseless, and inexpensive, would replace all present forms of carriage, cart, and motor.

Another achievement which inventors have for many centuries been struggling after is a simple and inexpensive method of utilizing the tides. In the Bristol Channel alone the rise and fall of the tide produces energy sufficient to run every mill, motor and locomotive in the whole of Great Britain. And all these millions of horse-power run to waste because no means have yet been devised for turning them to man's use. Niagara has been harnessed. It remains to make the ocean drive our factories as it already carries our commerce.

Reference to the sea brings to mind the fact that pearls now command positively fabulous prices. Something like a pearl famine is in sight, and the reason is that at the depths to which divers can descend the pearl oyster beds have been pretty well worked out. Even in the best diving dresses at present in use divers cannot go down more than fifteen fathoms in safety, and even then, owing to the enormous pressure, they often come up bleeding at the nose. There is record of a pearl-diver once going down seventeen fathoms, but he was dead when he was hauled up. If some genius would devise a dress or a convenient machine in which a man could descend twenty to thirty fathoms with safety, there would be an enormous fortune in such an invention. There are plenty of pearl oysters down to forty fathoms or even greater depths. Cavaliere Pino's clever contrivance for recovering treasure from deep-sea wrecks is apparently not suited to pearling, for pearls cannot be got by grappling. The oyster must be picked from the sea-bottom by hand.

While on the subject of pearls, it may be worth mentioning that no really safe manner of fixing pearls on jewelry such as rings or pins, where the gems are mounted without a surrounding setting, has yet been discovered. There is, too, a small fortune in store for anyone who devises a perfect brooch-pin of the safety order. The old crook and pin fastening is anything but safe, and the ordinary safety pin is too heavy and clumsy to be suitable for really fine gems. Something is required which combines lightness and elegance with absolute reliability.

The sorrows of a ship-stoker have often been luridly set before the public, and it is beyond question that no other performance and there were manifestly already for too many silly, noisy, squawking children. But one had to be somewhere, and, as for being by himself, he class of workers have a more desperately arduous task. The heat in any stokehold, even the great roomy hold of the Atlantic liner, is awful. The writer vividly remembers a visit paid to the stokehold of such a ship on a freezing winter's day in mid-Atlantic. At the time he had just come from a tropical climate, and thought little of a temperature of 100° in the shade. Yet five minutes in front of those leaping, sizzling furnaces was more than enough. The Arctic cold on deck was preferable. Fancy, then, what must be the sufferings of stokers penned in the narrow limits of a warship under forced draught and in the tropics.

A perfect mechanical stoker would obviate all this misery, and save not only a vast amount of money in wages, but also the lives of hundreds of poor fellows killed by the alternate roastings and freezings of a stoker's life. More than one mechanical stoker is on the market, but apparently none that adequately represents the human factor. At any rate, the furnaces of the great liners are still stoken by hand, and the shovel

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and slice-bar have not yet been superseded.

Within the domestic circle, even, what a lack is there of many possible inventions small and great which would add vastly to the comfort and pleasure of life! Who has not suffered from the miseries of a smoky chimney and wasted money on one device after another without obtaining relief? There are cowls of every shape and size, some that turn like weathercocks with the wind, others that spin like giant tops, others again that are sheer nightmares of crooked hideousness. Yet none of them are perfect. Even the spinners, which usually check the down draughts when first affixed, will not stand heavy gales, and when they once get out of order produce a grinding roar which shakes the house and sounds like a giant coffee-mill gone crazy.

We want, too, a scrubbing machine, a wall-papering machine, a window-lock which will defy Bill Sikes's best efforts, and likewise a really efficient burglar alarm that shall scare the burglar and not frighten the children into fits when stumbled over by the peripatetic cat. There ought to be money in all these things if they were cheap and efficient.

We want also a bootlace that will not break, a pipe that will not foul, and a hinge that will not creak. As for windows, they are the greatest nuisance in a house, especially the sash form. Either they are loose and rattle horribly when open or else they wedge tight and cannot be opened at any price. Good ventilating appliances are extremely expensive. Something that is cheap, will not cause a draught, and is easily fixed is badly needed. Is there any invention for turning over music leaves? There should be a future for a cheap oil lamp that will not explode under any circumstances. Collars and cuffs are the stout man's burden in warm weather. Starch wilts on a summer's day. Why have we not a starch that is proof against perspiration? It does not seem an impossible ambition.

When the milking machine was first invented it was prophesied that it would soon entirely supersede human hands, much to the advantage of the milk-consumer, who could then be tolerably certain that his drink was fairly pure. So far, this has not been the case. Cows are milked in the old, old way. The objection to the technical milking appliance seems to be that it will not milk dry. No one needs to be told that unless a cow is milked dry there is a rapid decrease in the amount of milk given. We still want, then, a thoroughly efficient milking machine.

But the list is endless. The perfect horseshoe is yet a dream of the future. So is an envelope that cannot be opened without detection. So is a really practical paper-fastener. The mechanical hair-cutter may come some day. It should have a future in every home.

One comfort is that this is an age of invention. Those of us who have not yet reached the half-way house of life will doubtless see most of the uninvented inventions here mentioned, and probably many others, including even the greatest invention of all—the perfect flying machine.



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Personal Opinions on Current Events

Forgan Discusses Bank Assets.

"It has been my practice to divide bank assets into five classes and for convenience to name them in dairy terms such as cream, sweet milk, skim milk, sour milk and sediment. The cream consists of such prime investments, whether in notes or bonds, as can be relied on to be paid at maturity or as can be readily sold and converted into cash.

"The sweet milk is that line of desirable loans made to good customers who keep satisfactory average balances and whose legitimate business requirements the banker is under obligation to consider and must consider in order to keep their business. The skim milk is represented by business which is not quite as good as it was thought to be when it was taken on and therefore requires special care and attention, although no loss on it is anticipated.

"The sour milk is business which has become so bad that at least partial loss can be reasonably anticipated on it which should be provided for. And the sediment is business so bad that a large percentage of loss on it is so inevitable that it can no longer be considered a legitimate or desirable bank asset and should be charged off.

"The cream and the sweet milk are readily recognizable; the skim milk will as a rule disclose some complications or other indications of conditions connected with it which make it undesirable as a bank asset at its face value. With these three classes segregated there are left the sour milk and the sediment. To keep a bank as sweet and clean as a model dairy these two last named classes of assets must be constantly eliminated.

Secretary Meyer on a Larger Navy.

The United States must have a bigger navy and must be prepared to meet any chance of war, in the opinion of Secretary Meyer of the navy department, if it is to preserve its national safety.

In his annual report, made public recently, Secretary Meyer pleads for three new battleships this year, and declares that this country soon will fall from second to fourth place in the relative standing of naval powers, if it continues the policy of building only two ships each year.

International peace has been brought no nearer, the secretary declares, so far as a limitation of armaments is concerned. To guard its coast and protect its commercial activities the United States needs a permanent navy of 41 capital ships—battleships and battle cruisers. The present strength of the navy in battleships is about 33, but four ships will soon be retired as obsolete.

Sherman Act Fits Need of Civil Law, Says Wickersham.

The Sherman anti-trust law is proving its adequacy as a civil statute and there is no necessity for the proposed amendment particularizing unlawful practices in restraint of trade.

The experience of the last year in endeavoring to enforce criminal liability under the Sherman law has not been encouraging.

"I am strongly of the opinion that the advocacy of amendments of the law which shall particularize different acts as constituting unlawful restraints or attempts at monopoly has its origin, not so much with those who desire the enforcement of the law, as with those who are anxious to secure a safe means of its evasion. An enumeration by statute of the different practices which, in and of themselves, without regard to the circumstances of particular cases, should be declared illegal, will either go too far or not far enough."

Send Inebriates to Farm, Says Senator Murtha.

"A man sentenced to 30 days for long-continued inebriety, for instance, would benefit vastly by 30 days of labor on a farm.

"Not only would he be better punished by being forced to work, than if merely held in a jail, but the work in the open air, with plain, substantial food, would bring distinct advantages to his health and the community would benefit because of his labor.

"I am not in favor of bringing men guilty of misdemeanors and minor infractions of the law into contact with confirmed criminals, men held on charges of murder and other similar crimes, as is the case now in our county jails.

"The tough man becomes an example after which the occasional minor offender frequently patterns. The tendency always is to sink towards the lower level. I believe the colony scheme would work a big advance in our penal administration.

"In our state prisons the farm idea will be immeasurably more advantageous than the labor system now in vogue.

"With proper supervision and the exercise of proper moral influences upon our long-term prisoners, I believe many of them can be induced to till the soil, become arbor culturists, horticulturists and florists.

"The little hot house at Jackson prison has developed a love of flowers and flower-raising among the few prisoners who have been assigned to it. Today there are men there who are attending the plants as a mother would her babe. Those men can be saved. It needs the proper men to guide and teach the prisoner. I am certain that the number of agricultural experts a prison could turn out would be surprising."

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

A beetle-browed citizen, with a deliveryman's cap and a smudgy receipt book, stuck his head far enough into the Wallack's Theatre lobby the other afternoon to scowl at Manager Charles Burnham, and threaten—

"Box for Mamie Simmons, ninety cents, collect."

Mr. Burnham haughtily remarked that there was no Mamie Simmons at Wallack's, never had been a Mamie Simmons at Wallack's and never would be a Mamie Simmons at Wallack's, so long as he, Burnham, had anything to do with Wallack's.

'G'wan" said the visiting gentleman. "It says on the box 'Mamie Simmons, Wallack's.'"

Mr. Burnham walked to the door and looked at a huge frame, containing pictures in various poses of "the best-dressed woman in the world."

"Mme. Simone," said the manager softly. "Bring it in. She is playing here in "The Paper Chase.' Wait till I tell Gaston Meyer."

When Mr. Mayer heard about the Mamie Simons incident he fainted almost fatally.

In spite of the fact that Mme. Simone has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Paris—which practically includes the same distinction for the whole world—she is not fond of shopping. So, when she was compelled to visit a millinery establishment on the avenue the other afternoon, she was not in the best of humor. Those shops which she patronizes in Paris know her rules of dress—nothing garish, practically no color, unless it is a vivid touch to lend esprit to a costume. So she expected to encounter difficulties. She was agreeably disappointed.

In the shop where she first called the manager told her:

"I am sure Mlle. Follette will be able to please madame," and Mlle. Follette was summoned.

While Mme. Simone was plunged in a study of several millinery specimens that surely should be ensconsed in a museum glass case, she heard a familiar voice say in French: "Ah, Madame, it is joyful to see you again!"

Turning, she found one of the former first assistants of a leading Parisian shop at her elbow. For twenty minutes they talked volubly in French, Mme. Simone allowing herself this vocation from English which she speaks continually while in America both off the stage as well as on it. At the end of this interview Mme. Simone arose to depart when the manager, who had been hovering about with an air of great concern, bowed before her and said:

"But madame's hat!—

"Oh, yes! Follette, make me four hats. Go to my apartment, if you like, and see my gowns. Au revoir," and she swept out, leaving the manager shaking hands energetically with Mlle. Follette.

Frank R. White was properly squelched a few nights ago at the Century Theatre, New York. Mr. White is the genius who presides at the Hope-Jones Unit Orchestra which makes the music for "The Daughter of Heaven," and takes the place of thirty-five musicians.

A man in the front row seemed particularly interested in the odd instrument. He listened attentively to the full orchestra interpretation of the wonderful Chinese music and selections from grand opera, and read and re-read the program announcement referring to Mr. White's work.

After the performance, the man addressed the operator and asked a dozen questions in almost as many seconds. Mr. White explained, apparently not quite as convincingly as he might have wished.

"And you say you have no musicians hidden under the stage?.. said the stranger, almost accusingly.

"I'm the only one," assured Mr. White.

"And you mean to tell me you also

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control all that battery of drums?"

White admitted such was the case.

The man took out a card, showing his connection with a famous orchestra, and handed it to Mr. White.

"I guess the joke's on you, young fellow," he said. "Didn't know you were talking to a drummer, did you?"

The man strolled through the lobby of the great Century Theatre, New York. Attracted by the pinky-white beauty of the girl at the candy counter, he paused.

"You should be happy and contented," said the man. "You have youth and good looks and your gown becomes you, and your task is to handle only the sweet and tempting. What is your name?"

"Lillian Lyddiate."

"I shall call on you on my next trip," said the man, and would have passed on, but the girl said—

"I shall not be here, I hope. I am only filling in here; my real work is the stage. I must try for a dancer's part in 'The Daughter of Heaven.'"

Then the man walked back of the stage and spoke to a little maid, nearly lost under the weight of her armor. The man looked approval.

"You dance alluringly," he said, "I watched you from the front. You put your soul into it, and I can see you enjoy it as much as the public enjoys seeing it. You should be contented. What is your name?"

"Nesta de Becker," said the little maid, "but don't tell anybody I am just a dancer. I hope to get an engagement in a few weeks in dramatic work."

About this time came along the solo dancer, the lotus dancer, the wonderful Miss Violet Romer, in each hand a flower and in each movement life and light and understanding. So the man complimented her for she had won great fame as the dancer who danced before the Empress of China, and wished her a graceful "van van nien," or ten thousand years in "The Daughter of Heaven."

"But not so long as that," corrected Miss Romer, "for soon I hope to have my own entertainment and my own theatre and an audience all my own."

The man moved on, pondering.

On the Book Shelf

by CRITIC

There is no man better known among professional baseball players than Will Irwin, author of *The Red Button*. During the training season he always makes the southern trip with the Chicago Cubs as the special correspondent of a New York paper.

Like many of the characters used in Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories, Minnie, the narrator of *Where There's a Will*, was drawn from real life. However, the original Minnie was not a spring-house girl, but a waitress at a summer hotel.

When Samuel Hopkins Adams, who wrote *The Secret of Lonesome Cove*, was a student at Hamilton College he was an enthusiastic member of the banjo club. He was also a contributor to the college magazine and was for two years its editor.

Since writing *The Jingo*, George Randolph Chester has been besieged with letters from interested readers of the book who are anxious that the author shall write a sequel to the story in which Jimmy and the Princess Bezzanna shall be brought to the United States.

Stewart Edward White has received a communication from a college man who says he believes it possible for an apparatus to be constructed which will accomplish some of the wonders described by Mr. White in *The Sign at Six*. The

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student is at work in the physics laboratory of a western college endeavoring to prove his theory.

Yes, Maria Thompson Daviess says she is a suffragist, and *The Elected Mother* is a true expression of her own views. Miss Daviess is on the program to address the National Suffragists' convention at Philadelphia.

The locale of *The Fortunes of the Landrays* is Ohio, and the town of Benson, described so graphically in the story is said to be Mt. Vernon, where Vaughan Kester, author of the novel, spent his boyhood days.

Harold MacGrath, who has just added *The Place of Honeymoons* to his long list of successes, is an author without fads. "Systematic work and enough leisure to enjoy the society of one's family and friends is better than all the special interests in the world," says Mr. MacGrath.

The Legion of Frontiersmen is one of the most interesting societies of England, and its membership is composed exclusively of those sons of Briton who have distinguished themselves in the various British colonies. One of the charter members, who is still one of the most active in the affairs of the Legion, is Roger Pocock, author of *A Man in the Open,* which was recently published by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Pocock is well entitled to his rank in the Legion of Frontiersmen, as he is well equipped to write such a book as *A Man in the Open.* His life has been entirely unusual, and although the author says that he sought out the unusual places through the pure love of adventure, he is free in confessing that it was force of circumstances which caused him to do many of the unconventional things he did.

Coming to America from England when a very young man, Mr. Pocock located in Eastern Canada. But here he failed to find the adventure he sought, and therefore pushed westward to the wilderness, which was but sparsely settled and which came entirely up to the young man's expectations as to what the new world should be. But he found that there was but little demand for men of his education and particular talents. Life in the west was elemental, and the young Englishman, rather than give up and go back East, resolved to meet it on its own basis.

Sometime after this Mr. Pocock enlisted in the Northwest Mounted Police. He distinguished himself as a member of this organization, taking part in several battles with Indians, and also in a small war waged against outlaws and cattle thieves. It was in one of these battles that he was severely wounded, and because of his injuries was mustered out of service. He now realized that he was best fitted for fiction writing and returned to England. His many successes have made him immensely popular, but in no book has he done as good work as in *A Man in the Open.*

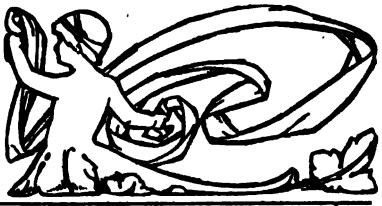
"Their Yesterdays," by Harold Bell Wright, is the latest—and perhaps the best—contribution by an author whom we learned to love so well in *"The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Calling of Dan Matthews,"* and the *"Winning of Barbara Worth."* In this latest book are combined qualities of kindliness, vigor, sympathy and love, permeated with a spirit of religius sentiment, all presented in a sympathetic, pleasing story of love and home. It is a story to touch the emotions, to bring to the surface all the good that is within us. It compels us to think, to meditate on the lessons unconsciously brought to our attention. It is a sermon, not a dry discourse on something beyond our comprehension but instead a real, live, pulsating reminder, skilfully told, that impresses us strongly.

Their Yesterdays is well worth a place on the library table.

Illustrations in colors by F. Graham Cootes. Price $1.30 net. The Book Supply Co., Chicago, publishers.

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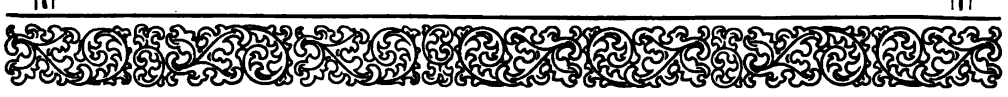
A Song.

Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?

Because I hung it in my pride
So near the skies,
Higher than other skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?
I shall but build, and build my best,
Till, safely won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest,
High as of old, and see it rest
As near the sun.

Sounds You Hear at Night.

When lying in your downy bed
And sleep is overdue,
But still refused to come 'round
And make a date with you,
Although the world outside is dead
And not a soul is near,
It's startling then and strange, indeed,
The noises that you hear.
You lie there counting sheep, perhaps,
To make the sleepman come
When from the corner of the room
There stands a low, soft hum.
While you are guessing at the cause
It fades and grows more faint
Or breaks out in another place
Just like a new complaint.
Outside from time to time you hear
A far away report
That seems to be a pistol shot
Or something of that sort.
Then suddenly a noise begins,
Like rattling of the tin,
Which makes you think a burglar bold
Is surely breaking in.
Each sound is greatly multiplied.
A door across the street
Slammed by a wayward wind sounds like
The booming of a fleet.
As for the creaking of the house,
It gives you such a fright,
They drive you to distraction quite
The sounds you hear at night.



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An Art Which Is Continually Changing.

Every year sees great progress in the art of Telephony. New discoveries in all branches of science are being applied in a practical way to every feature of the service. Some of these are obvious to the patron, but most of them come into use unannounced, and are only evidenced by the rapid growth of the system, and its increasing popularity.

The art of making telephone cables is progressing as rapidly as any branch of manufacture. A cable is composed of a bundle of insulated wires in a lead sheath. The method of inserting the wires in the lead tube is more of a puzzle than how the apple got inside the dumpling. The molten metal is molded around the core of wires, under a pressure of many tons. But even that statement does not do the process justice, for the core may be a thousand feet long and the molding process must be a continuous one, squeezing the lead around the core as it travels from one reel to another.

The wire itself is hard drawn copper, commonly "22 gauge" or of the size of a fine needle, and each wire is wrapped by automatic machinery with crumpled Japanese paper for insulation. Each pair of wires must be twisted together to prevent cross talk and all the pairs in a core must be twisted about each other symmetrically, for the same reason. This wrapping and twisting process is somewhat like the art of rope making.

The cable must be packed tightly in the sheath, as otherwise in case of injury, water would be sucked in and ruin it for many feet in each direction from the hole, making repairs expensive or impossible.

One recent improvement is in the composition of the metal of the sheath. Lead was found too soft, and an alloy half lead, half tin, was used. Tin was too expensive and recently antimony has been substituted and has proved better as well as cheaper.

The number of wires in a cable has been gradually increased. One hundred and twenty pairs was standard for awhile, and later 200 pairs. Four hundred pairs is the common rule now, but 600 pairs in each sheath is more recent practice. Even eight hundred pairs have been placed in one sheath experimentally. The number cannot go much higher with the present gauge of wire, for the cable would be too large to go through the present conduit system of Detroit.

A recent improvement is the combination of several sizes of wire in one cable. The larger wires are needed for trunk lines between exchanges and for toll lines. Every increase in the number of wires in a telephone cable means economy and more service for the money.

Ordinary telephone cable will not carry conversation more than twenty-eight miles. It will not do to allow even half that much ordinary cable in one subscriber's line, for he might have occasion to talk long distance or to some other subscriber whose line was in cable.

To meet this difficulty, which the growth of cities would have increased until it would have been an almost unsurmountable obstacle to successful telephone operation, Prof. Pupin invented the system of loading cables with special apparatus to extend their limits of transmission. This method, however, requires that the cable be made especially, with each two pairs or "quad" twisted about each other.

A million dollars worth of this new kind of cable has just been completed on a single order.

This liberal outlay should satisfy the most captious critic that a charge to the effect that the Bell Telephone Company is disposed to delay progress, or discourage invention or force obsolete equipment on the public, has no foundation in fact.—Adv.

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The GATEWAY

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ITS PHYSIOGRAPHY
by Alfred C. Lane

THE CHICAGO POLICE
by M. J. Gallery

JOE MILLER REVIVED
by Edward Lee

THE MEALY POTATO
by Dr. J. H. Kellogg

Etc., Etc.

FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XX. FEBRUARY, 1913. No. 1

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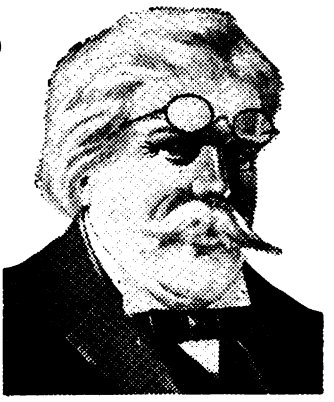
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
Literature, Economics and Social Service.

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY—1913. No. 1

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Entered as second-class mail matter, Oct. 5th, 1903, at the Post-Office at Detroit, Michigan under the act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

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Sergeant M. J. Gallery

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The Chicago Police

Its Reorganization and the Part Played by the United Police

by M. J. GALLERY
of the Chicago Police Department

Mayor Harrison will be remembered longer and liked better for his efforts in reorganizing the police force than for perhaps any other act of his administrations. It required courage and stamina of a high order. Without the flare of trumpets or the flash of the limelight he began a work of civic duty, the good results of which will be of permanent and far-reaching effect.

The Start of the War.

To the Honorable, the Civil Service Commission.

Gentlemen: During the past two weeks charges have been rife in the local press to the effect that a criminal conspiracy exists between certain commanding officers of the police department and certain gamblers operating and attempting to operate within the city limits. It is openly charged that money is paid by these gamblers to some agents acting for members of the police department to secure protection for these illegal games of chance.

Every commanding officer of the police department, with the exception of one, as far as my knowledge goes, has secured his appointment through the agency of the Civil Service Commission. Your office is today undertaking a systematic examination into the efficiency of various classes of city employes. Is there any place where better work could be done than by attempting to ferret out the truth or falsity of these charges? Your commission can subpoena witnesses and take testimony under oath. If there is any lack of sufficient evidence to show the truth of these charges, it is due to the police department of the city of Chicago that its good name be cleared of an unjust imputation of guilt. On the other hand, if the testimony collected shows that the charges are true, it will be possible for your commission to rid the force of men whose presence on it is a disgrace to it.

I would respectfully suggest that no better work can be performed by the Civil Service Commission than to undertake an immediate and searching investigation into the alleged connection between the police department and the various criminal classes in the city.

Yours very truly,
Carter H. Harrison, Mayor.

This letter of his Honor, the Mayor of Chicago, created a "revolution" among the police and politicians of that city. Everybody asked: "How far will he go?" They did not have to wait long to find that he was going the limit, for, two days later, hearing that influential men were using his name to influence investigators, he wrote to each of the commissioners another letter, as follows:

Sept. 7, 1911.

My Dear Sir: During the approach-

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ing probe of the police department unquestionably representations will be made to you that the administration desires certain things to be done with it.

My only personal desire is that the probe shall be conducted to the furthest ramifications of the various charges which have been made. Absolutely no one is authorized to convey any message from me, either to the Civil Service Commission or to the individual members of it, in connection with this investigation. At any time I desire to communicate with you, I shall do so in person.

Yours very truly,
Carter H. Harrison, Mayor.

The commission immediately set to work to find an efficient staff of investigators. After examining hundreds of men, ten were finally selected as equal to any test to which they might be put. Under these men more than 2,000 separate places were investigated, authenticated reports turned in and tabulated.

Investigations were then began to fix the blame for the conditions existing in violation of the law. Charges were signed against three inspectors, five captains, seven lieutenants and forty-one plain clothes men. One captain resigned under charges, while three inspectors, three captains, three lieutenants, one sergeant and six plain clothes men were discharged, and three captains resigned without any charges being placed against them. The inspectorships were abolished. After the investigation and trials the commission reported the following conclusions and recommendations to his Honor the Mayor:

Conclusions.

From the evidence obtained by it the Commission came to the following conclusions:

(a) That there is and for years has been a connection between the Police Department and the various criminal classes in the city of Chicago.

(b) That a bi-partisan political combination or ring exists, by and through which the connection between the Police Department and the criminal classes above referred to is fostered and maintained.

(c) That to such connection may be charged a great part of the inefficiency, disorganization and lack of discipline existing in the department.

(d) That aside from such connection, inefficiency also arises through faults of organization and administration.

(e) That the Police Department, as now numerically constituted, can enforce any reasonable regulation in regard to gambling, crime and other forms of vice, if honestly administered, as well as perform all other routine police duty.

Paragraph "a" in "Conclusions" should have read, to have it absolutely on the square with all members of the force, as follows:

(a) "That there is and for years has been a close connection between certain members of the police department and various criminal classes in the United States."

Recommendations.

The commission at that time made the following suggestions, not in the sense of finality, but to merely bring up for discussion the ideas that have come to it as a result of its investigation:

1. That the division of the city into police divisions and districts be abandoned.
2. That the position of inspector be abolished.
3. That captains be assigned to command important precincts, and lieutenants the remainder, and that each be held strictly accountable for conditions therein, these officers reporting directly to general headquarters.
4. That such number of captains and lieutenants be detailed to general headquarters as to constitute an efficient working staff for the General Superintendent, at all times subject to return to former duty.
5. That a system of inspection be installed that will insure the proper performance of police duty on the part of officers and men.
6. That improved methods of reports and correspondence be introduced and the record system thoroughly overhauled and revised, and headquarters' records consolidated as far as practicable.
7. That all assignments to "special duty" other than city police duty in the strictest sense, be discontinued, to the end that every available patrolman may be on beat.
8. That the present method of assignment of sergeants be revised so as to secure, as far as possible, equality as to numbers of men supervised.
9. That transfers as a punishment or at the request of persons outside the department be discontinued.
10. That the standard of promotion examinations be raised.

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11. That so far as possible there be established in the Police Department a system of efficiency markings that will insure, through means practically automatic, the recording of efficiency for purposes of promotion of every officer or other person in the department.

And about a dozen other recommendations.

There was another letter written by the Mayor and sent to the chief of police which did more to purify the police force and give an honest man a chance than any letter ever written by any mayor of Chicago. That is the letter ordering the chief of police to "take men from the top of the promotion lists." This was a body blow at cheap grafters of all descriptions. Here is what the commission said about this graft:

Promotions.

The Civil Service Law requires the certification of the three highest on an eligible list and gives the appointing power the right to select one of the three so certified. Commissions past and present have realized the abuse to which this provision of the law may be put, but this Commission does not believe that any commission since the law first went into effect has known that promotions have been paid for. Such, however, is unquestionably the fact. The practice has been for persons claiming the power to influence the selection to collect money from as many as possible of those likely to be certified, keep the amount paid by the successful ones, and re-pay those not selected, with the explanation that counter influence was too strong. The Commission is convinced that this has been done frequently without the knowledge of the appointing power.

The fact that the title of the person securing promotion in this way is doubtful, makes the securing of positive evidence in individual cases practically impossible.

Your honor's order to select the top of the list hereafter, unless there is some specific reason against so doing, will eliminate this evil entirely.

They did not make it strong enough. Promotions were bought and paid for at top prices like cattle, pigs, sheep and horses, and I'll stake my job on the fact that nine in every ten men promoted bought their places on the lists, and then bought the promotions —or, if they didn't, they did not "land the job," until the good Lord gave us an honest commission through Mayor Harrison, and every man was appointed from the top of the list in his turn. You cannot realize what it means, or how a fellow feels to win promotion and not get it, or worse, to be "whipped" in "fake" examinations by the biggest dubs in Christendom. If you did, you would pray a silent prayer for Mayor Harrison and his selection of men on the Civil Service Commission.

The United Police.

In regard to the new ordinance:

People wonder why the United Police fought it before the council. The Mayor believes they fought it, the commission believes they fought it. This is not so. Every honest man of the rank and file was with the ordinance (with a few changes). We would like to be allowed to take an examination some day for the second deputy, and we wanted to make the way easier for getting into the detective bureau. Just a equare deal—that's all. But two or three men got together and had drawn up a pamphlet called "Objections to and Reasons Why," and made believe it represented the objections of the whole police force. It really was the objections of a couple of men, and they did not object to anything objectionable in the entire ordinance. In fact, ten pages were used out of the thirty pages that the pamphlet contained in a defense of a bureau that was never attacked at all — the vehicle bureau — and the objectors got mad, lost their heads, or head, rather, over the word "lieutenant." Strange, isn't it? Now read what the ordinance says about this "terrible" word "lieutenant":

Sec. 17. The First Deputy Superintendent of Police under the direction of the General Superintendent of Police shall detail a lieutenant to take charge of and supervise the Miscellaneous Division, and to such division shall be assigned the vehicle section, matron section, pound section, marine section, and such other minor sections of police activity as may be created by the rules and regulations of the Department.

Why should sane men object to this? Read what the pamphlet says:

AMENDMENT TO

Section 17. The Superintendent of Police shall detail a **superior officer** to take charge of and supervise the Vehicle Bureau, Censor Bureau, Matron Section, Pound Section, Marine Section. A **superior officer**, above the rank of patrolman, shall

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be placed in charge by and report to the First Deputy Superintendent.

Without being above a patrolman, how can he be a "superior"? Why "superior officer" instead of lieutenant? Here is the reason they give; read again from the pamphlet:

Strike out Lieutent and insert **Superior Officer.** If you place a Lieutenant in charge of this so-called "Miscellaneous Division," you are dividing responsibility. At present there is a Sergeant in charge of the Vehicle Bureau. Now, if you group these Bureaus and place a Lieutenant in charge he will be a peculiar "Jack of all trades." He will dictate the management of affairs in the Vehicle Bureau. He will be the Chief Dog Catcher; he must of necessity be a Ward McAllister to handle with care the Matrons of the Department, and in order to supervise the Marine Section he must have a thorough knowledge of boats, pirates, river rats, etc.

Isn't this a "gem"? And I, as lieutenant, and all other lieutenants are expected to sit idly by and not say a word. In fact, as members of the United Police we are supposed, or credited with, helping to get up this wonderful pamphlet.

"The lieutenant would have to be a peculiar 'Jack of all trades.'" This is awful. "The lieutenant must look after the matrons"? Oh, holy Moses, this is terrible! And still a lieutenant might be able to do that same without being a Ward McAllister. But if he must be a Ward McAllister, can't he be one, as good as the sergeant?

There is another objection: "The lieutenont must know all about river rats." Can't he learn where the sergeant did, if he does not know already?

In every page of ten pages of this pamphlet there is at least a paragraph objecting to the word lieutenant.

Of course, the objection here is the extra $25 a month more that the pay of a lieutenant would be over a sergeant. This is a worthy suggestion to save the taxpayers a few cents.

Now, these are the main objections of the pamphlet gotten up by the "United Police": I deny it. The United Police had nothing to do with it. The rank and file knew nothing of it. The rank and file didn't, or don't give a straw whether a lieutenant, a sergeant, or the word "superior" is used. And any member should not stand for such selfish asinine objections to a good ordinance—an ordinance that no honest policeman need be afraid of and for which the citizens of Chicago should be thankful to his Honor the Mayor, the commission, and their entire staff of workers. Chief among the deserving, along with the commission, are Robert Widdowson, secretary; Major James Miles, examiner in charge of Efficiency Bureau, and Captain Crippen.

I have been about the biggest kicker in the department for the past twenty years. I have been branded a madman, a socialist and an anarchist. I certainly was "mad"—good and "mad"—and I get "mad" yet when I think of the treatment given to the honest rank and file by a rotten gang for many years. In fact, I would have remained "mad" and roared and kicked until the "crash of doom," if things didn't change. And, by the way, while kicking against a rotten system and a tyrannical old gang, have I not (and the records of The Gateway will show) fought for and defended the honest rank and file at all times and in all places? Did any of the gang ever stand up in defense of the honest rank and file? No; they did not have the courage—if they had the ability to do so.

I now have no apology to offer to anyone when I say to the honest rank and file: The investigation did good. The new ordinance in the main is good. And, all in all, no good policeman, or honest man, need be afraid of this present commission, or any changes that they have made or contemplate making.

Since writing the above, our organization, known as the United Police," is no more. The facts are, a "band" of blockheads were "elected" as its executive head. These in turn were urged on by the remnants of a disreputable old gang, who hate everything progressive. Meetings were held in back rooms and the honest rank and file were ignored—except when collection day came around. Then the honest patrolman "paid the piper."

A short time ago the executive body met and voted the organization out of

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existence. They quit cold, and cowardly, without giving the rank and file a chance to vote on it, or even say a word. Nor did the officers make an explanation of why they quit—except a statement from an "official" that "the officers of the organization were as good as they could be, and that the blame lay with the members." This I deny. This I damn as a lie, because I know it is such. The rank and file did all that was asked of them; paid their dues and assessments, and "stuck to a finish"—and were even willing to man the sinking ship had the officers not scuttled it before jumping overboard.

I believe in the organization of the police of this city. They have a right to organize for the purpose of looking out for their own interests as long as they do nothing to injure the public welfare, and to protect themselves against the jobbing methods of crooks. They have a right to get together for social and fraternal purposes. The opinion of several thousand experienced policemen are worth something to the public as a guide to future conduct of the city's affairs, but they can only voice those opinions when they are organized and can speak by resolution. I believe that every citizen with the interests of the city at heart will agree with me in this. I had hoped at one time that the United Police would become such a society, *open* and *above board, frank* and *fearless* in its expressions of honest opinion, as to the needs of the police department, the rights of the men and the conduct of the higher officials wherever such conduct was open to criticism.

But instead, it had become the pocket-piece of a few men who used it to further their own aims, no matter what disgrace may be brought upon the membership. No one will dare accuse the several thousand policemen of this city of wanting to bribe aldermen to raise their pay. Yet the officials of the United Police have put them in that light by their backroom methods of conducting the business of the organization. The honest rank and file never tried to bribe anybody.

That the latest attempt to use this society for the advantage of a few has resulted in an investigation and exposure by the civil service commission is not surprising. I only regret that the organization did not have sufficient stamina to do the cleaning out process itself.

I call to your attention what you already must know. In the attack on the reorganization ordinance credited to the United Police, but properly chargeable to a small clique, eight typewritten pages were devoted to the defense of a *bureau* which was not criticised in the discussion. The purpose of this elaborate defense is apparent in the move which was made to substitute for the word "lieutenant" as commander of the miscellaneous division the words "superior officer."

Why did they not have the ordinance considered by our organization as a body? Why did a few men get off in a back room and decide what we wanted? There was room for amendment of the ordinance in a way that would have helped the poor devil of a patrolman and also have given the public better protection and the department better efficiency.

But they did not suggest any amendments in favor of the patrolman, the man that does all the work and who is the poorest paid. No, this would be an unselfish attitude, which takes the highest order of courage and which the executive body seemed to lack. But they did go into hysterics over the word "lieutenant" and worked themselves into fits in trying to convince the Council, the Commission and the public how much better the words "superior officer" (which in this case meant "sergeant") was and they expected the honest rank and file to stand by them and believe that they were working for their interest. Did they expect that the Council, the Commission, the Mayor and an intelligent public would not see through their little scheme framed in the interest of their own "little" lique? And again, did they expect that every "lieutenant" in Chicago would sit idly by, read their ravings, in denunciation of the word "lieutenant" without a protest, and still remain members of the organization?

If they did, it goes to show that their judgment was as poor in this matter as others.

The fact is, they have missed a glorious opportunity to do good for all con-

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cerned. Why didn't they call a meeting of all the members that cared to attend, have an open discussion of the ordinance, point out the bad spots, call on His Honor, the Mayor, and offer him their services in trying to better the department? They knew it could be bettered. They knew through their long experience the things that would better it, and we all know. Why not be on the square and tell the Mayor what would better it. They knew that there are men in the department who have used them and used us, abused them and abused me, and double-crossed the rank and file all their lives. Will we still be used by them in their efforts to ruin the department?

It pains me to write like this. I have defended my comrades all my life. I have been called a madman, and worse, for my defense of them. Whenever anybody attacked them I have written articles in their defense. But why did they not make the United Police worth while to its membership? That organization could have been a power for good if they had not misrepresented it and used it for their own personal ends. They knew that we have had some mighty wise old rascals as commanding officers in the department, and they knew that we have yet some wire-pulling, scheming, double-crossing, conniving cut-throats in the department, that used them and me to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and they knew that men who have won promotion on merit have been unable to get that promotion because they *could not pay for it.* This stopped when Mayor Harrison took office. Why did they not turn the forces of our organization against such practices and make it of some value to the membership and the citizens of Chicago, instead of raising hell with an honest Commissioner who did more for Chicago than any man ever did?

I know that these things are true. I have run the gauntlet of their opposition.

These are the kind of things which our organization should have protected us from and exposed to the public. But it did not, and the fault lies with the officials who usurped its functions and prevented any expression of the will of the rank and file.



Unmasked.

George B. Morewood.

Felis Domestica, where are we at?
You're not "the harmless necessary cat."
The doctors say in no uncertain terms
That you are an abiding place for germs—
The cocci and bacilli, they aver,
Are quite domesticated in your fur.
Thus, not content with taking rats and mice,
You take diseases—you should take advice.
Unless you do, the time must shortly come
When you will find yourself without a home.
Domestic jungle, where the microbes haunt;
Perambulating culture. Scat! Abaunt!

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Joe Miller Revived.

The Jokesmith who Fathers Old Yarns on People of Today. A New Example of Literary Imposture.

by EDWARD LEE

The New York Sun is to be credited with running down the origin of the stories that appear weekly in some of the newspapers—jokes and anecdotes credited to prominent people in various walks of life—who are complacent enough to remain silent and accept the paternity of the old jokes. That is, some of them do; others who don't tell The Sun about the game—and surely it is a game that we may smile over.

One of the very earliest answers re-up to Robert W. Chambers's and said who raised the very point I have alluded to, that these jokes lack all dramatic congruity. The following two anecdotes were submitted to Mr. Chambers:

NO FEAR.

At a well known club in New York the other day one of those bores who are the bane of all clubs drew his chair up to Robert W. Chambers's an dsaid genially:

"Chambers, you are writing at the rate of two and sometimes three novels every year, to say nothing of your annual sheaf of short stories. Aren't you afraid that a time will come when you will have written yourself out?"

"My dear sir," Mr. Chambers replied, "I have no such fear. Just look at your own case. You have been talking for more than sixty years, and yet you haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

HER TURN.

Robert W. Chambers, the popular novelist, was talking to a reporter about the artistic temperament.

"I have little patience with the artistic temperament," Mr. Chambers said. "Its synonym is selfishness. Mrs. Wordsworth was right."

Mr. Chambers smiled.

"The poet Wordsworth," he resumed, "used to compose in bed at night. Nudging his wife in the small hours, he would say:

"'Maria, get up. I've thought of a good word.'

"And Mrs. Wordsworth would rise sleepily, light a candle, and write at her minutes.

"A couple of hours later Wordsworth would wake her again.

"'Get up, Maria. I've got a good word,' he would repeat.

"But one night Mrs. Wordsworth put a stop forever to this nocturnal dictation. Her husband, awakening her with the usual 'Get up—I've thought of a good,' was startled to hear her reply:

"'Oh, get up yourself! I've thought of a bad word.'"

Mr. Chambers's answer was short and decisive:

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours, I do not know when or how the enclosures originated. The bad manners of the one and the stupidity of the other are not, I believe, characteristic of me. Yours very truly, Robert W. Chambers.

From Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes, a lady deeply interested in the welfare of the poor and poigantly alive to their cares and sorrow, I received a letter which implies a rebuke even graver because it shows how the jokesmith may be betrayed quite inadvertently into imputing his own callousness to his superiors in wisdom and altruism. The joke and the letter follow each other in due sequence:

THE FROOF.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes, discussing social questions in her usual interesting fashion at a dinner in New York, said of authority:

"Authority is a dangerous weapon, especially when it is new. A new boss is sometimes apt, in his use of authority,

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to remind us of the little boy with the new knife who cuts his initials on piano, sideboard, everywhere.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes smiled.

"I know a young and beautiful lady," she said, "who once visited a plant that had a new foreman.

"'Who is the boss here?' the beautiful young lady asked, approaching the foreman.

"'I am the boss, madam,' he replied.

"'Oh, are you?' said she.

"He thought he detected amazement in her voice, and drawing himself up he answered coldly:

"'Yes, I am, and I'll prove it. Higginson"

"An old fellow looked up from his work.

"'Higginson, go get your envelope. You're fired!'"

Dear Sir:—The "joke" you enclosed in your letter is not mine. I have somewhere at home a collection of similar "jokes" which some anonymous jokesmith has attributed to me.

In the "joke" you sent I am reported to have smiled—the last thing I should really have done if I had related the tragic story, for tragic it is. But perhaps only they can appreciate the tragic quality of it who have themselves been victims of a factory "boss."

The authors of these jokes seem to show an unprecedented generosity—unprecedented because although people have been known to give away their money or other property, or any good thing that is their own, no one has ever been known to give away a good joke of his own, and to credit an utter stranger with one's own joke is being generous to more than a fault.

But poverty drives people to all sorts of excesses, and perhaps the poor scribbler, in order to earn a dollar, hit upon this novel and effective way of earning it. No one can blame him! Only for the grim jokes he has attributed to me I pray that his tribe may not increase.

Truly yours,
Rose Pastor Stokes.

Two gentlemen with a wide and, it is unnecessary to add, a well deserved reputation for humor deny the jokes imputed to them on the whimsical ground that they never make jokes. These are Simeon Ford and George W. Ade, who fall in line as follows:

A WRECKER.

Simeon Ford was talking to a New York reporter about the breakages that happen in hotels.

"An average amount of breakage you don't mind," he said, "but now and then you happen on a waiter or a chambermaid whose breakages pass all bounds of reason."

Mr. Ford then recounted the breakages achieved in one day by a chambermaid of this stamp.

"I found out after she left," he ended, "that she wasn't a genuine chambermaid at all. She was an elephant trainer really, but she had been compelled to give up that profession because she couldn't handle the elephants without breaking their tusks."

My Dear Sir:—A good many jokes, so called, which are published nowadays are blamed on me. I am not and never was a jokesmith. I never told nor heard the story told in the clipping you enclose. I am suffering an undesired reputation as a funny man. Yours truly,
Simeon Ford.

EDITED BY ADE.

George Ade, bachelor like, must have his fling at marriage, and at a June wedding in Chicago, Mr. Ade said:

"We bachelors, on an occasion like this, are thought very little of, but permit me to say that, were I an editor, I should insert all marriages in a column headed: 'News of the Weak.'"

Dear Sir:—In regard to the enclosed clipping I am compelled to tell you that it is an invention so far as I am concerned. I never said it and it does not indicate my views. I think that every Bride Groom is entitled to a Carnegie Medal.

I am sorry that I cannot send you any jokes. I do not remember that I ever made up a real joke out of my own head.

Sincerely, George Ade.

Andrew Carnegie's secretary, on the other hand, gives a qualified denial to the following:

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DIDN'T WORK FOR IT.

Andrew Carnegie, at a dinner in New York, continued his indictment of Great Britain and Germany for their barbarous and stupid building of warships.

"How perverted," said Mr. Carnegie, "is a nation that thinks to promote peace by augmenting its armament. As though my neighbor and I should point cannon at each other's houses from every window, explaining whenever we crowded a half dozen more guns in, that this sort of thing heightened neighborly feeling and good fellowship!

"Perverted indeed," said Mr. Carnegie, "are such ideas of peace! As perverted as the New York aristocrat's idea of honor. A young Westerner came to this aristocrat and asked him for his daughter's hand.

" 'I can support her in good style,' he said. 'I am worth $11,000,000.'

"The aristocrat, whose family had done no work since his grandfather, forty years before, had retired from the wholesale clothing business, frowned and said thoughtfully:

" 'But, my young friend, did you make this money in—er—trade?'

" 'Trade?' said the suitor haughtily. 'I guess not! I'm in the Legislature.' "

Of the anecdote Mr. Carnegie says: "This is quite new to me," but he acknowledges that the introduction "correctly gives my idea 'of preparation.' "

George Barr McCutcheon and William Travers Jerome enter unqualified denials of certain stories imputed to them. Here is the McCutcheon story and the disclaimer:

PIE A LA CHICAGO.

George Barr McCutcheon, lunching at the Chicago Athletic Club, praised the Windy City of his adoption.

"Chicago's refinement, say what you will," cried Mr. McCutcheon, "is not one whit inferior to New York's.

"Yet, from the stories, you'd think that in our smartest Chicago restaurants we all ate in shirt sleeves and slippers. I remember, one day at the Authors' Club, I said to a New York waiter:

" 'Bring me a piece of apple pie.'

" 'Yes, sir, he returned. 'Chicago or New York, sir?'

" 'Chicago or New York? What do you mean?' said I.

" 'Knife or fork, sir,' explained the waiter."

My Dear Sir:—The enclosed clipping must be a "press agent" story. I never heard of the thing until you called it to my attention. What is more to the point, it is a fake, and I know nothing of its origin. Yours very truly,

George Barr McCutcheon.

P. S.—Incidentally, I happen to live in New York.

Such were a few of the criticisms upon the jokesmith as an offender which the mails have brought in to me from time to time.

On the other hand, there were supposed victims who condoned the misconduct of the forger, or even actually applauded him, though always in a humorous or semi-humorous fashion.

And in about a half dozen instances the "victim" owned up to the story as being true.

Thus Champ Clark identified as his own, substantially as he had told it, a current anecdote.

Former Speaker Cannon showed a tolerance and a latitude that are almost too good to be true. Let the reader see and judge for himself concerning both the story and the comment:

THE POOR OLD SENATE.

Speaker Cannon, at the recent Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, stood up for the Senate.

"You'd think, the way the Senate is blamed for everything," he said, "that it had supernatural powers. A crowd of farmers were knocking the Senate one market day last month when an old fellow of only one horse power brain bustled into the market.

" 'Well, byes,' said he, 'what's the Senate up to now?'

" 'Why, ain't ye heerd, Zachary?' said a young farmer, winking at the others. 'The Senate's went and passed a bill addin' two extra months to the winter.'

"Zachary struck his forehead with his red mittened fist.

" 'Do tell!' he groaned. 'Gosh durn the luck! An' here am I clean out o' fodder.' "

DEAR SIR: In reply to your favor of the 8th inst., I beg to say that probably at some time or other I have told a

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story along the line of that contained in the clipping you enclose.

Many years ago at an entertaimnet given by the Gridiron Club, speaking to a number of newspaper men, I said: "Boys, if you ever need a stickful and know or can invent a good story for which you desire a sponsor you have carte blanche to put it on me, if you can think of no one else to stand for it." Under that permission many good stories have been ascribed to me, and some of them are annually reproduced.

While I have little or no capacity as a humorist, I think I am fairly appreciative of the humor originating with the other fellow, even though it may be at my own expense, as, I think, has been occasionally exemplified during my services as a Representative in Congress. I am, with respects, etc., your truly,

J. G. CANNON.

To John Sloan, etcher and portrait painter, was sent a story too long to quote here. It will suffice to say that the same story may be found in Horne's "Spirit of the Age," which was published in London in 1850, only there the hero is Thomas Carlyle and not John Sloan. Mr. Sloan had nothing but the kindest feeling for the jokesmith. Here is how he expresses it:

"I have read with interest and considered your communication in regard to the Humorous Personal Paragraph.

Honestly, I can't detect the slightest warmth beneath my collar which I can lay to the sparks from the jokesmith's forge. Am I not already described as "the famous," the distinguished," "the brilliant," "the successful" John Sloan; dined, strolling or hobnobbing with the choicest company—poets, essayists, millionaires?

The easy manners, the politeness, the ready conversation of this John Sloan interest me. I really like to read about him.

Then, too, he keeps me in touch with far away friends, the stanch one reads and thinks warmly of me, perhaps writes and encloses the clipping—though he knows I'm not old enough to be the father of the jokes.

Shall I flinch when I know that each of these burr laden wreaths laid at my door is one the less for the overdecked tombs of Abraham Lincoln and Whistler?

No, I'll not raise a hand against the jokesmith—forger, you call him, it seems to me, is too harsh a word.

Perhaps some day a struggling beginning Shakespeare of a wit will hang a good joke on yours sincerely,

JOHN SLOAN.

Shortly before the lamented death of Miss Harriet Quimby, the aeronaut, the following anecdote about her ran the rounds of the American press:

A DANGEROUS ERA.

Miss Harriet Quimby, after one of her daring aeroplane flights at Mineola, L. I., smiled lightly at a reporter's mention of the danger of flying.

"Oh, there's danger everywhere," she said. "The walker is in as much danger almost as the flier. Did you never hear about the fate of Jorkins?

"Jorkins, poor fellow, came from the country to see New York. The noise and confusion of New York quite upset him. Treading his way across a busy street he thought he would go mad.

" 'Clank! Clank!'

"Jorkins leaped to the right just in time to escape a motor car.

" 'Ding-a-ling! Ding-dong!'

"He darted to the left from under the very wheels of an automobile fire engine.

" 'Hum-m-m!'

"Jorkins, looking up in the air, now saw a monoplane, its tail smashed, falling straight upon him. He glared wildly around, caught sight of a manhole, lifted the cover and jumped down into a black hole just in time to be cut in half by an underground electric train!"

To the stereotyped query whether this story were genuine Miss Quimby answered in the following manner:

DEAR SIR: I read the enclosed clipping with great interest when it was published shortly after I received my pilot's license, but I have never been able to find out who its author was. I did not recognize that it was an old joke. It impressed me as being rather clever. I have the greatest appreciation of humor even when the joke is on myself, if it be lacking in sarcasm or malice. My father says, and I am inclined to agree with him, that some of the aged jokes are the most humorous, especially when dressed up to

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suit the modern taste. The clipping you enclose has been published in at least 500 different papers. I have a stack of copies which have come in from the various clipping bureaus. This causes me to have the greatest respect for its writer, whether he found it in an old almanac or just wrote it out of his own head as Prosy in Bernard Shaw's "Candida" would say. Appreciating your interest, I am very truly yours,

HARRIET QUIMBY.

Mr. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria figures as at least a lenient judge of humor in the following bit of correspondence:

A JUDGE OF WINE. ....

George C. Boldt, hotel man, was talking in New York about wines.

"The average American is now a good judge of wine," said Mr. Boldt.

"I heard, the other day, a mild looking chap in a restaurant, who said:

"'I understand they've been having wine riots in France, waiter.'

"'Yes, sir; I believe so, sir,' the waiter answered.

"'Well,' said the mild looking chap, 'the wine you've served me here would be enough to start a riot anywhere.'"

MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of March 8, enclosing a clipping, which at your request I return. I had not seen this item and it is not true that it emanated from me. I am frequently quoted as having said things for which I am not responsible, but they are usually of such a pleasant nature that I could not possibly object to them. This particular item ends up with a rather severe reflection on our wine cellar, but without it there would have been no joke. On reading it I laughed heartily, and I imagine, or at least hope, that other readers have done the same. Very truly yours,

GEORGE C. BOLDT.

A story about Prof. Brander Matthews is likewise discredited by its accredited author. Anecdote and letter follow:

SERMONS IN STONES.

Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia, in one of his brilliant addresses on the drama, said of an unimaginative and prosaic dramatist:

"He it was, I am sure, who in his youth, on being asked in examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase 'Sermons in stones,' wrote in reply:

"'When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the dates of birth and death of the departed one, and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a road you must see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest towns, and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place, and so inculcate a lesson in neatness.'"

DEAR SIR: I return the paragraph. I never said anything of the sort. It is a fake, pure and simple.

And I haven't any opinion about joke-smiths—though I have known several of them.

You might look up an article by Charles Dawson Shanley in the *Atlantic* 40 or 50 years ago. Yours very truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.



A True Tragedy.
L. T. H.

Three men sat out to gold brick,
A very ancient crime,
But they tried to "do" a Scotchman,
And now they're "doing" time.

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The Man Who Made Bread Cheap

Most of the inventions which have revolutionized industry and sped civilization on its way have brought fame to their creator — oftentimes a fame which puts him on the pedestal after death, but left with him to starve while living. But fame and fortune both escaped Obed Hussey, the Quaker who made the first reaper, and by that invention made bread cheap, cutting much from the high cost of living.

The harvester trust for many years has held patents to various sorts of reapers and has enjoyed practically a monopoly of the manufacture. And the founder of this corporation, C. H. McCormick, dead for many years, has been regarded as the originator of this epoch-making agricultural implement. Yet his invention, if it can be called such, came a dozen years after this Quaker mechanic had put his machine in use. But his picture has been put on bank notes over the words, "Inventor of the reaper."

Hussey was born in Maine in 1792. After one or two whaling voyages he settled in Baltimore, where he became an expert draftsman and an incessant worker at different inventions. Among the devices he made were a steam plow, a machine for grinding out hooks and eyes, a mill for grinding corn cobs, a husking machine run by horsepower, a machine for crushing sugar cane and a machine for making artificial ice. In 1831 he was working in a Baltimore plow works on an invention for cutting grain.

His first reaper was completed at Cincinnati in 1833, and the principle was precisely that used today as regards the guards and knives. The scene of its trial was the farm of Judge Foster, a few miles out of the city. Hussey, true to his modest and shrinking nature, wished to keep it secret, fearing jeers if it failed. But a crowd of farmers were on hand to scoff.

The machine was started, but some part gave way and it failed to work. One burly fellow picked up a cradle and, swinging it with an air of great exultation, exclaimed: "This is the machine to cut the wheat"

The team was unhitched and it looked like failure. But the merriment subsided when the inventor, assisted by some laborers, pulled the machine to the top of the hill. Then, alone, Hussey drew the queer looking implement down the hill and through the standing grain, cutting every head.

The same machine was exhibited directly afterward before the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, where it was pronounced a success. By the side of a modern reaper Hussey's invention would look primitive, but it did the work of harvest faster than the best farmers could go by hand. Two men were required, one to drive the team and one to rake off the wheat as it fell on a platform.

In the years that followed the inventor traveled from state to state, often at the invitation of state agricultural societies. Owing to his limited means the reaper often was drawn from place to place by one horse, accompanied by the inventor, footsore and weary from walking hundreds of miles. This was in the days before the telegraph or the railroad, and news, as well as men, traveled slowly. In such a humble way Hussey visited Ohio, Illinois, New York and Missouri, introducing his device. But scarcely a farmer could be found who was willing to adopt it, and it is a matter of history that the final adoption of the machine led to riots by farmhands, who feared there would no longer be work for them to do. He also introduced the reaper into England.

In 1835 Hussey brought two of his machines to Palmyra, Mo., and they were bought by William Muldrow, of

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Marion College, for $150 each, a great deal of money in those days. One was used in a meadow near the settlement of Philadelphia and the other near Marion City. According to the Missouri Courier of that year they were a great success.

A letter from Hussey to his friend, Edward Stabler, in 1854, gives an insight of the hardships which the genius endured to make his dream come true. It was at the period when he was involved in defending the extension of his patents before Congress, a fight which he won. He wrote:

"I made no money during the existence of my patent, or I might say I made less than I would have made if I had held an under clerk's position in the patent office; I would have been better off at the end of the fourteen years if I had filled exactly such station as my foreman holds, and got his pay, and would not have had half the hard work, nor a hundredth part of the heart aching. I never experienced half the fatigue in rowing after a whale in the Pacific Ocean (which I have often done) as I experienced for eighteen years in the harvest field, I might say for twenty years, for I worked as hard in England as I do at home, for in the harvest, wherever I am, there is no rest for me. If I am guilty of no rascality why should I not be compensated for toiling to introduce an invention which I thought would be of so much advantage to the world? I know I was the first one who successfully accomplished the cutting of grain and grass by machinery. If others tried to do it before me it was not doing it; being the first who ever did it, why should I be obliged to suffer and toil most and get the least by it?

No man knows how much I have suffered in body and mind since 1833, on account of this thing, the first year I operated it in Balto. Three years after I cut the first crop I could not go to meeting for many weeks for want of a decent coat, while for economy I made my own coffee and eat, slept in my shop until I had sold machines enough to be able to do better."

The struggle of this old Quaker was ended when he was killed in a railroad accident near Boston in 1860.

Wisdom is Knowing and Doing

by J. D. EAMES.

They sat by the open fire—the man with gray hair but a young heart, and the youth with the frank, earnest face.

It was the last night of the old year. The wick in the study lamp was turned low. The dancing flames played upon the walls and furniture of the room. There had been a long, unembarrassing silence—one of those silences which come from perfect comradeship. At length the youth spoke:

"I have been reading, today, that little dream story, 'The Hunter,' by Olive Schreiner. You remember it is about the man who sought many years for truth."

"And who let the bird who sang of immortality go ere he started on his search," remarked the other.

"I did not understand that part," said the youth, "nor why his path was so hard and his reward so small."

"It is not given any one person to know the whole truth," explained the older man. "Only a small portion—a 'feather' of it, as the story said—can each of us obtain, even though we search diligently; and that comes often at the close of life."

The young man gazed thoughtfully into the fire. Presently he said: "Tell me, you who have lived longer than I, what it is to be wise."

The gray-haired man smiled. "That

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is, perhaps only another way of asking, 'What is truth?' Yet wisdom consists both in knowing and in doing. Knowledge without resultant conduct discountenances itself. Conduct without knowledge is apt to be puffed up and self-satisfied. When knowledge keeps conduct humble with far visions, and when conduct adds its dignity and strength to knowledge, we find there true wisdom. Knowledge is necessary in order that we may act intelligently, but unless there is resultant action, knowledge is well night vain."

"In other words, consecration, not renunciation, should be our purpose," remarked the youth.

"Precisely. To use time, strength, money, and every other good gift of God, wisely and for his glory—is not this consistent with true discipleship?"

"But if one should fail in one's purpose?" exclaimed the youth.

"My boy, there was once another young man who asked a wise and philosophic old lady if she had no sympathy with failures. 'Oh, yes, she replied, 'I have sympathy with large failures." And her reply is mine. Yet, after all, whether you have really failed in a worthy purpose depends upon what you mean by success."

"And how would you define 'success'?" asked the youth, eagerly.

The other smiled. "I've changed my definition of that word several times," he remarked. "At your age success meant making a great name for myself; later, it meant having a good income."

"And now?" questioned the other.

The gray-haired man leaned forward and replaced a fallen stick. "Now it means helping others," he said simply.

"Then there can be no failure!" exclaimed the youth; "for I suppose it is always possible for us to help someone else."

"True, my lad. And not to have helped others is failure. We cannot fail if our hearts are right. But selfishness means failure. As somebody has expressed it: 'I have not won if my brother has failed. My success must be humanity's success. A man must feel his essential identity with all life, so that if he slays another, he slays himself. Each man's sorrow and need should be every man's sorrow and need."

"Yet if we have not won, if our brother has failed, how can we succeed until all are happy and victorious?"

"We have succeeded if we have helped all we could. God does not expect the impossible, my lad."

The youth gazed nobly upon the noble, serene face before him. "Tell me, dear friend," he urged, "how, amid all the stress and strain of this earthly life, you have managed to keep such a young heart? You seem no older than I am. I would call you 'comrade,' not 'father.'"

"Youth is really an attitude toward life," replied the other. "It is the confident, optimistic attitude. Why should we grow less confident, less optimistic, as the years pass, if we strive to live aright? If we lose this attitude, I believe we simply exist and do not truly live."

"What, then, is your definition of 'life'?" asked the young man.

"The word 'mission' is, I believe, a synonym for 'life,'" was the answer. "Here again must be the union of knowing and doing. A missionary is one who is sent, but he must have a message. The knowledge of God is life, provided we reveal him to others."

The youth looked into the bed of glowing coals. "How bright it is!" he exclaimed.

"Because there has been a good fire," returned the gray-haired man. Rising, he threw on some more logs, and then covered the whole with ashes.

"What we call death, my lad," he remarked, when he had finished his work, "is only a concealing from view life's fire for a little time."

And just then the bells rang in the new year.

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The Philippine Whistle

What the Islands are Costing Us—What the Islands Are Paying Us.

by W. J. PLATKA

The government of the United States does not and never has contributed one cent toward the support of the Philippines, for their government, maintenance or improvements. Not only are they self-supporting, but at the close of the fiscal year 1911 the Philippine government had on deposit in various banks in the United States the sum of $12,600,000 and at the same time had in the Treasury vaults ond on deposit in the Philippines $22,256,735. The interest on deposits brings in an annual revenue of more than $550,000.

The entire revenue for 1911 was $12,772,760. Current expenses were $10,350,976, and this included an expenditure for permanent public improvements of $3,643,135. The per capita tax collected for all purposes was less than $2.50.

It is true that the United States maintains a few military stations in the Philippines, as it does in San Francisco, Salt Lake, Detroit, Denver, Chicago and New York, and for exactly the same purpose. If the troops were not in the Philippines they would be in some station in the United States, so the only additional cost is that of transportation, and this is more than compensated for by the extra training they receive.

The entire trade of the Philippines the first year of American control, both export and import, was in round numbers $28,000,000. This has increased until last year it amounted to $105,000,000, and this with only 5,500,000 acres under cultivation. There are 7,000,000 acres of arable public lands as well as millions of acres of private lands still awaiting cultivation, and over 10,000,000 acres of untouched forests containing the finest hardwoods in the world.

We are educating the Filipinos and giving them the fullest voice possible in their own government.

All the offices in the provincial and municipal governments are held by Filipinos, and the central government consists of a commission half of whom are Filipinos and the assembly composed entirely of Filipinos elected by the people.

There are 4,400 free public schools with 620,000 children being educated in English and the arts and trades. There are over 1,000 miles of railroad serving 2,000,000 people and 2,000 miles of macadamized roads.

And when we come down to that $20,000,000, what about Porto Rico, Guam and Cuba: Did we not take them from Spain at the same time we secured the Philippines? Is Porto Rico with its $80,297,946 United States trade last year an expensive whistle? When Americans awaken to their opportunity and the Philippines enjoy the same amount of trade per capita as Porto Rico it will exceed $600,000,000 a year.

And what about the markets within two days of Manila, an awakened China with its population of over 400,000,000?

No, we are not paying and we are not likely to pay dear for our Philippine whistle. To the contrary, the Philippines are a distinct and valuable asset to our country.

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The object of The Gateway is to present information touching upon Public and Social Topics of to-day. The columns of The Gateway are open to all. It also offers stories, poems, and special articles on the progress of science and the useful arts.

The Archbald Case.

Maintaining that he had done nothing wrong, former District Judge Archbold left Washington after the verdict of the senate had been rendered against him, to take up his residence in Scranton, his old home. One can feel a measure of sympathy even with a judge who violates the law, when one considers the associations, the surroundings and the schooling which form the setting of the storm of the man and lawyer before he became a judge.

Mr. Wilson, in his Trenton address, in language full of sympathy and of appreciation of the weakness and insufficiency of human kind to know all things, states the position and condition of very many men in this country. "This nation is full of many honorable men who have been engaged in large business in a way in which they thought they were permitted to do, both by their consciences and the laws. But they have had their eyes so close to their ledgers, they have had their energies so absolutely absorbed in the undertakings with which they were individually identified, that they have not, until the nation spoke loud, raised their eyes from their books and papers and seen how the things they were doing stood related to the fortunes of mankind."

The growth of business has been of such a character that to the young man looking on it has appeared that the only thing to regard was financial success. No matter what the means employed, no matter what the course followed, no matter anything but that the means and the course used and followed undeterred by the officers of the law and rewarded with large financial gains. For two generations that has been the lesson openly placed before the young men of the country, until consciences have been seared and changed, honest impulses have been diverted from their normal courses, and men have come to look upon methods as legitimate and right which in former days were known to be reprehensible.

So, perhaps, Judge Archbold may have been led astray. He was brought up among so-called successful men, in a section of the country where the means to the end of business success were not too closely scrutinized. The offspring of prominent families whose means were at least sufficient to put him through Yale college, where he was made a member of a Greek letter fraternity. Growing up at that time when Vanderbilt unblushingly proclaimed: "The public be damned!" he would naturally imbibe the feeling of a class which held itself superior to the common run, and an idea to exploit the people and take advantage of every opportunity to amass wealth was correct and legitimate. Perhaps he is sincere in his self-deception when he says he has done nothing wrong.

Perhaps he was so deeply asleep to the relations which he owed to his fellow man that the loud cry of the nation of which Mr. Wilson speaks, nay, even the trumpet blast of his conviction by the senate of the United States has not awakened him. If so, it must be a warning to the people

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that they have not yet spoken loud enough, that perhaps there are many, others who, like him, have been sleeping, have not heard the cr yand are still oblivious to the fact that the nation is aroused and is calling for an accounting from the men who have been enriched through the complacency of the people and the searing of their own consciences.

The Mealy Potato

by DR. J. H. KELLOGG

One of the greatest authorities on food in the world is Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. He has spent a lifetime in the study of the various articles of food, his investigations covering all possible sources of information, not only in America, but in Europe. The following articles on the "The Special Dietetic Virtues of the Potato," by this foremost authority, is one of the best ever written about the potato.—Editor.

"Soon after the potato was introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century the ridiculous notion somehow got afloat that the use of the potato was the cause of leprosy, which at that time was quite prevalent in most European countries. The prejudice which was thus created against this most valuable of all garden vegetables has never been quite overcome. Various malicious libels against the good name of this most innocent and wholesome of foodstuffs are still afloat. Multitudes believe the potato to be difficult of digestion. Even physicians often prohibit its use on the supposition that it is likely to ferment in the stomach—a mistaken notion, as the writer will show. The belief is quite general that the potato especially promotes fat-making, and hence that its use must be avoided by persons who have a tendency to obesity. This is also an error. All foods tend to produce obesity when taken in excessive quantity; that is, more than the individual needs to maintain his nutrition or equilibrium. No foods produce excess of fat when limited in quantity to actual daily bodily needs.

"The potato is truly a most remarkable product. It contains within its aseptic covering a rich store of one of the most easily digestible of all forms of starch. The observations of Mosse, Van Noorden and others have shown most conclusively that the starch of the potato is more easily digested and appropriated by the body than the starches of wheat, corn and most other cereals. In laboratory tests made by the writer it was found that potato starch digested in less than one-sixth of the time of cereal starches. The experience of hundreds of physicians in the treatment of diabetes has shown that in many cases the starch of the potato is more easily assimilated or better utilized than other forms of starch.

"Potato gruel made from specially

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prepared potato meal or the pulp of baked potatoes has been found in Germany of very great service in the feeding of infants and invalids. Potato starch is far better for this purpose than cornstarch, arrowroot and similar substances, which are pure starch and cannot be properly considered as foods. The long continued use of these starches in the feeding of young infants often results more disastrously.

"The potato is not only an easily digestible foodstuff but possesses much higher nutritive value than is generally supposed. According to Gautier, about one-fourth of the weight of the potato is food substance, consisting chiefly (nine-elevenths) of starch. Of the remainder, three-fifths are protein, the tissue-building element, and two-fifths alkaline salts in combination with citric and malic acids, the acids of the lemon and the apple.

"From a dietetic standpoint, the potato is perhaps slightly deficient in protein, though this statement would be disputed by some physiologist whose experiments appear to demonstrate that the amount of protein in the potato is quite sufficient for ordinary bodily needs.

"The potato is certainly deficient in fats, of which it contains almost none, because of the fact that it is not, like so many of our vegetable foods, a seed, but a curiously modified and enormously fleshy tuber. This deficiency in fat must always be remembered in the use of the potato, and the lack must be made up by the addition of cream, butter; or some other foodstuff rich in fat.

"What the potato lacks in fat and protein, however, it makes up in salts, which constitute nearly 5 per cent of its dry substance and are perhaps its most characteristic quality from a dietetic standpoint and one of its chief excellences. These salts consist chiefly of potash, and in the ordinary form in which they are supplied do a most important service in maintaining the alkaline condition of the blood, which is essential to good health and resistance to disease. Meats contain very great excess of acid-forming elements and tend to acidify the blood. Cereals have some tendency in the same direction. The lowering of the alkalinity of the blood by acid-forming foods, especially by the free use of meats, is unquestionably one of the chief causes of the rapid increase in chronic diseases, the mortality from which has doubled within thirty years, causing a loss annually of 350,000 more lives than would occur if the average citizen was as healthy as he was thirty years ago. This is probably also one of the chief causes of arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, apoplexy, and other degenerative maladies. The alkaline salts of vegetables are needed to balance the tediary. If the consumption of potatoes in this country could be quadrupled, the result would undoubtedly be the saving of many thousands of lives annually and an incalculable amount of suffering from disease.

"The great nutritive value of the potato, notwithstanding the fact that it is three-fourths water, may be best shown by comparing it with other known foods. A study of the nutritive value of various common foodstuffs shows that one pound of baked potato is equivalent in total nutritive value to the quantities of various foods shown in the following table:

Food equivalent in total food value to one pound of baked potato:

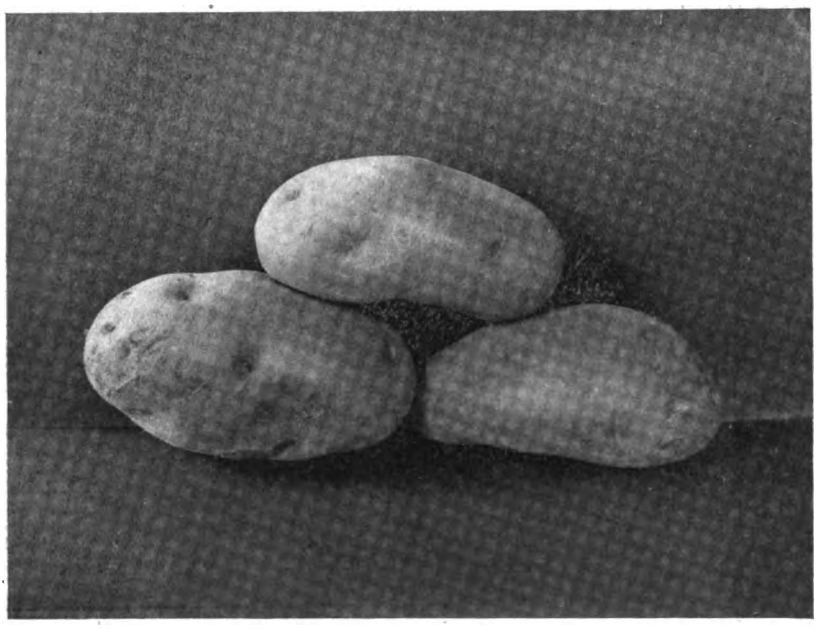
1⅝ pounds of boiled potato.
5⅞ ounces boiled beef.
1 pound of chicken.
1½ pounds of codfish.
2¼ pints of oysters (solids).
4 pints of clams (in shell).
4½ pints of beef juice.
10 pints bouillon or beef tea.
1⅛ pints whole milk.
3 pints skimmed milk.
8 eggs.
9 ounces baked beans.
7 ounces bread.
1¾ pints oatmeal or cornmeal mush.
1 1-3 pints hominy (cooked).
1 pint boiled rice.
1 pound of bananas.
2 pounds parsnips (cooked).
1 pound green peas (cooked).
3 pounds beets (cooked).
4 pounds radishes.
4 pounds boiled cabbage.
5 pounds tomatoes.
5 pounds turnips (cooked).
6½ pounds cucumbers.

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"From the above table it will readily appear that the potato is one of the most nourishing of our common foods. Its value is still further emphasized by the fact that steamed or mashed potato digests in two or three hours, whereas roast beef requires four or five hours, or double the time (*Gautier*).

"As already noted, the potato is not rich in protein, although the amount of this element in the baked potato reaches the Chittenden standard, 10 per cent of the total nutritive values a proportion which in feeding many thousands of persons, those in health, as well as invalids, at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, we have found amply sufficient. The writer adopted personally a very low protein standard in early life and has adhered to it for more than forty-six years, and with great benefit. Nevertheless, if a larger amount of protein is required, it may easily be obtained by the addition of milk or eggs, substances which while increasing the proportion of protein also add the fat necessary to render the potato a complete food. Half a pint of rich milk will thus balance a pound of baked potato; or an equally good balance may be made by adding to a pound of potato two ounces of white bread (two ordinary slices) and an ounce of butter.

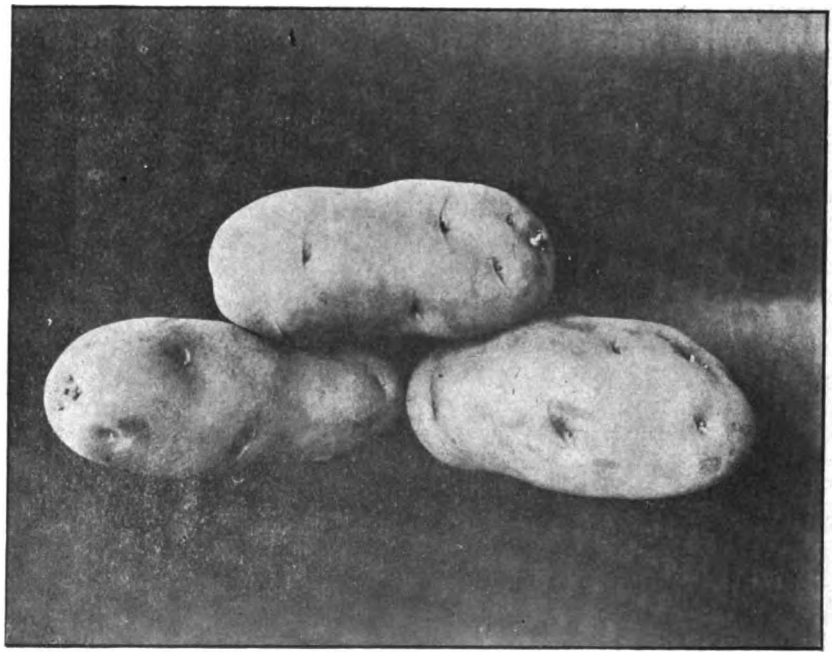
"Bunge, the world's greatest authority on chemistry of foods, has called special attention to the importance of the alkaline salts that are found in vegetables, and in a much larger proportion in the potato than in any other vegetable used as food, the potato containing nearly forty times as much of this useful element as some cereal foods. No farmer would think of feeding his horses or cattle on grain alone. Cereals of all sorts contain a considerable excess of acid-forming elements. Grass and herbage of all sorts, as well as fresh vegetables, contain an abundance of alkaline salts, and hence are a necessary part of the diet of animals. Human beings, as Bunge has clearly shown, require such vegetables for the same reason, and the potato is the most valuable of all known foods as a source of these essential elements. This is perhaps the reason why the potato is an almost invariable accompaniment of meat dishes. Meat contains an enormous excess of acid-forming substances, and antidoted by the basic salts of the potato.



"Graham bread with butter, or beans with butter, however, are much better combinations with potato than meat, for

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the reason that both meat and potato are lacking in lime. The body requires about thirteen grains of lime a day. Meat contains only a grain and a half to the pound. Wheat flakes and other whole wheat preparations contain four grains of lime to the pound, and peas and beans contain eight grains of lime to the pound. Cow's milk contains fourteen grains of lime to the pint. The American people are losing their teeth, and bone diseases are increasing, as a result of this deficiency of lime. Professor Sherman of Columbia University, declares that half



the people of the United States are suffering from lime starvation. This is in part because of the meat diet and free use of cane sugar. Less meat, a larger proportion of potatoes, combined with wheat preparations and other cereals, beans, peas, and cow's milk would help to check this degenerative tendency.

THE POTATO AS A FOOD REMEDY.

"The potato is of immense service as a food remedy in the treatment of a large number of diseases. It is especially valuable in cases of chronic intestinal auto-intoxication or 'biliousness.' It affords bulk for the intestines to act upon, and so antagonizes constipation. The large proportion of starch and other carbohydrates encourages the growth of friendly bacteria in the intestines, thus preventing putrefaction. For the same reason the free use of potatoes combats rheumatism and gout, which are results of chronic intestinal poisoning.

"The potato is valuable in the treatment of anemia, because it combats the growth in the intestine of the germs which produce blood-destroying poisons. The death rate from diabetes, according to the mortality statistics of the United States census bureau, has increased nearly 50 per cent in ten years. The freer use of potatoes as an article of diet and the lessened consumption of meat would perhaps do more than any other thing to suppress the alarming increase of this fatal malady.

"Arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, a disease which causes apoplexy and is associated with Bright's disease and various forms of heart disease besides being the cause of premature old

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age, is often directly the result of chronic poisoning, the course of which is the putrefaction of undigested remnants of animal substances which have been eaten, which undergo decay with the absorption of poisonous products. The free use of the potato as an article of diet in place of the excessive consumption of meat and fish, a practice widely prevalent, would unquestionably check the alarming rapid development of this dis- States mortality reports has increased four hundred per cent in the last ten years.

"The potato, buttermilk, and oatmeal diet of the Irish has developed one of the most sturdy and enduring races of men to be found anywhere. The proportion of centenarians in Ireland is more than ten times as great as in England. There can be no doubt that the free use of potatoes by the Irish is in large measure responsible for the remarkable longevity of this nation.

"The idea that the potato is difficult of digestion and thus gives rise to fermentation in the stomach is entirely erroneous. The fault is not with the potato but with the manner of eating. When acted upon by the saliva, the starch of the potato is converted into maltoes and dextrin, which Palow of St. Petersburg, has shown to be powerful stimulants of the glands of the stomach. Properly cooked and well chewed, the potato is thus not only a good food but an aid to digestion of other foods. In persons whose stomachs have a tendency to produce excessive acids the stimulating effect of the potato may be great as to produce the symptoms characteristic of hyperacidity, heartburn, tenderness of the stomach, regurgitation of gas and acid liquid, and other well known symptoms. This difficulty is not at all due to fermentation but an excessive amount of acid and the resulting spasmodic contraction of the pylorus, so the stomach is stimulated to violent contraction. The gas contained in the stomach cannot be forced downward in the proper direction, and so escapes upward. The difficulty is not likely to occur, however, except when chewing is neglected. The gastric juice has little action upon the potato. Coarse particles of potato may remain in the stomach many hours, causing excessive acid fermentation, irritation and eructations. In eating potato every morsel must be chewed until reduced to a smooth paste in which no coarse particels can be detected by the tongue.

"The remedy is simple. Palow has shown that fats lessen the activity of the stomach in the secretion of gastric juice. Hence, it is only necessary to increase the amount of fat eaten with the potato. In extreme cases the potato should be eaten in the form of a puree with the addition of butter or rich cream. This difficulty is especially noticeable in persons who have habitually eaten large quantities of meat when they undertake to change their eating habits, taking less meat and more cereals and potatoes. With a change in eating habit, the unpleasant symptoms usually disappear in a short time.

Some persons find it necesary to avoid the use of tomatoes and acid fruits and potatoes. The apparent disagreement of the potato with acid fruits is chiefly due to neglect to thoroughly masticate the food. If the potato is eaten in the form of puree or well mashed, and if the fruit is also in the form of puree or if pains are taken to masticate it very thoroughly inconvenience from the combination will be rarely, if ever, experienced.

"The potato should always be cooked with the 'jacket' on. The mineral salts of the potato so valuable to health are just under the skin and if the potato is pealed before cooking the salts are thrown away."



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A Man!

by ELMER LEWIS.

Ezra went out into the street. The lamps were lighted and a very thin grey mist spread over the street. The mist had a peculiarly penetrating rawness that found out the worst-clad and least-fed spots in Ezra's person, and worked its way in. Ezra endeavored to delude himself into the belief that he was warm and comfortable by whistling a warm and comfortable tune. But chapped lips will kill the cheerfulness of any whistle.

Out of the theater on the opposite side of the road came Alexander Hilton. He too, found the air cold, but the coldness pleased him. He was clad in a fur-coat; and, after the heat of the matinee performance, the rawness of the outside air acted as a comfortable tonic. He lit a cigar, then stepped out briskly.

Alexander Hilton was a busy man, with not much time for sentiment. But he liked to have his sentimental backbone tickled occasionally. The last love-song of the leading lady had done that. He knew from experience that on the morrow he would laugh at himself for his foolishness; but today while listening to the song he had had a tingling sensation all the way down his spine, and a vague desire had floated through his soul to do something noble and heroic.

He steered his way delicately through the maze of fashionable costumes that emerged with him from the theatres. When he came into the stream that was pouring from the gallery he became less careful about steering. He thrust himself forward with bold pushful strides that made other people unconsciously give way. He felt big and warm and strong and clever. The only sensation that he lacked was heroism. He would like to do something that would be showy and not too dangerous; something that would bring the cheers of a vast crowd without the discomfort of departure in an ambulance. To rescue a woman from a burning house, to stop a pair of runaway horses, even to whisk a dog from beneath a motor-car would satisfy his heroic craving. He knew that the mood would not last. But it was very enjoyable while it lasted.

A boy came up with an evening paper. Alexander Hilton bought it, and ran his eye leisurely down the news. "Terrible shipping disaster! Over a hundred lives lost!" held the place of honor. Alexander Hilton shivered sympathetically. It was very unpleasant at that moment to think of being drowned in a cold sea. He read a little further. The victims were only steerage passengers and crew—quite common people. Alexander Hilton sighed with relief and felt comfortable again.

He had never mixed with any class but his own, and he seriously regarded that class as the only one whose fortunes or misfortunes in the least mattered. The great army of those who work with their hands he had all his life regarded as a species of domestic animal, existing only to satisfy the wants of gentlemen. It really never occurred to him that they were his fellow-men.

As he stood on the pavement, waiting for a lull in the traffic in order to cross the road, his eye fell on Ezra. Ezra's unshaven face, tattered garments, and cold, hungry air jarred harshly on Alexander Hilton's feeling of warm, full comfort. Really, it was scandalous that such wretched-looking creatures should be allowed in a well-to-do thoroughfare! There were plenty of back, grimy streets where

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the cold and miserable and hungry could sink out of sight and out of mind.

Alexander Hilton looked again at Ezra Mason. What a degraded sight the man was! Alexander Hilton lifted up his eyes to heaven and thanked his own birth and his own brains that he was not as this man was.

Ezra's eye discovered Alexander Hilton, and discovered that he had a bag. Ezra's nose, with its irrepressible optimism, scented a job. He took a hasty step forward and thrust out an eager hand.

"Carry your bag, sir?"

There was no particular viciousness about Alexander Hilton. But on a ragged, unshaven man he looked with as much repugnance as most people look upon a snake. The thought that the ragged and unshaven may yet have feelings susceptible to slights was a thought that could never occur to him. He shrank back, and half raised his stick as if to knock away the polluting hand.

"No!" he shouted.

Ezra winced, and stepped back hastily. The disappointment in his face he vainly endeavored to cover with a smile.

Then a disagreeable thing happened. Somebody bumped against Alexander Hilton and caused him to drop the bag. The bag toppled off the pavement into the gutter, and besmeared itself with mud. Ezra lunged quickly forward and picked it up. With his coat-sleeve he wiped off a considerable portion of the mud—an operation which made some difference in respectability to the bag, none to the coat-sleeve. Then he offered the bag to its owner. It was still muddy, and Alexander Hilton shrank from his property in disgust.

"Suppose you must carry it, after all," he said reluctantly. "Hope you're honest," he added—not because he was curious on the point, but because he was annoyed and wanted to vent his annoyance.

Ezra looked him straight in the face and said "Yes, sir," very quietly.

The expression in Ezra's eyes was an unimpeachable testimonial. Alexander Hilton accepted it as such, and was the more annoyed. What business had a man in Ezra's condition to be honest! The spectacle of cold and hunger was unpleasant enough even when one could comfortably imagine them to be accompanied by vice. But it was a thousand times more aggressive in connection with honesty.

"Temple Station!" said Alexander Hilton curtly. "Go ahead!"

The exultant Ezra slung the bag over his shoulder and shuffled at a quick trot in front of his employer's lengthy stride. The job meant at least a quarter, and that meant dinner. Ezra had cause for exultation.

Alexander Hilton strode moodily behind. His feeling of almost perfect comfort had been dissipated. The sight of Ezra's shabby back, and the thought that, despite his brusque refusal, he had been forced to employ him after all, offended his pride. He was very annoyed with Ezra, and his annoyance took the form of lengthening his stride so as to hustle Ezra's trot. Once he trod hard on Ezra's heel. Ezra only turned round with a smile and apologized.

Ezra trotted ahead, and when he reached the station went obediently down the stairs with the bag. At the gate at the bottom he was stopped by the ticket-collector.

"Where's your ticket?"

"It's all right," called Alexander Hilton from behind. "The man's carrying my bag for me."

The ticket-collector saluted. He knew Alexander Hilton. The last train had just gone. The next was not due for ten minutes.

It was almost as raw down in the station as up above in the open air. Era shivered. Alexander Hilton saw the shiver, and felt chilly himself.

"You stand here!" he said. "And you needn't think you can bolt with that bag, because you'll be stopped at the barrier."

Then, at a good swinging pace, Alexander Hilton strode up and down the platform. But he could not get comfortable. Every time he passed Ezra he felt compelled to look at him. And every time he looked he felt more

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annoyed. Ezra was really such a very unpleasant spectacle. His cheeks were so thin, his eyes so red, his whole body so very shivery. He crouched up against the bookstall in a huddled attitude, as if endeavoring to extend the covering power of his garments by contracting his body. Yet, despite all this, he insisted on looking cheerful. Each time their eyes met Alexander Hilton frowned and Ezra grinned.

At last Alexander Hilton could stand the grin no longer. He stopped in his walk, and turned on Ezra abruptly.

"What's that everlasting grin of yours about?"

"It's over getting a job," said Ezra humbly.

"Ah! I suppose you call yourself one of the unemployed?"

"Ain't had any regular work for months," said Ezra regretfully.

What business had Ezra to infuse into his voice a note of cheerful martyrdom? Alexander Hilton resented th antote fiercely. He must show the fellow that he had no cause to complain.

"I don't suppose it ever occurred to you why you are out of work?"

"Hard times," said Ezra.

"Hard times!" Alexander Hilton repeated with angry contempt. "No, it's not that. A man like you never will find regular work."

"Beg pardon, sir; but I'm certain to some day."

The contradiction, respectful though it was, irritated Alexander Hilton intenesly.

"I tell you that you never will! You'll always be unemployed. Because you're unemployable."

"I shall get work some day," repeated Ezra, firmly.

"Where d'you think you are going to get it?"

Ezra hesitated a moment.

Just then a train rushed noisily in from the darkness, and the reply was drowned by a roar.

Alexander Hilton strode again up and down the platform. His legs swung out in longer and longer strides, and he hummed the air from the leading lady's love-song. Once more the comfortable feeling of warmth and strength and greatness surged over him. Once more he entertained himself with the notion of being cheered for a heroic deed.

A little girl in a red frock, who had wandered away from her parents, came down towards the middle of the platform. Alexander Hilton halted in his walk and looked at her. She was a picturesque little figure, worthy of a place in the picture that his imagination was conjuring up. Suppose that she were to wander too close to the edge of the platform, and were to tumble over on to the rails just as the lights of a train gleamed in the black tunnel! What a chance for him to play the hero! No one else would be near enough to help; a single stride woudl take him to the spot. Even if the train were within a dozen yards, he might do the rescue comfortably. Even at six yards the attempt would not be suicidal.

His imagination painted the scene vividly. The frightened scream of the child, the wail of agony from the parlookers, the roar of the approaching and the hair-breadth scramble into safety. Lastly, the applause—the enthusiastic tumultuous applause! A delicious thrill crept up his spine and into the roots of his hair.

Is it but an idle saying, or do coming events really cast their shadows before?

Suddenly the mental picture had become reality!

The little girl had wandered too close to the edge of the platform, and had fallen over on to the rails. And there in the darkness of the tunnel, some twenty yards away, were the lights of a coming train!

There was a frightened cry from the child, just as he had imagined it. There was the scream from the other end of the platform, where the forgetful parents stood. There was the gasp of horror from all the people who saw, and were too far away to help. As in the picture, so in the reality. But what of the part that Alexander Hilton had to play?

In an instant the warm thrill of his body changed to a deadly cold. Those

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lights were so near! The chances of a stumble so great! Life so precious! Death so horrible! And death was not all. He must have a few moments to think of what might be coming after. Alexander Hilton, with the sweat gathering on his forehead and his breath coming in quick, short gasps, stood where he was.

"Coward!"

Had someone shouted in his ear? No; it was the look in the eyes of Ezra Mason as he ran past him.

Ezra was down on the rails. The train was no longer two distant lights. The form of the shrieking engine broke clear from out of the surrounding mist. The child was flung up on to the platform. And then—

Alexander Hilton put his hand over his eyes and reeled back.

The train came quickly to a standstill, and backed. The hush of suspense changed to a hubbub. Excited officials ran up and down the platform, while curious passengers leaned out of the carriage windows, and shouted questions at them as they ran. Everybody was either asking questions, shouting orders, ejaculating sympathy, or offering advice. Alexander Hilton alone had no desire to communicate his emotions to his fellow-men.

The one thing he had to do was to get out of the station as quickly as possible. He did not want to be stopped and questioned and summoned as a witness before the coroner. His bag lay on the platform where Ezra had dropped it, and he quickly picked it up and walked along the platform. In another minute he was out in the open air, hailing a cab.

At the moment when the eyes of Ezra rushing past him had glanced into his Alexander Hilton had felt as if a flashlight had been thrown over the dark recesses of his soul. For that one moment he had felt himself suddenly shrivel; almost as if he and Ezra had changed places, and he, not Ezra, were the shabby, little, half-starved member of the Unemployed. But now, whirling home in his hanhom, with his fur-coat gathered comfortably round him, and a fresh cigar between his teeth, he slowly regained his normal feeling of complacency. And he moralized.

After all, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! Ezra, whose life was only a burden to both himself and others, had been taken; while he, Alexander Hilton, the really valuable member of society, was left. He hummed a little psalm of thanksgiving to his own prudence. But for that prudence, where might he not now be?

The body of Ezra Mason was borne by two policemen on a stretcher to the morgue. And the soul of Ezra Mason, making its triumphant entry into Paradise, looked down with a great pity on the soul of the man whose body was riding home in a cab.

The New President

Raymond Poincaire and Some of His Traits.

The indifference which Raymond Poincare has shown toward the presidency of his country is typical of his attitude toward politics in general, and it is thus by not allowing himself to be drawn into the various whirlpools of the Palais Bourbor that he has won so high a position.

Poincare took up the reins of French government as Premier at a time when the country was torn by internal and external dissensions and its external relations were far from being on a solid basis. That was just about a year ago. Today France stands on the firmer ground of more friendly relations with all her neighbors, while, thanks to Poincare's astuteness, the military aliiance

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with Russia is widened so that France and Russia stand solidly together in all matters of external politics.

It seems only natural then that the French electors, despite the campaign of abuse that has been waged against Poincare by his enemies, should exalt him to the position of the head of the government. There is much conjecture as to what Poincare will make out of the presidential office, whether he will develop into a figurehead, the role that Fallieres played so well, or whether he will make of his office a position of supreme importance and himself become, or rather continue, as the directing head of the government.

Poincare is given the credit for having formed the strongest cabinet which has been seen in France since the first days of Gambetta.

This versatile man has had a meteoric career. He was born on August 20, 1860, at the famous old town of Bar-le-Duc in the meuse department. His father was an inspector of the bridges and roads department of the public service, but it is the present generation of the Poincare family that has brought fame to the name. M. Lucien Poincare, the premier's brother, is the well-known scientist, while the late M. Henri Poincare, his cousin, was the first mathematician of France and one of the most distinguished members of the Academic Francaise. M. Raymond Poincare is also one of the forty immortals.

When M. Raymond Poincare went to the Palais Bourbon as a young deputy of 26 he soon came to the front through his policy of thoroughness. One of his critics has said of him: "Understanding everything, he studied everything to make it better understood." This has been his policy throughout not only his public life but his private life, and this is why he has attained success.

Thus the young deputy soon became Minister of Instruction during the important days of the clerical strife. He then was only 33 years of age. Just a year later he took up the portfolio of finance and here made his mark in handling the weighty problems of the budget. He no doubt would have risen directly to the Premiership, his friends say, but he has always shown an indifference to parliamentary fame and he preferred the bar. Here he rapidly rose to the front rank, discarding politics in order to follow the line of his aspirations. One of his most formidable opponents at the bar was M. Millerand, who only recently as his Minister of War resurrected the Dreyfus affair and came near bringing about a cabinet crisis on the eve of the presidential election.

M. Poincare's work, as has been seen, has been politics and the law, while his recreation is literature. He is not a prolific writer, but one sees his policy, thoroughness, as the outstanding feature of his writings. His penchant for generalization is seen in the titles of his books—"Idees Contemporaines," "Etudes et Figures Politiques" and "Causes Litteraires et Artistiques."

M. Poincare returned to live a life free from politics until he was nominated about a year ago to be reporter of the senate committee on the Franco-German accord. This nomination hurled him again into the arena.

M. Poincare is a noted conversationalist. He is not a great talker, however. His sentences fall slowly from his lips, so that the impression he leaves is that of solidity and depth. In appearance he resembles a scientist, preferring to look shaggy than to have the dapper appearance of M. Cailloux. His figure is short and compact. His face is oval with a high intellectual forehead.

Such is the man France has chosen as its leader for the next seven years.



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Michigan—Its Physiography

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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There are a number of ways in which one may go, directly from Detroit to Saginaw; the Michigan Central by way of Rochester, the Grand Trunk by way of Pontiac, or the Pere Marquette by way of Plymouth and Flint. The Interurban also runs almost hourly via Flint to Saginaw. In all cases we pass first over the flat clay plain, the bottom of the former lakes, then through a series of moraines representing margins of the retreating ice, then through an irregular area of gravel belonging either to the headwaters of the Huron river or the Clinton river, which originally drained southwest. Then we pass over another strip of moraines representing the margins of the ice which spread over Saginaw bay, and then once more into a plan in many respects the duplicate of the Detroit plain—as flat as a country well could be. The only differences are the points at which the changes are made. The old lake-bottom extends on the Michigan Central to near Rochester and on the Pere Marquette to near Plymouth. Very little is seen of bedrock formation in any route, though on the Grand Trunk near Flushing the Flint river has cut down and exposed shales and coal slightly, and there are quarries there, used for making paving brick.

Soon we cross over the higher land and commence to descend into the Saginaw valley. We are in a region favorable for flowing or artesian wells, and quite possibly we may see one from the train at Blackmar or Birch Run or Bridgeport, but the head is not usually very great. As we approach the city, we may perhaps see old coal mine shafts which are close to the line of the Grand Trunk especially, but most of the shafts lie west of the city.

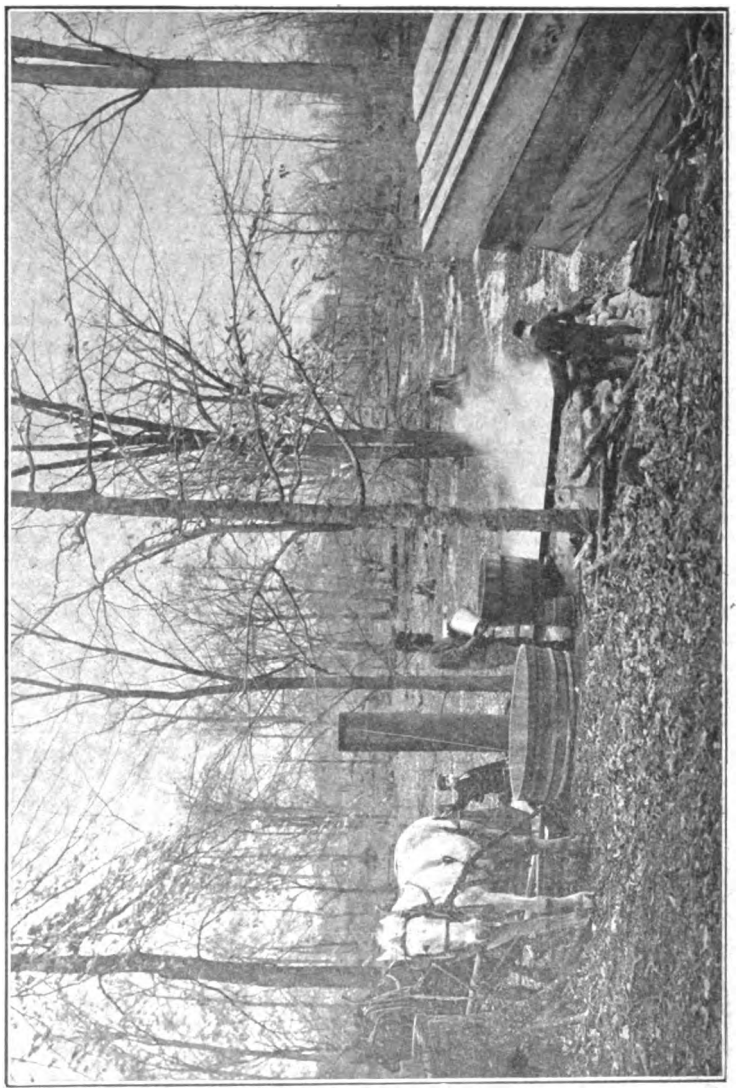
A Frenchman has said that France may be more easily grasped geographically if it is considered as surrounding two poles. One is of attraction, and that is of course Paris. To Paris the rivers run and toward it the rocks dip. The other is the mountainous region around Mt. Dore in the southern part. The same parallel may be applied to Michigan and the central city will be Saginaw, which is the geological center, though not the largest city of the state. Toward it the rivers run in a very curious fashion. It is curious to see how the Tittabawassee starts within forty or fifty miles of the lake and flows clear way around Saginaw bay to join the Cass river, which comes in from the east in an equally circuitous direction. One might possibly think that there was some great mountain range, but there is not. There is only a ridge hardly perceptible to the naked eye which makes the divide that prevents direct drainage to the bay. There is quite a tendency to cut through this ridge by artificial drains and streams flowing directly down to the bay would in time cut through it anyway and rob these rivers of the upper part of their course. A faint ridge which produces this singular drainage was left by the ice in its retreat. The ice occupies the lower lands longest, hence its old margins surround the valleys as with a wall, and the later water drainage has to follow around these old walls seeking a chance to penetrate them until at last it finds some weaker spot, generally a place where they were cut through by a stream of water which once issued from the ice.

The peculiar gathering of streams at Saginaw and the tendency of the streams not to flow directly into the lake, is, then, characteristic of the largest streams which head back in the morainal country. This is a great contrast to the little re-

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cent streams which flow directly down the slope to the lake. Another marked illustration of this tendency of the streams to take the longest way round is Sturgeon river, which flows completely around Keweenaw bay.

These streams running in all direc-

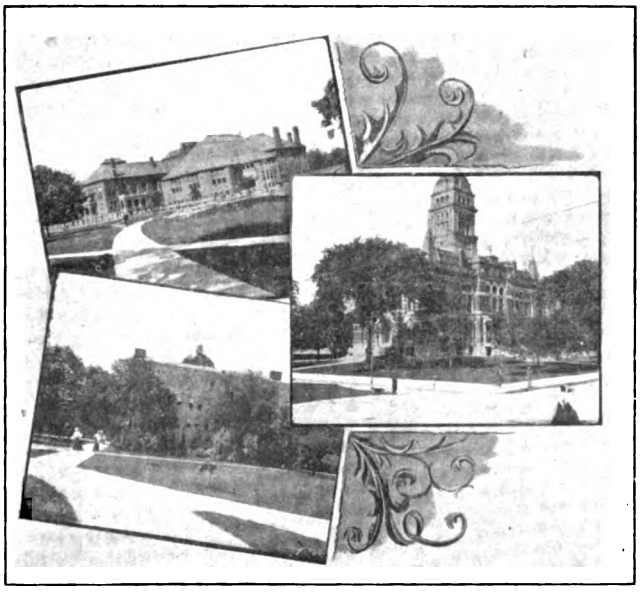


tions serve as feeders in bringing to the sawmills, that once lined Saginaw river in continuous procession, the billions of feet of pine which there were consumed. At one time one could walk upon a continuous mass of logs coming down Tittabawassee river—thirty-five miles long—and the greedy shriek of band and circular saws for more victims was heard day and night. In many cases much of the poorer stuff that would now be considered entirely merchantible, was burned up and much was used in evaporating brine to salt, for Saginaw's wealth was not simply in position, nor purely in the dense forest of magnificent pine which once surrounded it and were thought inexhaustible, nor in the fertile land which was left after the pine was gone. Be-

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neath it was coal, the same general formation which we find cropping out at Grand Ledge and Jackson.

This coal has been known to geologists for over half a century, but it received no exploitation until recently for very good reasons. As long as there was wood to burn, and much of the former refuse was actually destroyed to no purpose, there was no particular call for other fuel. When, however, the supposed inexhaustible supply of pine suddenly appeared almost at an end, the prospects for Saginaw was very blue, and then it was found that there were still resources in reserve.



It is to be hoped that they will be developed more economically.

The coal occurs in various seams from 100 ot 500 feet down, but of these only three have proved of commercial importance, and they lie 100 to 200 feet down. They are mostly controlled by one group of people, and the mines are thoroughly unionized and there has been very little labor trouble in the district. One or two small mines which sell their coal directly to the consumer and do not depend upon shipment by car, are independent.

Underneath the coal comes gypsum and plaster of paris, the same geological formation which extends in a basin from Grand Rapids in one direction and to Alabaster in the other. Underneath this in turn comes the Marshall sandstone, which is rarely exposed, although there are some exposures in Hillsdale county, but which have been tapped by innumerable wells. At the margin it is tapped for fresh water and it has been very widely exploited for the manufacture of salt, and near Saginaw, especially at St. Charles and Midland, the deeper parts yield a brine rich in bromine.

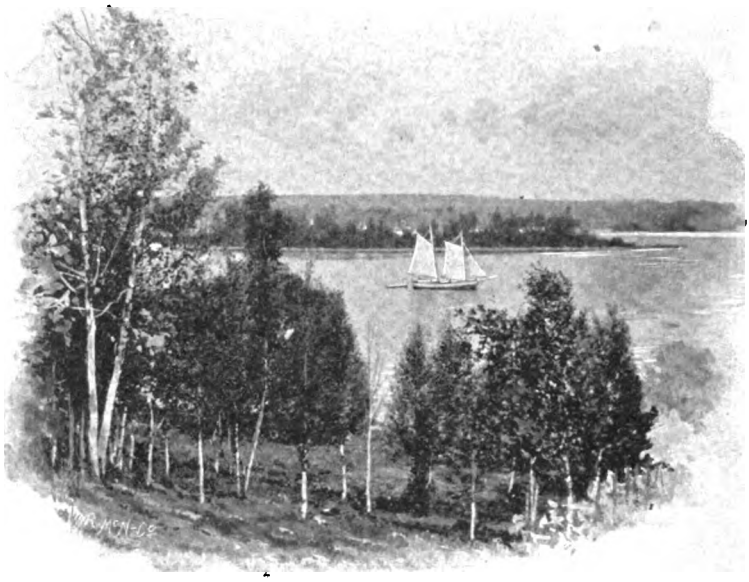
An interesting feature of Saginaw are the big pumps which will be seen at the corner of the streets at various points. The city water supply has been Saginaw river, unpurified and entirely unsafe to drink. This has been used simply for fire protection, which is the primary object of a city supply, for laundry, lawn sprinkling and similar purposes. People have depended for drinking water upon artesian wells, put down about 100 to 150 feet into a coal-measure sandstone, the cost being met half by the city and half by subscription among the neighborhood. The water from these wells appears to be perfectly safe, as it comes from under many feet of clay and thehe is more or less artesian pressure. It has a slightly mineral taste, about as salty as Apollinaris, but in some places somewhat stronger.

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Nearly half a dozen shafts of coal mines have operated around Saginaw and some have been worked out. The coal is but three to five feet thick, usually, and there are extensive systems of

BAY CITY AND SAGINAW BAY

Saginaw and Bay City are connected by interurban and may be said for many purposes to be one metropolitan center. We can take the interurban train on the east or west side of the river to Bay City and thence we can transfer to a local car and go out to the shore of Saginaw bay where, near Beach, are some coal mines, and we shall see a shore which



will help us to imagine what the shore was when the coal was formed. We see sand-ridges along the shore and behind this, swamps filled in with vegetable matter. If the shore slowly recedes, and finally is buried, we have every condition necessary to form coal.

Saginaw to the Thumb.

The two peninsulas of Michigan bear rather a striking resemblance to the two parts of a hand and the district of Michigan east of Saginaw has long been known as the Thumb. We can enter this district either by the Michigan Central or the Pere Marquette. If we take the Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron branch of the Pere Marquette, we shall for a long way run over a very flat country—old lake bottom. The heavy ditches which we cross show the difficulty there has been in draining it and much of it was once known as swamp; the overflowed lands and beaver meadow were often reported where now is good farming land, but when we come to Bay Pork we are at one of the few points where bedrock is quite little exposed. Near Bay Port Junction there are large quarries which show carboniferous limestone, Branching coral, known as lithostrotion, may quite readily be found, and a more careful search will enable one to find a number of other species of which the commonest is a small bivalve with concentric ribs—allarisma.

A little this side of Bay Port a stream known as the Stribion, and numerous islands in the bay off Bay Port, also expose rock ledges. Farther out, half way across Saginaw bay, is a group of islands, which is almost always omitted on maps, the Charity islands, where the limestone contains many hard concretions known as "geodes," of chalcedony and of quartz.

(*To be continued.*)

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On the Book Shelf

by CRITIC

Novel Writing and Diplomacy.

According to Mrs. Post Wheeler (Hallie Erminie Rives), the novelist who is also the wife of a diplomat, sometimes finds herself under a handicap when it comes to writing of foreign countries and foreign affairs.

"For that reason," she says, "I prefer to write stories with their scenes laid in the United States."

A young Italian, who holds an important position with his government at Rome, but who was educated in the United States, read the advance sheets of Miss Rives' latest novel, "The Valiants of Virginia." He was delighted with the story and was in a position to judge its merit, having lived in Washington for three years, and during that time having made frequent excursions to that part of Virginia which is so graphically described in the story.

"Mrs. Wheeler," he said to the author, "you have the faculty of drawing such wonderful word pictures of people and places that it would be a genuine delight to have you write a novel in which you could set forth your ideas of Italy and the Italians."

And that is what Miss Rives has heard in every country in which she and her diplomat husband have lived. She did write a novel about Japan, but it was a difficult achievement, as it had to be strong and truthful, and at the same time tactful and courteous. She found plenty of material in Russia, but did not make use of it; but some day she may write a novel of Italy.

"However," she says, "I get real pleasure when I write of America, and I know I am safe there. I must never forget that I am the wife of a diplomat as well as a novelist."

Kester Loved Ohio.

Broadly speaking, two regions only in America impressed the late Vaughan Kester deeply and influenced his literary work. These regions were Virginia and the adjacent states and central Ohio. Several of his short stories reflect a little of his thorough knowledge of New York; there is a hint of old-time London and the north of England in "John o' Jamestown," the one historical novel which he wrote, and Denver and the west undoubtedly impressed him deeply and would have been a third region of his affections had his stay on his uncle's ranch on the Platte been prolonged.

But the country he loved best was the south of "The Prodigal Judge," and the Ohio of " The Fortunes of the Landrays," which has just been republished.

In "The Fortunes of the Landrays" he tells the story of a frontier settlement growing into a thriving town of the '49 period, and ripening into the prosperous little city of the civil war. Many of the happiest days of his boyhood had been passed there in a shady old house on the hill. He knew every brick in the uneven pavements of its streets, he knew its alleys, its flats, as he knew the river which swept about it, and the rolling fields and the woodlands which encompassed it. He knew its people, their comedies, their romances, their mysteries and their tragedies, and he wrote of it all with understanding, sympathy ond affection.

The many years he spent in cities —in Philadelphia and Cleveland as a boy, in New York as a young man, his thorough knowledge of Washington, his acquaintance with London— these have left scarcely a trace upon his more serious work. But Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Ohio, these were his happy hunting grounds. Here his imagination ranged freely, perfectly in sympathy with the pioneer, the planter, and the poor white,

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with people "in their shirt sleeves," as he might have said.

Irwin Tells a Story.

Will Irwin, author of "The Red Button," lived in California for many years and is an alumnus of Leland Stanford University. It was in San Francisco that he began his career as a newspaper man, and it was there also that he started his investigation of the methods employed by mediums, fortune tellers and the like, which he has used so effectively in "The Red Button."

Naturally, Mr. Irwin is enthusiastic about everything relating to California, and he never tires of singing the praises of its climate. One day he was holding forth upon the superiority of California over Florida as a winter resort.

"Florida," he said, "is too relaxing. This is due to the fetid air of the swamps.

"There's a story about a young man who was being examined for admission to the Florida bar. The examination ran thus:

"'Young man, are you malaria-proof?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Can you ride?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you own a horse?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Is he a good swamp-swimmer?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then, young man, I welcome you to the practice of law in this district.'"

The Lady of the Snows.

(By Edith Ogden Harrison.)

As a writer of charming fairy stories for the young, Mrs. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, fully deserved the many encomiums showered upon her. In "The Lady of the Snows," dedicated to her husband, the Mayor of Chicago, Mrs. Harrison enters into a broader field of endeavor. This new novel has its scene of action laid in Canada, the Land of Snow, and the principal characters delightfully fit in the parts assigned to each. Perhaps the most appealing is the Archbishop of Quebec, a kindly, simple God-fearing man whose ripe philosophy and deep belief in the Divine Will, leaves him tranquil and serene in a situation that disturbs his ward and angers the Englishman to whom she is engaged.

The Archbishop has a hobby—Reciprocity with the United States—and Mrs. Harrison touches lightly, here and there, on some arguments in favor of the question. Her description of the Great North in winter and in summer shows a familiarity with Canada, while the adventures of the Englishman as a member of the North West Mounted Police displays knowledge of life and habits of this great protective organization—so different from the police body in her own city.

"The Lady of the Snows" shows merit, skill and interest from the opening chapter of a mysterious love story, and while one or two situations could be brought out in stronger relief, nevertheless the entire story is so charmingly related that we willingly accept it as one of the delightful novels of the year.

The book is finely illustrated by J. Allen St. John.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Artist Also a Business Man.

C. Coles Phillips, who holds a unique place among American artists as the creator of the "Fade-Away Girl," and whose beautifully illustrated gift book, "A Young Man's Fancy," is one of the novelties of the holiday season, was born in Springfield, Ohio, thirty-one years ago. His early days were much the same as all healthy, vigorous boys enjoy, and it was not until his college days that he realized his ability to draw might be of use to him. His efforts to earn money to get through Kenyon College led to his decorating and illustrating the college monthly magazine.

He was graduated from college at the age of twenty-one and went to New York, where he worked at odd jobs, clerking, etc., until he got into one of the city's busiest advertising and designing houses as a solicitor. Here he represented his chosen field

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and cultivated a keen business sense and a practical knowledge of commercial art.

Soon he used this knowledge to good advantage in forming an advertising organization of his own, which employed a dozen artists. He, however, spent so much time on the business end as an "outside man" that his painting suffered for attention. So he retired from the commercial field, rented a studio and started in to make up for his lack of school training by studying afternoons at the Chase School and evenings at the free art school on Forty-fourth street.

He soon became a regular contributor to the magazines, and when Life issued colored covers the "Fade-Away Girl" was originated. Her success was instantaneous, and to the end of time the "Fade-Away Girl" will stand for Coles Phillips and Coles Phillips for the "Fade-Away Girl."

Admirers of the "Fade-Away Girl" little realize the amount of work required in her creation. So much of the surrounding detail is eliminated that it is doubly necessary to show the central figure to its best advantage. To do this true to life, Mr. Phillips always uses living models. So much is to be done, with so few actual lines, that a careful study of details is necessary.

Coles Phillips is not the "long-haired, flowing bow-tie" variety of artist, but likes his friends to call him "sane and business-like," which he is. He is married and lives in New Rochell, the New York suburb made famous by George Cohan in Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway. In his studio overlooking Long Island Sound, and with his tall, slender wife as a model, he does much of his best work.

The Art of Costuming.

by W. W. AULICK

Know you a dress-maker who has no ambition to create a new style, but who can turn out in the mode of any period of the world's history from the Garden of Eden down to yesteryear? There is such a talented dressmaker and tailor on Manhattan Island, and if the butterflies of society could only obtain his services there would be such a flood of fancy dress balls as never were. For C. Alexander Ramsey knows the latest style and the earliest style from the hang of a lace fichu to the angle of a fig-leaf.

No amount of prying or luring could get him away from his present job; for to him the excitement of life lies in pitching head-foremost into some brilliant period of history and losing himself in it. The psychology of clothes is the first interest in life to this man who for years has served theatrical producers as head of their costume department.

At the present moment Mr. Ramsey is undertaking the most difficult task of his career—though he regards it as the biggest opportunity he has ever had. This is the making of about a thousand costumes for "Joseph and His Brethren," the big Biblical drama which is to succeed "The Daughter of Heaven" at the Century Theatre.

A visit to the shop and fitting rooms of the big playhouse in Central Park west, gives the average stranger a new conception of the problem of put-

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ting on a play. More than that, it convinces the most skeptical that the business of dressmaking and tailoring when done on this scale is a man's size job. Probably most of the men costumers who have won reputations for themselves in this odd profession might well have made fortunes if they had devoted themselves to "creating" gowns for society women. But "the fun of it," according to Ramsey, lies in delving into dusty periods of history and reviving the modes that reflected the tamper of the times.

"Getting myself imbued with the spirit of 'The Daughter of Heaven' was the hardest thing I have ever tried to do," says this costumer-in-chief, "for to really make costumes add to the verisimilitude of a play, you have to get under the skin of the characters to a certain extent. When it came to getting under the Mongolian cuticle, either my spirit was unwilling, or I couldn't understand the character of the Chinese. Fortunately my work was largely adaptation. Caramba, the Italian costumer, had finished the great bulk of the work in Italy before coming here, and we merely fitted them and finished them up, the main part of our work being confined to the principals.

"In 'Joseph and His Brethren' we have the whole task to accomplish ourselves; but we got a good start on it long ago, and we know just what we want to do. I don't believe there ever was a play that furnished better opportunities for dramatic effects in costumes. I am sure an audience doesn't realize how much inherent dramatic effect there is in clothes, but to anyone who has ever 'dressed' a play it is plain as day. I think I will only have to point it out for you to see it.

"Supposing you see a man on the stage attired in business suit, conservative in cut and quiet in color, old-fashioned cuff-buttons, not links, a black string-tie, 'lay-down' collar, and stiff bosom white shirt;—you have the successful man of business. Face him with a jaunty youth, in evening clothes, perhaps, with silk-topper and cane, silk socks, pumps, and other accessories—you will recognize his spendthrift son. Or confront him with a working-man in shabby coat and scuffed shoes, twirling a much-worn felt hat in his fists—the striker. Now there you have the contrast, the dramatic feeling that lies in clothes. These people are men of our own day—as unromantic a period as you can imagine. And they are attired in the most conventional manner possible.

"If you can suggest so much by such costumes, don't you see the tremendous importance clothes may have in the success of a dramatic story?"

"In 'Joseph and His Brethren' we will have an opportunity to show the drama contrast of clothes to better effect than any play I have ever met. Why? Because we can show the Children of Israel in the half barbaric splendor of their life in the desert. Leading their flocks, driving their camels and asses, camping beside the wells in the oasis with their striped tents, reflecting the vivid colors of the oriental skins, wearing their robes and tunics brilliant with natural dyes, they present a picture that is a joy to the eye.

"Then the scene shifts to Egypt—Egypt in all its glory. Here you have one of the most colorful pages in the world's history. Indeed for picturesqueness, for rythm, for mystery, for every quality that is most dramatic, Egypt in the days of Joseph scarcely has a parallel. The strictness of caste lines, the variety of dress for each order of society, the prescribed robes that priests, stewards, court officers and others were compelled to wear as a badge of office, make this a period that puts the costumer on his mettle, and at the same time gives him an opportunity to really achieve something worth while.

"I don't mind admitting that one of the more agreeable features of this period is that it is just a few steps further back than the antiquarian can go. Egyptian friezes and carvings on old monuments as well as relics dug up from the old tombs provide all the deta we have for designing costumes.

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They give us the lines and all the essentials, and at the same time we escape some of the harassing details of official ornaments and so forth which count for nothing to the general public, but, in a play of a later period, lay us open to numberless digs from academic critics.

"I don't suppose you have ever considered that it would be a penitentiary offense to allow a lady to walk on the stage, carrying a Louis XV fan in a Louis XVI play? And yet I spent two afternoons about a month ago hunting a Louis XVI fan for the Marchioness de Joyeuse in Mme. Simone's comedy "The Paper Chase." There are several stores in New York where I found just what I wanted, but not at the price I thought fitting to pay. $75.00 is rather too much to pay for a fan for a lady to flourish for ten or fifteen minutes every evening. Just when I had concluded to try my hand at fan-making I found what I wanted in a little shop on Fortieth street, where a man makes a business of repairing fans. Although he was sure he had no such fan as I described, I rummaged through his drawers and found what I wanted.

"Details like these, while they may mean nothing to your audience, inspire the actor to a sense of fidelity to the author's conception, and to an appreciation of the responsibility that rests on him as well as the dignity of his art. Insofar as we are able to provide the exact materials that the character should have we supply the stuff that poets' dreams are made of —or at any rate the stuff by which they are made tangible. That is where imagination is an element in our business.

"Where will you get your information for the designs of the 'Joseph' costumes, Mr. Ramsey?"

The little man jumped up from his desk and hauled down about a dozen big tomes from an adjoining table.

"See these," he said. "All of them are full of Egyptian and Biblical lore. We are on the same plane as children, though, in this department. It is only the pictures that particularly interest us. I can read enough German to find my way through Harlem, but I put my trust in the books made in Germany, because those Teutonic researchers are the most relentless of the lot. And their color prints are so very good, too.

"I don't mind confessing that so far as we are concerned, our production will be pretty much a dramatization of Tissot. You are familiar with that great painter's illustrated story of the Bible?"

Fortunately dutiful Mr. Ramsey did not press the inquiry.

"Well, Tissot groupings and use of colors are cram full of suggestions to the stage director and costumer,' he continued. "But for details or ornament and hairdressing, etc., the Metropolitan Museum of Art is our standby. The Egyptian collection there is truly marvelous. No other exhibit of the sort has ever put the fear of God into my heart as that does. There is something about that Egyptian period, so remote and yet brought so vividly before you by all the evidences gathered together there of the remarkable civilization of Egypt thousands of years ago, that makes you realize that after all 'a thousand years is but a day. I believe that this production of the Biblical drama will bring before us the reality of the Old Testament as nothing else has ever done.'

* * *

Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah," received $30,315 for his share of the receipts of his play during the Chicago run of eight weeks, recently completed. This exceeds the amount of his royalties for any consecutive eight weeks of even the New York run, as the Chicago Theater in which his famous play was presented, is larger than that in which it was originally produced in New York. It probably makes a new record for author's royalties.

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Spring Millinery

ADVANCE NOTES FROM THE MILLINERY TRADE REVIEW

by FASHION

Chinese Millinery.

The Chinese government has taken the question of dress out of the hands of Fashion and will attempt to regulate it as it does the uniforms of its army and government officials. The government's edict, as far as women's dress is concerned, is as follows:

"Women shall use European hats, but otherwise retain their customary dress with certain modifications."

The Chinese may have as difficult a task in determining what women shall wear on their heads as the Occidentals, especially when it comes to the size of the hat, the length of the hatpin and the kind of plumage to be worn. Human nature is the same the world over; what is denied is what we most desire and will obtain (if we have the price) and suffer in consequence.

Millinery and Morals.

According to Professor Patton of the University of Pennsylvania, a girl who spends $10 on a hat, although she earns but $8 a week, is more respected than is a girl who wears a dowdy hat and saves her money for her old age. The girl who wears the $10 hat will receive more attention than she of the dowdy hat, will make more impression on the opposite sex and run a better chance of securing a life partner who will be able to supply her with numerous $10 hats. The question of morality does not figure in the controversy between the professor and the women readers of the newspapers. From the millinery viewpoint, she of the $10 hat is respected because she desires to wear good clothes, and good millinery, and should be encouraged to save as much as she can out of her $8 per in order to secure them. She of the dowdy hat will grow stingy as she grows older, and the rainy day toward which srhe is saving will find her a lone occupant of a hall bedroom without those associations that make a girl's life worth the living. Spend less money on matinees, theatres, confections and knicknacks and more on millinery and the invitations to theatres, confectionery and parties will come freely from the opposite sex.

The Theatre and Women's Heads.

A story comes from London — a place where they do many queer things—that theatre managers are not content with forcing their women patrons to remove their hats when the curtain rises, but now propose that they remove their head dress or ornaments worn in their hair when such ornaments comprise aigrettes. "What next will these people do?" asks a free-born American woman citizen. "Will they force us to take down our hair? Possibly they may ask us to remove our gowns and suggest that we appear in bloomers or perhaps appear in tights, because now men cannot see enough tights on the stage. Women folk should boycott all theatres that attempt to enforce such rules and let the men folk who do the complaining have the theatres to themselves. If this should happen, it would not be very long before these silly rules would be rescinded, but American women will not stand for such nonsense."

New York Millinery for Mid-Winter.

Large, small and medium hats vie with each other for first place. Black and white is featured prominently. Black velvet or plush hats, with a profusive trimming of paradise or ostrich, make a smart showing with the vivid coloring of many of the evening

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gowns. A more elaborate use of ostrich in every conceivable shade and style is a feature of many of the large and medium hats. In many cases the small fur hats with paradise or ostrich trimmings make a smart contrast to the large models. The large flat Georgette hat that very early in the season gave promise of being the most favored style for both street and evening wear has come in almost last in the race—the fascinating tiny chapeau, similar to those worn by the Orientals, being a later feature of fall millinery.

The small hat is a popular type in Paris. Velvet plush or fur is equally effective in the development of this type of hat, as the material is draped over a soft frame and fits almost snugly to the head. A spray of paradise placed directly in the back of the model is all that is necessary to complete a most fascinating piece of headgear. A model made of tailless ermine shows a small tam crown. The white paradise is arranged in a most unusual manner at the back of the hat. Two small black velvet hats make excellent illustrations of the small hat, the trimming of which is comparatively simple. One shows a draping of velvet and the other a bunch of coque at the back. Many of the new models follow this outline, but as this is a style that is not becoming to the average person, a wider range of styles in fur hats is noted.

Brims of fur with soft crowns of brocaded velvet and paradise trimming are characteristic of many of the smart fur hats for midwinter. The elongated line, as well as round models with the rolling up-turned brims and medium low crown, is shown. The vogue for using a band of the same fur on the hat as is used on the gown is popular this season and gives an excellent opportunity for diversity of styles. This mode of trimming is especially attractive when used in the larger models, that for formal indoor occasions is a most attractive addition to the costume. Ostrich is taking particularly well—those of the defrise and curled variety sharing equal honors. Since the combination of colorings in this merchandise is extensive, the milliner has an excellent field upon which to work, and there is no end to the different styles in fancy ostrich bands and feather novelties. Black and white, taupe, the brown shade with a bit of the new Besnard reds showing here and there are in the lead. Taupe seems to be quite a favorite this season owing to the popularity of moleskin, and taupe plush is noted worn with moleskin and may be had to match perfectly in coloring. A deeper shade of taupe is also noted and is preferred to the lighter shades.

Ribbons are holding their own, and many of the smart street hats show a simple trimming of plain or picot edged ribbon. The shades of French blue, gold and black and white, with black or white edges, are given the preference. A clever idea in using ribbon is to catch it in places around the edge of the hat and finish at the back with a flat bow. A single small flower or French bouquet at one side makes a most attractive and youthful model.

The vogue for wearing artificial flowers with the street costumes and evening gowns has accelerated business along this line, and the manufacturers report a most satisfactory season. Orchids, gardenias, lilies of the valley, roses and tiny French boutonnieres made up of a variety of very small flowers are among those favored, while large gold and silver and black and white roses are shown the preference for use with evening gowns.

A Coon Hollow Man's Experience.

Home-comfort-the-real-thing item from "Coon Hollow Correspondence" in the Mount Vernon Record:

"I'll take a big fat featherbed in the country for my sleepin' every time. Last time I stayed in town with my cousin Jerome he put me to bed on the third floor and on a foldin' bed. I'd read about 'em bein' tricky and I didn't do a thing all night but keep one foot braced again' the ceilin' to keep from doublin' up like a barlow knife."

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The Necessities of Life.

"I don't see how you can afford it," said John's old mother, shaking her head dubiously at the sight of the shiny telephone on the little shelf in the corner. Her son had been married three years before, and had gone to the city to work, and this was her first trip to inspect the new home.

"Afford it, mother? Why a workingman can't afford to be without a telephone. It's one of the bare necessities of life."

"That's what your pa says," she assented; "but then country people are different. I get prices on butter and eggs and chickens, and he gets weather reports and grain and live-stock prices, and we trace stray stock, and get help in case of fires, and get the doctor and the veterinary, and then it's a heap of company for me when I'm alone and there's tramps around, and besides, we're able to have it—it don't cost a great deal in the country. Looks like in the city you'd have to pay more for it and it wouldn't be much use to you."

John smiled indulgently. "The city rates are not so high," he answered, "only $3.33 a month, and we've got just as many uses for our telephone right here in Detroit as you and pa have for yours at home. I got my job by telephoning the contractor, and he sends me word over it where to go to work when he changes his plans. That's one reason I have steadier work than most of 'em, and one day's work more than pays the bill for a month, you know. We are just as liable to need the doctor in a hurry as you are, perhaps more so on account of the baby, for he's more delicate and more precious than all your live stock. Isn't that so, Grandma? We don't want to be burned out either, and a telephone will do a lot to keep the roof over our heads and save what furniture we got, in case of a fire in this block.

"We'd rather live where rents are a little lower and put the difference into a telephone, if you want to figure it that way, just on the ground of insurance. And then again, you take it in clothes. Every stormy, muddy day a woman has to go to market she does her hat and shoes and clothing more than a dollar's worth of damage. I figure we save the price of the service by depending on the telephone to run our errands for us."

The old lady fidgeted about in her chair; she did not like to be worsted in an argument with her son.

"Seems to me there ought not to be much visiting on the city telephone," she observed, "with a dozen families using one little back yard."

"That's just the trouble," broke in the daughter-in-law; "the city is so built up, we have to scheme around to have any privacy, but with the telephone we can keep up our acquaintance with some of our old friends in different parts of the city."

"That's right, mother," concluded John. "When it comes to health, comfort, safety, business and pleasure, the telephone is a necessity to a workingman, the same as to a farmer."—Adv.



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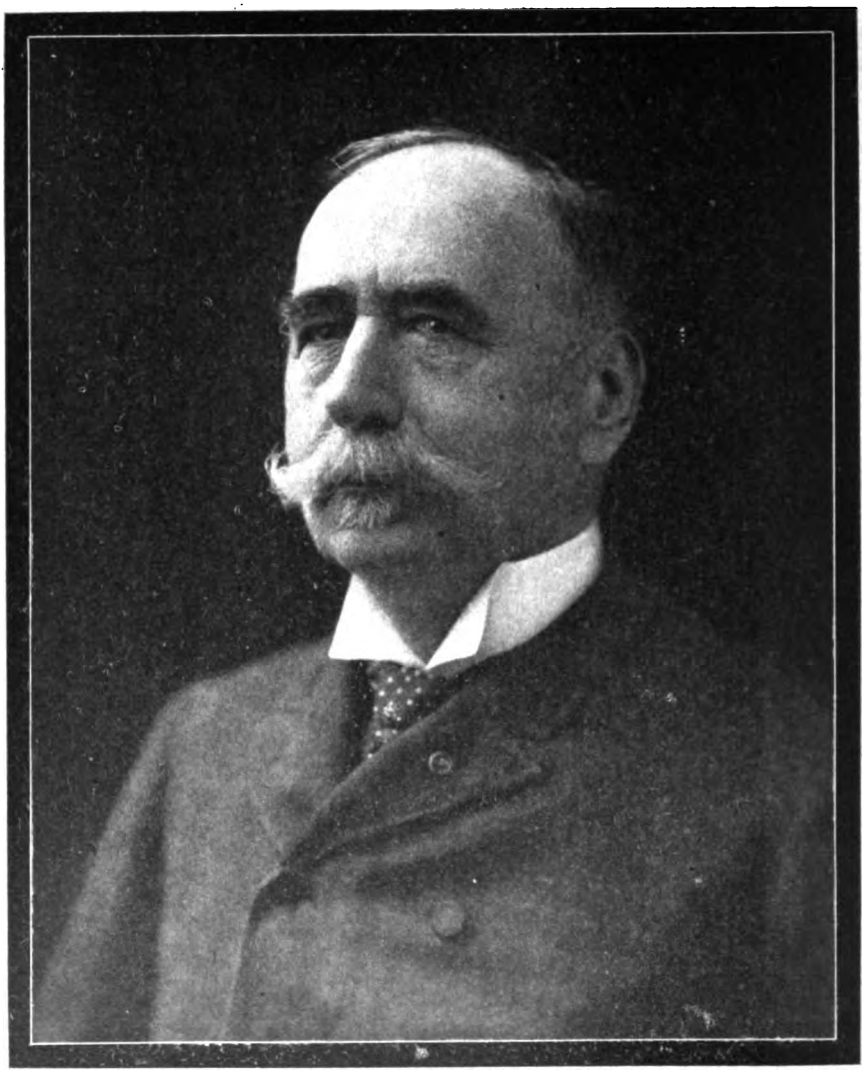
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Hon. Joseph Greusel,

Journalist Legislator

Editor of The Gateway in the beginning and for many years thereafter. Always a potent force in its policy.

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Songs of Ireland.

THE CELTS.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

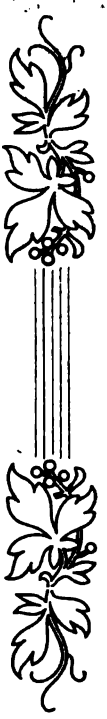
Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers;
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
These Western shepherd-seers.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts:
While youths alone,
With giant-dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Finn, the father of the bard
whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voiced and strong.
Finn once o'ertook Granu, the golden-haired,
The fleet and young;
From her the lovely, and from him the feared,
The primal poet sprang.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name—

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Thy Fenian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very names of Finn and Gaul sound strange,
Yet thine the same—
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange
Remains, and shall remain!

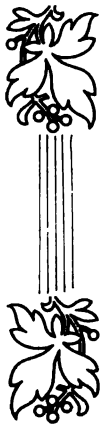
The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace;
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed
And strength and grace;
In the sole song they live and love and bleed,—
It bears them on through space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold
In our own time
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty-souled
As in the prime,
Where the fond, fair, and beautiful and bold,—
They, of your song sublime!

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The incidents celebrated in this poem belong to the legendary period of Irish history. The bard Fergus Finnbheoil is here supposed, in reply to his father's questions, to relate the slaughter of the feinn or Fenians, and the death of "Oscar the fearless, at the battle of Gabhra, about A. D. 284. The lines are translated by Mr. Henry Morley, from a collection of old Gaelic poems made early in the sixteenth century.



"Say, Bard of the Feinn of Erin,
How fared the fight, Fergus, my son,
In Gabhra's fierce battle-day? Say!"

"The fight fared not well, son of Cumhaill,
From Gabhra come tidings of ruin,
For Oscar the fearless is slain.
The sons of Caeilte were seven;
They fell with the Feinn of Alvin.
The youth of the Feinn are fallen,
Are dead in their battle array.
And dead on the field lies Mac Luy,
With six of the sons of thy sire.
The young men of Alvin are fallen;
The Feinn of Britain are fallen.

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And dead is the king's son of Lochlin,
Who hastened to war for our right—
The king's son with a heart ever open,
And arm ever strong in the fight."

"Now, O Bard,—my son's son, my desire,
My Oscar, of him, Fergus, tell
How he hewed at the helms ere he fell."

"Hard were it, Fionn, to number,
Heavy for me were the labor,
To tell of the host that has fallen,
Slain by the valor of Oscar.
No rush of the waterfall swifter,
No pounce of the hawk on his prey,
No whirlpool more sweeping and deadly,
Than Oscar in battle that day.
And you who last saw him could see
How he throbbed in the roar of the fray,
As a storm-worried leaf on the tree
Whose fellows lie fallen below,
As an aspen will quiver and sway
While the axe deals it blow upon blow.
When he saw that Mac Art, King of Erin
Still lived in the midst of the roar,
Oscar gathered his force to roll on him
As waves roll to break on the shore.
The King's son, Cairban, saw the danger,
He shook his great hungering spear,
Grief of griefs! drove its point through our Oscar,
Who braved the death-stroke without fear.
Rushing still on Mac Art, King of Erin,
His weight on his weapon he threw,
And smote at Mac Art, and again smote
Cairban, whom that second blow slew.
So died Oscar, a king in his glory.
I, Fergus the Bard, grieve my way
Through all lands, saying how went the story
Of Gabhra's fierce battle-day."—
"Say!"

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Limerick was the last stronghold of the Catholics under King James. It was besieged by William after the Battle of the Boyne, but ineffectually, and again by the English under Ginkel, who, after several weeks' investment, marked by brave and skillful defense, secured an armistice, followed by the famous "treaty of Limerick."

By William led, the English sped,
With musket, sword, and cannon,

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To sweep us all from Limerick's wall,
And drown us in the Shannon;
But we bethought how well they fought,
Our fathers there before us;
We raised on high our charging cry,
And flung our green flag o'er us!

For days on days their cannon's blaze
Flashed by the blood-stained water;
The breach is done, and up they run,
Five hundred to the slaughter;
They crossed the beach beyond our reach,
New foes fresh work supplied us;
Our women brave, their homes to save,
Soon slew them all inside us!

Though through the smoke their army broke,
With cannons booming solemn,
We would not flinch, but inch by inch
Opposed its bristling column;
Three times we dashed them back, and smashed
Their lines with shot and saber,
And naught had they at close of day
But thinned ranks for their labor.

With angry word then said their lord,
"Our foes are better, braver!"
Then fled he straight from Limerick's gate,
For he could not enslave her;
Then raised we high our triumph cry,
Where battle's chances found us,
With corse and gun and red flags strewn,
And blood and ruin round us!

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Joseph and His Brethren.

Barnum's Captivating Presentation of the Story.

by JOHN WOODS.

So they are here again, are they—"Joseph and His Brethren?" Last time I saw them must have been in 1859 or on the stage of the little theater in Barnum's Museum—pardon me, I should say the "platform" of the "Lecture Hall," for the great American showman well knew the susceptibilities of the good people who believed the doors of a theater and the portals of the Inferno to be the same, and therefore never countenanced a "playhouse" on his most delectable premises. And what a run that play had! My father, for journalistic reasons, always had a season family pass to Barnum's, and for particularly good behavior permitted me its use on rare and occasional Saturdays. Other and much more frequent days I got it by taking out the rear panel of his deck, where it was locked up.

I guess I saw "Joseph and His Brethren" scores of times. It was given thrice every weekday, and I know there were several days when I felt that there was more real instruction to be got from it than from Trinity school, so I stayed through the performances and lunched and dined on roundhearts and taffy, bought in exchange for big copper pennies at the stand just alongside the glass-blower's as you went in.

It is a much more moral and edifying drama than that of Mr. Parker. Whole Sunday school classes used to go to it at 10 a. m. after Mr. Barnum had made clear to the pastor in his own alluring way how much good it would do them. They had the front seats in the top gallery, while we unregenerates heaved peanut shells and certain wet paper missiles at them from the hand back benches; that is, when the Irishman who kept us in order with a rattan was not looking.

I don't remember the plot, if it had any. But Joseph was the unforgettable Mrs. J. J. Prior of the tightly curled raven ringlets and clarion voice. You ought to have heard her roll out "R-r-release him, r-r-ruffian;" or the melting pathos of her "Me po-o-o-or-re, po-orrre fawther!" How we boys did worship her as the perfection of feminine loveliness and grace, and wonder what Prior, the envied possessor of all those charms, looked like. Did she wear boy's costume? Heavens, no! Only her toes in pink stockings glinted at intervals from beneath her abundant draperies.

And Jacob—Joseph E. Nagle, fine old thespian of the sterling school, sir, as extinct now as the dodo. Has anybody ever done the back fall as he used to do it? Why, when they told him about the pit he just tumbled rearward with his body perfectly rigid and straight and hit the stage—platform, I mean, apparently with the back of his head. And with such a slap! I tried to do it for weeks and got black and blue all over. I couldn't do it even now.

What could have been more proper than the treatment of that little indiscretion? The Mrs. Potiphar was chosen for a certain Indian summer mellowness, well calculated to impress the Sunday school children with the belief that she was really Joseph's elderly aunt. Even in its most delicate moments there was nothing in the scene which could have brought the roseate glow to the cheek of Boston modesty; for was not an interval of at least twenty feet strictly maintained between the participants, and even when an invitation to Jacob to come sit on her lap appeared perilously imminent did not a convenient century plant open its pasteboard leaves and reveal a warmly clad young woman who waved him off with a palm branch?

There was a low comedian. Tom Hadaway, as unctuous almost as Burton,

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whose quips from Joe Miller's jest book were in perfect keeping with the antiquity of the period. The plagues, too, were thrillingly displayed, although I recall only one, that of locusts, which was indicated by lowering from the flies a small square of black gauze with black spots on it, while the entire company sang "From Destruction Save the Land" to the tune of "I Want to Be an Angel," in which all the Sunday school children, because they knew it, vociferiously joined.

Perhaps some of them, possibly Mayor Gaynor, can supply more details. I think the run of the play ended when the war broke out, and then we had the bombardment of Sumter, with lots of red fire and the shooting of Ellsworth just after it happened, and the hymn tunes gave place to "Rally Round the Flag" and "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue" sung in a way that nearly took the roof off. And the bigger boys, both Sunday school scholars and unregenerates. did rally; and so many of them never came back that I suppose it will not be easy now to find those who remember.



Sentiment vs. Shekels.

Stella—Is marriage a failure?

Bella—No, but a pay envelope is never as thick as a love letter.

He Was a Bore.

The young man sat and sat and talked and talked.

About 11:30 he sang: "Love, I'm Going Away."

The young lady showed interest for the first time since 8:30.

"When do you start?" he inquired.

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A Strategy of War.

How the Revolution Was Defeated.

by JAMES GORDON.

Cingleton, the same Cingleton who piloted the train of gun-smugglers through the forests of the Congo—but that has been told before—looked at Isabella de Cordeza. Finding himself well repaid for the glance, he continued his observation, and smiled in a satisfied manner.

Isabella de Cordeza returned the first glance, also the second, and smiled too for the same reason. Then she spoke.

"It will kill papa," she said.

"Hardly," returned Cingleton. "What's a defeat more or less in South America? They happen every day."

The young girl leaned forward in an attitude that showed every line of her well-developed figure ravishingly. From where they stood, the sharp crackle of intermittent rifle-firing could be plainly heard across the waters of the sleeping bay. An occasional yell, muffled by the intense heat and the distance, rose to a shrieking crescendo, then fell to an ominous silence. Once a deep, resonant note of volley-firing boomed through the air.

"That's the end of poor Cortega," said Cingleton. He had grown to like the smart young aide-de-camp of the President, but, being human, recognized that his removal had its advantages. However, if he had arrived earlier he would not have hesitated to attempt a rescue.

"Oh, you don't know papa," retorted the girl, replying to his first observation. "We Latins haven't got the easy-going temperament of you English, Mr. Cingleton. I have had a chance of observing the difference during my schooldays. Papa has worked himself to a skeleton for the sake of these people here; he has given of his best, and they were happy under his government until that beast—that *ladrone*—Fuegos came on the scene. How would you like to see the work of your life dashed to pieces just because an impudent murderer got drunk and talked to the people about their wrongs? How would you like to have the men you had trained yourself ransacking the palace to find the man who had given them every good thing they possess, intending to put him up against a wall and shoot him? Wouldn't it break your heart?"

"Come to think of it, it might. But your father made the great mistake of trying to rule by love, whereas fear is the only god these blighters will bow down to. I know them. I've had dealings with them before, worse luck! Hit the beggars first, and then tell them you'll hit them again if they try to do things; that's the proper way to handle the brutes. Never mind whether they've done anything wrong or not; you can't go far wrong. They're probably thinking out some mischief."

Señorita de Cordeza gave an impatient sigh.

"Stones for bread!" she said bitterly. "I looked to you for a means to remedy the evil, and you talk trite platitudes. Heavens if I were only a man I'd never rest until I'd made some attempt to turn them away from their plans."

"Look here," replied Cingleton humbly, "I'm jolly sorry; but what can I do? I'm one man by myself. I landed from the steamer out at the Point because they wouldn't let us come into harbor; I hadn't the faintest idea that anything was wrong until I spotted your carriage and you spoke to me. Hang it all! give a man a chance, Miss Isabella."

"I'm sorry. But, oh! you can't imagine what this means to us, It spells death for papa and desolation for me. Not that that matters much, though. I was too hasty, Mr. Cingleton; but—isn't there a way out?"

It was rather a difficult problem to set a man—even a man like Cingleton—that of finding a remedy for a South Ameri-

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can revolution. The Republic of Wisteria—one moderate-sized city and a few hundred square miles of sun-baked plains—had caught the infection from a neighboring state, and, incited thereto by the tempestuous arguments of a drunken ne'er-do-weel, had risen in might the preceding night, stormed the palace, shot down the few guards who had remained loyal, and had only just escaped murdering the late President and his charming daughter. But for the presence of mind and loyalty of an old servant, who had lured them away under pretense of visiting a case of distress, they would have fallen with the guards. It was now late afternoon, and still the sounds of tumult were coming to the listeners' ears.

"Let's talk it over with your father," said Cingleton, striding away towards the entrance of a deep cave in the sun-baked rock. He tapped his high boot impatiently as he walked, using a silver-headed cane for the purpose. Isabella de Cordeza smiled again as she watched his broad shoulders and the determined throw-back of his head.

"A man!" she whispered to herself. "He's a man!"

"So you want to get back to La Castries?" asked Cingleton a moment later. "Feet first or head first?"

The ex-President smiled without merriment.

"So far as I can see, Señor Cingleton," he remarked, "there will be no need for me to go to La Castries. It will come to me—angrily."

"Yes, after it has got drunk. But how long do you reckon it will take La Castries to get comfortably intoxicated on that stuff you call wine here?"

"The Pacific steamer landed two thousand cases of brandy last week," murmured the President, "and it had not been taken out of the Custom-House yesterday. But it is out now."

"Oh, brandy!" said Cingleton. "That's a different matter. They'll have to sleep that off. I know the kind of brandy that's imported here—rot-gut stuff. How long do you reckon it will take them to find you?"

"Till to-morrow perhaps," said the President. "To-morrow at, say, ten o'clock."

"And then?"

De Cordeza made an eloquent gesture, embracing both himself and his daughter. Cingleton seemed to see the pair propped up against one of those dazzling white walls that seemed designed by their constructors for summary executions. He almost heard the word of the officer who commanded the firing-party: "Make ready! Present!" No, it must not be!

"What resources have we?" asked Cingleton.

The President threw out his hands. "None," he said.

Isabella broke in with gleaming eyes, and the Englishman fancied he saw a little elusive flicker deep down in their pupils—a flicker that made him catch his breath sharply. "That was something worth trying for," he said under his breath.

"I thought you and your countrymen made resources, Mr. Cingleton," she said with the childish confidence of a young girl. "History tells of a hundred instances where you have overcome superhuman obstacles through your own pluck. Think!"

"Pedro the Scoundrel has a small steam-launch hidden away on the Point," said Juan Gomez, he who had driven the President away from death. "He—it is nothing now, Excellency—he smuggles a little."

Cingleton's eyes sparkled merrily.

"Then the dilemma solves itself," he murmured. "We will all embark on the smuggler's launch, and vanish from Wisteria forever."

He looked to see a smile of relief overspread two faces, but he was disappointed. Blank contradiction was all he met.

"To fly from my country!" said the President. "That is undeserved, señor."

"Blest if I can see the difference of flying from the palace and flying from the country," said Cingleton vexedly. "Isn't it a bit like hair-splitting? You'd come back after the fireworks, and tame 'em down all right. Rest assured, the bally place won't fly away from you."

"Now, at present it seems disposed to fly towards me, as I have before said," rejoined the President. "Jesting apart, Señor Cingleton, I cannot leave Wisteria. All I have is here. The few dollars that I have saved—not many—are hidden in

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the city. My work is here. Ah, little do you young men know what an old man's work is to him when it is done, and there is no more doing for him! No, señor, I cannot leave."

Cingleton meditated. A plan was forming itself in his resourceful mind—a bold, daring plan, that might set the greatest nations of the world at loggerheads. It was risky—too risky to be done without hope of some reward. He was not a mercenary man, either; in fact, on a cool dozen occasions he had thrown down a gauntlet to great Powers for the sheer love and lust of the thing. But now he wanted a reward. It was no question of money; no mining concessions would suit him; and yet he had come to Wisteria solely for the purpose of opening up silver-mining there. What he wanted—he had found it out a year before—was that piece of ardent, palpitating flesh and blood that stood regarding him with a pensive smile. She had great faith in the workings of the English mind; she had been brought up in England, and even that had not disillusioned her. And now, seeing that Cingleton's head was bent in earnest thought, she awaited his decision with breathless interest.

He looked up and caught her intent glance. Some sort of a blush crept up under the tropical tan of his good-looking face; and he turned away, half-ashamed of his thoughts. But if——

She too colored bewitchingly, and averted her face. He turned again in time to see the crimson tide climb slowly up from the loose neck of her evening-gown—she was still in evening-dress, as she had been when she left the palace so hurriedly; he watched it reach her cheek; then her low forehead took on the glow; and a little vein in the man's temple throbbed madly. Impulsively he started forward, then recollected himself in time. The President leaned back with resignation.

Isabella leaned forward a little, until her breath stirred the thinning hair about Cingleton's brow. Her lips were so red that they seemed to owe their color to art, but he knew better; the gleam of pearly white that was revealed between the crimson wonders intoxicated him. He clenched his hands, and the throbbing vein stood out like a piece of whipcord.

"I would give anything," she murmured, "to give my father back his own."

Then Cingleton realized that he was a very cad. Like the coarsest bargainer, he was trying to sell his assistance; and the price he asked was a human price. He flushed again, this time angrily, and swore a round oath under his breath. Isabella clapped her two little hands over her shocked ears.

"Anything," she repeated.

"Is the good smuggler's launch a fast craft?" asked Cingleton, turning suddenly to Pedro Gomez. "A very fast one?"

"But yes, señor. It is a smuggler's launch," replied the Spaniard with an air of finality. "It was built to escape the preventives."

"I'll be back to-morrow," said the Englishman curtly, bowing to the President and his daughter. "By nine o'clock I shall return. You will be safe until then?"

"Assuredly. We shall hide safely for a few hours. Afterwards—ah! perhaps there will be no afterwards."

"Won't be my fault if there isn't," was all Cingleton's answer; and, with a second bow to Isabella, he ran rapidly down the long sloping spit of land.

"A bow only," said Isabella, with a shrug of the shoulders, "when he might have—— Ah, Henry Henry, *caro mio!*" She whispered the last words under her breath; then, feeling the delightful influence of them, whispered them again and again.

The full moon was slowly climbing its stately way through the intricacies of the skies as a fussy steam-launch swept into the harbor of Rio Santa Maria, the renowned capital of Tallisteria. Fully revealed in the midst of a shimmering track of reflected silver lay the long leaden bulk of a third-class cruiser, every spar and rope plainly silhouetted against the lightening purple of the sky. The *chug-chug* of a moored boat came listlessly through the almost oppressive stillness of the night.

"Ah!" remarked Cingleton to the sphinx-like Spaniard at the wheel, "the *Immortal*. She is still here, then? That simplifies matters—if Kavanagh has had

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a good dinner"—— He finished the sentence to himself.

"*Si, señor,* the *Immortal.* A fine vessel." The smuggler said nothing further, but admired the outline of the cruiser appreciatively. He was a man who had an eye for lines of speed.

Eight bells tinkled softly across the water; the cry of the forebridge sentry answered as thunder answers the lightning. Then Cingleton ran his craft alongside, whispered to the gangwayman, and stood on the British planking.

"The captain is asleep," said the man with that air of deference which implies that captain begins with a capital letter. "He dined ashore."

"All the better. Waken him at once, and tell him I want to see him. Cingleton's my name."

Two minutes later a slim, boyish figure in silk pajamas was peering amazedly through the faint light.

"How the devil did you get here, Cingleton? What's afoot? There's always a row on when you get on deck, you blighted stormy petrel!"

Cingleton dragged the young Irish captain away out of earshot of the curious gangwayman.

"Larks!" he said gleefully. "Big, sound larks! Feel like an adventure?"

"That's rather a useless question to put to a chap, isn't it? I grubbed on the beach with the governor. He has some sherry that'd do your heart good. It did mine."

"That's the ticket. Then, are you game to——"

There were five minutes of excited whispering, followed by a decided shaking of a close-cropped head.

"Couldn't do it, me boy. It's too big a thing. 'Twill be the devil and all if it leaks out. No, no, hang it all, Cingleton! If it were anything else; but that—no."

Cingleton knew his man, and appealed to the sentiment that is in every Irishman.

"There's a girl in it," he said softly, as a vision grew out of the moonlit sea. "A girl in it, Kavvy boy, for me."

"Ye've salved me conscience, ye beggar. A woman? Never was Dennis Kavanagh deaf to a lone maiden's appeal. Bedad! I'll be best-man at the——"

"You'll do it, then?"

"Like a shot. There'll be the Old Harry to pay; but—well, we're in for it anyway."

That is why the third-class cruiser *Immortal,* Captain Dennis Kavanagh, picked up her anchors, both bower and stream, and slowly passed out between the frowning headlands of Rio Santa Maria. Sleepy engineers in the depths below uttered curses on the fate that lugged them out of their beauty-sleep at twelve midnight to work among odoriferous engines. But on the bridge, far above the stench of oil and the thud of resonant pistons, Kavanagh was greedily drinking in details.

"The very thing I wanted," he murmured ecstatically. "Ye'll find your friend a famous man yet, Cingleton sonny. It's been on my mind since I was on the *Britannia;* but what chance has a man of studying such things nowadays? Ye're a benefactor to the human race, if ye but knew it. But won't there be a howly row?"

The long night-hours glided past. Dawn grew suddenly up out of the radiant east, and the purple gloom of the sky vanished in rosy confusion. Far ahead of the hurrying bow, like a cloud, loomed the shores of Wisteria. Cingleton could hardly restrain his impatience. He paced fretfully to and fro, gnawing his fingers impatiently; and yet this was the man who had run under the spears of a hundred fanatical natives and dragged this same Kavanagh into safety. Kavanagh had never forgotten it.

"Be easy now, be easy," said the latter. "The colleen herself will be as safe as Barney's pig when the bailiff took it. What's the pile of imposing masonry that towers up into the sky?"

"The old palace—deserted now. No one has lived in it for years, ever since there was a plague inside the place. They say it's haunted."

Kavanagh looked the solid pile of gray old stone up and down, and his eyes shone. Something dear to his heart was working within him, something that he had longed for for years.

"I wasn't at Alexandria," he muttered, "worse luck! but this'll be as good. You're sure there's not a soul in the palace?"

"Quite. But what's that got to do with

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it? There are plenty of men about, bloodthirsty villains who'll—— But there, that won't bear thinking about."

"Ye poor—civilian! Did ye ever hear of the Monroe Doctrine? The life of every man-Jack ashore there, no matter though they're all murderers—and the most of them are—is as sacred as the memory of the late Queen, God bless her! Ye'll see my tack in a minute.—Mr. Swainson!" This to the address of the gunnery-lieutenant, who stood at his elbow.

He whispered to his subordinate discreetly, and Swainson left the bridge with the step of a schoolboy off on holiday. "With armor-piercing shell," called Kavanagh as he disappeared; "mind that!"

"Well, whatever it is," said Cingleton hastily, "you'd better hurry. See that thin red line? It's revolutionists making their way along the sandspit to the Point. The President, and his daughter, especially his daughter, are at the extreme end, hidden in a cave in the rocks. They won't be anything worth mentioning if you don't look alive."

"Did ye ever see the British navy asleep? An armed launch'll keep the beggars under; but we'll create a diversion. That's what we're here for—to create a diversion. You watch."

The *Immortal* glided into the richly set bay like a leaden messenger of wrath. No flag flew from her gaff; from a distance, allowing for the inexperience of any watching eyes, she might have been taken for any low-class passenger-steamer. A ramshackle fort on the end of the other sandspit, that with the first mentioned composed the harbor, flung a tattered flag to the breeze as a signal for the approaching craft to display her colors. Kavanagh's square face gave no sign that he had seen.

Cingleton watched a long straggling line of redcoated, barefooted men racing along the sandspit. He held his breath as he gazed, for his heart-beats threatenedto choke him.

Kavanagh whistled unconcernedly. "Always remember the Monroe Doctrine, me boy," he said cheerfully.

"Oh, confound the Monroe Doctrine! Aren't you going to do anything?"

"That I am. The toy fort is asking us to salute. We'll salute in a little minute. By the way, are there any of 'our own correspondents' in that large city?"

"Blest if I know. But if you're afraid of the thing leaking out, I'll promise you, once the President gets back, there'll be no telegrams sent. And the cables are all cut; they always do that first."

"Slainthe! That's all I care about. We don't court publicity in the navy, me boy. Unlike some other services which I needn't particularize, we do our little bit incognito.—I think the time's ready now, Mr. Swainson."

The ragged army of extermination that hastened so blithely along the sandspit spread out fanwise, and commenced an exhaustive search of the surrounding country. An armadillo would not have escaped that search for ten minutes. They chuckled loudly; the sound of their derisive voices came along the water like a message of dread.

But alas for their hopes of slaughter! The strange new arrival in the harbor was commencing to salute the flag. Well, it was only just; the new Republic deserved that mark of recognition. But a sudden exclamation from one of the leaders turned all eyes city-wards. They were just in time to see a large piece of masonry detach itself from the old palace and fall in dusty ruins. Surprise held them speechless for a moment; then a roar of anger burst from two hundred throats. But a dull blue flash burst from the side of the lead-colored steamer in the bay as if in answer, and a dull boom reverberated among the sandhills as another large lump of stone and mortar fell giddily.

"Betrayed!" groaned one of their leaders, the redoubtable Fuegos himself. "The cursed steamer from"—— But from where? That he was not able to understand. No Power was at war with Wisteria; every other nation knew that the country was too busy with its own affrays to wish to take a hand in the game. Before he could find a solution the whole broadside of the *Immortal* flashed out with a crunching roar. The entire sea-wall of the palace crumbled away into itself like a shut telescope.

"Back to the city!" yelled Fuegos, his eyes bloodshot with a sudden fear. He knew that he was unable to cope with

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the emergency; more, his men knew it. He could see that, for at the word of command they threw down their rifles and stood sullenly about in groups. They were essentially land-fighters, and had no wish to combat an element they dreaded amazingly.

"We shall not return to the city," exclaimed a score of voices, "to be buried in the ruins! None but a fool would give the order!"

Fuegos stormed and raved, but his words fell on unheeding ears. Suddenly the gaunt cruiser swung its whole broadside, at a range of less than a thousand yards, upon the sandspit. It was enough. Like one man they broke and fled for cover. They had come to find a sheep and they had met with a very ferocious tiger.

Another long stream of figures had issued from the city, and was rapidly making its way along the sand to where the President was hidden. But these were not red-coated; they were chiefly women and children, though many of them were men. As they ran a hoarse roar rose from them.

"Where is Fuegos?" they asked. "Bid him stop the firing of this devil's ship."

But Fuegos knew that he was powerless, and discreetly remained hidden.

"Give us a man to stop the firing!" the stream cried, and their voices rose in wavering shrieks. "Give us a man!"

The ex-President saw his opportunity. He waited until the excited mob had halted within five hundred yards of his hiding place, and then stepped slowly forth into the light of day. It was a risky thing to do, but he had won his position as president through knowing how to strike.

"Here is such a man," he said simply. He had seen a well-known figure on the bridge of the cruiser, for he had been watching the experiment through glasses. Now he waved his arm, and the sustained roar of the cruiser's broadsides died away into palpitating silence.

"Here is such a man," said the President again.

The crowd paused in astonishment at his daring. Then a simultaneous shout of *"Viva el Presidente!"* went up through the air. He was their savior, their protector; they fawned about his knees with ingratiating words. But the President turned away.

"A complete surrender only," he said. He was not going to rely on half-measures. "Bring the man Fuegos to me."

They brought him, digging him out of a self-made burrow. He stood like a convicted felon before the accusing gaze of the man he had ousted.

"Wash him first," said the President disgustedly. "Afterwards we will discuss his future;" and he turned resolutely away from the supplicants to meet two men who had landed from a launch and were coming in his direction.

"But it was too bad to fire on the city, *señor capitan,*" he said not very severely when Kavanagh was introduced. "Think of the amount of damage to my poor people."

"Devil a bit," said Kavanagh with a broad grin. "I only fired four rounds at the old palace, which Cingleton assured me was deserted. Every other charge was blank.—But where's the lady, Cingy boy?"

She was coming towards them as he spoke and the impressionable Irishman stiffened like a ramrod. "Bedad, ye lucky beggar!" he whispered, "she was worth solid shot, let alone blank!"

"But how can I thank you, Captain Kavanagh?" asked Isabella de Cordeza. —"And you, Mr. Cingleton?" turning to that worthy.

"Oh, I've done nothing," he said, blushing before her gaze. "It's all Kavanagh here."

The sailor broke in excitedly: "Satisfy us both, Miss de Cordeza. Let me be the best-man a month hence."

She looked at Cingleton, and then her eyes dropped. He strode resolutely to her side.

"But for a best-man to be required there must be a husband. No one has asked me yet."

"That's all right," was all Kavanagh said. Then, taking the President by the arm, he led him away.

"Four rounds of armor-piercing shell has won me a world-wide reputation," he explained to the mystified Southerner. "I'll tell ye what I intend to do;" and he explained volubly.

Clingleton looked at Isabella, and she was very full of a sweet confusion. Sud-

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denly she laid her hand in his and smiled into his eyes.

Kavanagh's book, *The effect of Armor-Piercing Shell on Masonry,* is now an accredited classic in all the navies of the world. Sometimes people ask him where he got his information; but he only winks, and says it was at a wedding. Then they say he has been drinking.



A considerable cannonading from the enemy (in the siege of Yorktown), one shot killed three men and mortally wounded another. While the Rev. Mr. Evans, our chaplain, was standing near the commander-in-chief, a shot struck the ground so near to cover his hat with sand; being much agitated, he took off his hat and said:

"See here, general."

"Mr. Evans," replied Washington, with his usual composure, "you had better carry that home and show it to your wife and children."

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Municipal Ownership Retards Municipal Growth.

My Personal Observations.

by EDWARD LITTLE.

The development of suburban places and of small towns and villages lying between large cities in England has been greatly retarded by municipal tramway ownership. When a tramway is owned by a city "corporation" in England—they never use the term "corporation" to designate a "private company" over there—its managers, the municipal authorities, naturally work for their employers— the people of the municipality.

For this reason they rarely extend the lines beyond the city's boundaries, the only exception being furnished by the management of the Glasgow trams. To extend the lines would be to furnish cheap transportation facilities to the suburbs. This would encourage people now living in the city to live outside, where the "rates"—local taxes—would be less, and where whatever "rates" were paid, would not be contributed to the city treasury. No doubt municipal authorities in the United States would follow the same course were they intrusted with the management of the trolley lines, since cheap and easy transportation to and from the suburbs undoubtedly tends to build them up at the expense of the city. This, of course, tends to diminish the increase of taxable property in the city and so, to check the revenues from taxation.

Under the American system of company ownership and operation of trolley lines the practice is entirely different. Whenever the managers of a trolley company believe that the opening of a new line would develop a new residential section outside the city's boundaries, they hasten to put down the line, reasoning that large numbers of people will leave the more crowded and expensive parts of the city to live in the cheaper and more airy suburbs.

Everyone knows of such instances. Everyone knows that the enterprise of the trolley companies all over the United States exercised in this direction, has been of great benefit, not only to the trolley companies and to the owners of suburban lands, but to many hundreds of thousands of people, now suburbanites, in the vicinity of every large city. A large proportion of these suburbanites are wage earners, who, by this practice of the trolley companies, have been enabled to leave tenement districts, where foul air and unsanitary conditions could not be overcome, and settle themselves in beautiful outside regions, where plenty of fresh air and ideal sanitary conditions are possible.

Municipal Ownership Would Check Home Ownership.

Everybody knows also, that, by cooperation of the trolley companies and the owners of suburban lands, thousands of these wage earners here become owners of their own homes. The contrast as to condition in home ownership in England and America is especially striking. Here workingmen home owners are very numerous; there they are very rare. The difference is largely due to causes in no way related to municipal ownership, but, were the trolleys in this country to be owned and operated by municipalities, there is little doubt that the extension of suburban home ownership by workingen in America would receive a serious shock.

City Congestion Increases Death Rates.

The congestion of the English cities because of the lack of cheap transportation facilities to the suburbs is a serious matter. In many comparatively small

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towns it crowds the workers as closely together as they are crowded in the largest American centers, such as New York, Chicago, etc. This results in a surprising prevalence of tuberculosis and much higher death rates in some of the middle class English cities than are to be found even in the largest and most congested American cities. It was because of this condition in Glasgow that the authorities of that city, alone among British municipal authorities, have extended their lines beyond Glasgow's boundaries.

Their action in so doing has aroused bitter criticism on the part of many Glasgow rate-payers, who declare that not only does the furnishing of cheap transportation draw population from the city but that the extension of municipally owned tramway lines beyond the city's boundaries is in violation of the basic principles of municipal ownership.

This is true, in a measure. The outside lines are more expensive to operate than the inside ones, since, as the outside ones are not built within the territory of the owning municipality, rentals and taxes have to be paid to the suburban authorties through whose territory the lines are run. The item of £4,027 3s. 10d. interest and sinking fund on the cost of a branch line in the Glasgow report really amounts to rental, which has to be paid yearly to the authorities of the suburb of Goven, through which the line runs. With respect to the outside tram lines the "corporation" of Glasgow is on much the same footing that a company would be.

And, although Glasgow has built some extensions into surrounding territory, there are other suburbs which are now imploring the city "corporation" to give them proper transportation. These pleas are not likely to be granted for many years to come under the municipal ownership system, for the reasons already given. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they will ever come at all under that system.

It is more likely that it will be greatly modified, or even abandoned altogether, ultimately, since the movement against it, which has already been mentioned, is certainly gaining ground.

AS OTHERS SAW JOSEPH GREUSEL.

BY GEORGE P. GOODALE.

Joseph Greusel had a full life. He reached patriarchal years, performed useful public service, established a home, perpetuated his name through his children, gained the esteem of the community by good citizenship, earned and meekly wore professional honors, wrote entertainingly, usefully and well during many years of active association with daily jounalism, and always addressed his efforts to the public welfare.

He never was old in spirit, in habit of mind or in his plans and practices involving recreation. He worked hard, played with ardor, rejoiced in comradeship, followed his convictions regardless of personal profit, and kept to the end the surviving friends of his youth and early manhood. I do not know "what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal."

BY VERY REV. F. A. O'BRIEN.

As honest as Old Abe, as gentle as a woman, as sensitive as a girl, and as particular, as to details, as a maid somewhat older, was the late Representative Joseph Greusel, who was called to his account while on duty at the capitol. Noble in bearing, elegant and eloquent in speech, learned, a ready reference always reliable, a willing and cheerful helper, particularly kind in his attention to the bashful and strangers, an ideal gentleman and statesman, his loss will be felt by the entire state.

Condolence for the family.

Sympathy for the state.

It will be long before we find a great man to fill the place of this retiring learned gentleman.

Peace to his ashes.

Heaven for his reward.

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JOSEPH GREUSEL

"The public be damned."

These four words, world-wide, as a term of reproach to uncurbed corporate mendacity, were sometimes quoted by Joseph Greusel as a classical instance of the power for harm done by irresponsible journalists. To this type of publicity Joseph Greusel was a lifelong and consistent enemy; his temperament, training and ideals favored, instead, the journalism of obligation and conscience; the journalism that looks upon each issue of a newspaper as an opportunity for helpful public service.

William H. Vanderbilt, who had just bought the Michigan Central railroad, was on a tour of inspection. At Chicago a reporter intruded in the private car (Mr. Greusel as one of Mr. Vanderbilt's guests saw and heard all), and demanded to know "what Mr. Vanderbilt was going to do with the new railroad." The impertinence of the caller, together with his forcible intrusion in Mr. Vanderbilt's privacy and at the end of a long and dusty journey, struck the railroad magnate as decidedly impertinent.

"Whom do you represent?"

"Sir, I represent the American public!"

This enormous egotism was too much for Mr. Vanderbilt's sense of proportion. His brusqueness vanished. A smile quickly replaced the frown. With a twinkle in his eye, the railroad president, as a mild retort to the reporter's assumption, returned:

"The deuce you do; the public be damned!"

There was no malice in Mr. Vanderbilt's good natured remark. It was obviously intended as a well-merited correction of a blatant mouth, and there is no question that the reporter knew well the application; for the interviewer immediately left the train, having, as a matter of fact, actually failed in his mission. Later, at the office, he told his chief, when asked for the result of the call, "Why, he told the public to go to hell."

"Write it up at once! Wonderful! Amazing!"

The writer confined his report to the four words, "The public be damned!" and an international sensation followed. In vain Mr. Vanderbilt attempted to deny the lie, but for many years his name has been defamed by a newspaper report which while technically correct was, in spirit, a betrayal.

* * *

This classical story of journalistic sensationalism, interpreted broadly, becomes a symbol of that diametrically opposed type of service for which Mr. Greusel made name and reputation. He bolonged to the Old Guard, whose glory has continued undimished, in spite of innumerable new schools, springing up every few years. Old-time journalism is exemplified in Detroit by men like William E. Quimby, Arthur Mosley, George P. Goodale, John A. Bell, Michael J. Dee; Dana, in New York; McCullough, in St. Louis; and the last of the Old Guard is Henry Watterson.

The ideals of the journalism of obligation and conscience are large, like the measure of manhood behind its pages; taking a broad, wholesome view of life; grounded on a desire to help men forward, rather than to push them down. It is utterly opposed to muck-raking. And it may be set forth here that in the course of his long and useful career as a journalist, Joseph Greusel never defamed a man's character or bespattered his reputation for any cause whatsoever, much less to provide a newspaper sensation. When it became necessary to be severe, that part was passed over quickly and emphasis placed on the uplifting side, whenever possible. Thus, there are in Michigan unnumbered hundreds who gratefully recall helpful words from the pen of Joseph Greusel, master-journalist—who in turn having done good by stealth, "blushed to find it fame." This lifelong attitude, concerned with helping men forward was one of the profound facts at the corner-stone of Joseph Greusel's character.

* * *

Was it not an evidence of his thorough understanding of human nature that, as a man of mature years, he should be able to describe the wonderful singing of Blatchford Kavanaugh, the boy soprano, who in his black velvet suit, long golden curls, and face like an angel, electrified with spiritual uplift the great audiences that wept as the boy sang, "There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day." Mr. Greusel's tender, sympathetic impressions were in whole or part quoted and requoted for years, in stray corners of newspapers. It was an enduring contribution to the literature of Christianity.

On the other side, Joseph Greusel was equally at home in serious social studies. His treatise, "Reciprocity With Canada," published in The Gateway, was quoted in

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full in the Toronto Globe, and was the beginning of an earnest endeavor, both in Canada and the United States, to bring about closer relations.

His descriptive account of the record-breaking Canadian Southern special train, which brought Bishop Borgess to the Diocese of Detroit (the run being 111 miles, made in 109 minutes), has also been classed with those rare journalistic masterpieces that are vividly allied to literature.

* * *

In political life Joseph Greusel remained true to his dominant traits, honesty and independence. He attended every session of the Michigan Legislature for 45 years, either as correspondent or member. He represented Detroit from 1903 to 1908, inclusive, and was re-elected to the Legislature of 1912-13.

During the 1903 campaign Mr. Greusel, who was helping George A. Loud in the Tenth Congressional district, left his own election to such decision as his fellow-citizens might determine. His entire campaign expenses amounted to a check for $10, to pay his asssment for the convention hall, and a two-cent stamp for mailing. Out of the 22 candidates on both tickets, Mr. Greusel received the highest number of votes.

* * *

An episode that shows Joseph Greusel's abhorrence of undue use of money in political life, a subject upon which he was always sensitive, was revealed during a Senatorial campaign while Mr. Greusel was a member of the Legislature. One day he was accosted by one of his friends, who represented Mr. Greusel's choice for Senator.

"You've been under a big expense here. We want to help out with $50.00 to pay your hotel bill."

Being an honest man himself, Mr. Greusel saw nothing wrong in this insidious suggestion.

"I couldn't think of it," he replied. "I prefer to spend my own money."

His independent study of history led him to discount many popular movements. In 1903 he introduced a resolution for a constitutional amendment empowering muncipalities to own and operate street railways; in 1905 a resolution for the direct election of United States Senators. He did not believe in either plan, yet he was willing to let the people try them.

During the Michigan Constitutional Convention of 1907, he was, although not a member of that body, the most eagerly sought man on the floor.

Mr. Geusel was a student of politics and occasionally helped his friends in their ambitions for office. He was one of three managers in the first campaign to elect J. C. Burrows to the United State Senate; attended every National convention during the past 40 years; his spirtied reports on the Greeley and Grant conventions were masterpieces. In 1912, he was elected alternate delegate to the Republican National convention. As an interpreter of political outlook, he was without a superior and many of his forecasts of events now read like the final revealed verdict of history.

* * *

A career such as Joseph Greusel's is after all but a reflection of the man, himself, which is proclaimed in his love of law and order, his broad-mindedness and his sense of obligation to his fellow man. As a personal force, he helped mould public opinion along many lines of enduring worth. He had a never-failing interest in preserving the lessons of the past, and his work as a member and officer of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, his love of country, as revealed by close friendship with notable leaders in our country's wars, his untiring appearance at Grand Army campfires often in remote parts of the land, his contributions of books and papers to the cause of permanent State history, as well as personal participation in measures for the fundamental good, at once mark the vision of his mind and the sympathy of his heart. In his later years, he worked for memorials and historical tablets, notably the Macomb Statue, the Williams Monument, and lent his thought to Alger Memorial Association. At the time of his death he was President of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Honors fell thick and fast upon him, but he waived them modestly aside. When Superintendant Martindale wished to name a Detroit public school after him, Joseph Greusel, replied: "Name it, instead, after my father." During a national political fight for one of the highest federal offices in Michigan, President Roosevelt, declining to appoint a certain well-known Michigan leader, who was the choice of the two United States Senators, said: "I will appoint any other man whom you suggest." The logical decision fell on Joseph Greusel, who was asked by the Senators if he would accept, the circumstances being fully explained to him. "No, he instantly replied, "I will not consider it under those conditions. Mr. Blank is honestly entitled to the appointment, and should have it." In order to clear the situation and not wishing to be urged against his spirit of fairness, Mr. Greusel immediately left Washington. The original appointment prevailed.

* * *

For what purpose, then, are you living? What do you wish to see come true before you die? And to what extent are you devoting your strength to that hope? And finally, if this thing, which you regard as important does come to pass, will it mean anything to anyone except yourself?

Joseph Greusel loved his fellow-man.

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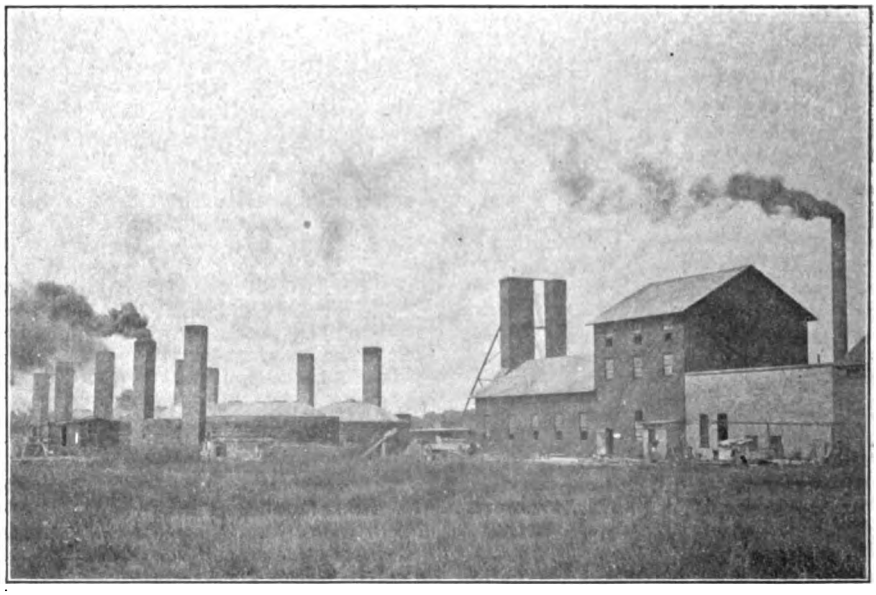
Michigan—Its Physiography

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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From Bay Port the railroad strikes inland toward the center of the Thumb and rises steadily over the flat lake-bottom to Bad Axe—the county seat. This town is situated on a well-marked shore line—the highest well-marked shore-line of the Great Lake system. Below this level, about one hundred and eighty-three feet above the lake, the ice deposits were under water; beyond it they were laid down beneath the open air. The contrast in topography is striking because the hills are much rougher in the latter case, and may be very well seen at Bay Port, or even better from the top of one of the hills at Verona Mills—a hamlet six miles east. At this point we meet a railroad at the center of the Thumb and again north of Port Austin, and on the whole this is better than trying to drive along the shore, for though it is very pretty, the roads close to the shore from Bay Port north are often very sandy. In fact, just north of Bay Port, across a shallow bay in which the wild rice grows, and then on to Caseville, which is reached by the Pontiac & Northern Road, the shore is sandy, though a few miles back we find the hard clays.



Saginaw Clay Manufacturing Company

From Caseville, it is very sandy until we reach Hat Point, where we find an outcrop of the Marshall sandstone—a coarse white sandstone, rather massive in character which has been quarried as a building stone. This kind of sandstone is widely tapped for water.

A curious condition of affairs exists in the western part of the country and

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the Thumb generally which is worth mentioning, especially as the traveler may be affected thereby. Over the Marshall sandstone come beds of gypsum which are not far from the surface at Caseville, and wells put down in the eastern part of the county are very likely to encounter salty, bitter or strong relaxative waters. Many of them are pronouncedly medicinal and the effect upon one unaccustomed to them may be more than was bargained for. By casing all these waters within an iron case one can often obtain fresh water underneath the salt water, something that does not very often occur.



An Artesian Well.

But to return to our journey, along the coast at Port Crescent it is very sandy indeed, though the sand has been handled by the waves, and blown back into dunes by the wind, yet in all probabilities, the sandiness is also due to the fact that the underlying rock is also sandstone—good Marshall sandstone—and it may not have been very deeply buried. It is fairly free from everything but silica and has been shipped to line furnace bottoms. It is also true at Port Crescent.

On the way from Port Crescent to Port Austin, about a mile and a half this side of Port Austin, we begin to see outcrops once more which this time are not quite so course and massive and are very likely to contain fossils of the Marshall group. Near Port Austin, the sandstone is broken into rather picturesque blocks which are undercut somewhat as at Point Aux Barques, but not quite so remarkably so.

Two or three miles east of Port Austin brings us to grindstone cities. Here are large quarries of grindstone—the famous Huron bluestone—largely marketed

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by the Cleveland Stone Company, and the projecting ledges of sandstone like prows and sterns of ships, have given the same Point Aux Barques, that is, being interpreted "point of ship," to this picturesque region, which is quite a summer resort. The top of these rocks is about seventeen or twenty feet above the lake, and has made a notch cut farther back, at the time the lakes drained by the Chicago outlet. Around the quarries are good places to collect fossils, and they may be found also at Willow Creek and at numerous exposures on the east side of the county.

As we go south along the shore, we come to the Point Aux Barques lighthouse, which is some distance from the point itself and stands upon a bluff, just south of which the sea is cutting rather rapidly. The farther south we go the softer the rocks appear and soon we see the "cold-water" shalls which have not yet been as much exploited for brick and cement as they probably will be later. Just north of the lighthouse there is a two-foot harbor band, however, which contains fossils in great variety and profusion.

The drive along this shore is quite pleasant and is varied by the prospect of the shipping along the lake, though it is cut up by a good many gullies of streams flowing down to the lake. It is interesting to note how regularly these flow and how frequently, nearly parallel, with few or no laterals.

The next important point is Harbor Beach, near which fossils may be collected, and where the cutting away of the shore by Lake Huron has been checked by the establishment of a harbor refuge —a breakwater enclosed—a considerable harbor, which was constructed by the United States government.

Farther south going along the shore, the signs of erosion are more and more striking, and peculiarly so from White Rock in Huron County to some distance south of Lexington in Sanilac County. Here measurements have shown that in certain places for a quarter of a mile, the average recession in the last eighty years is five and seven-tenths per annum. One can often see low lines not yet obliterated, running off the top of the bluffs, showing that the bluffs have receded, and in one case the road has been washed away and the old wheel marks can be seen carried off the top of the bluff. This is, as we have said, the place from which the material for the St. Clair delta has been derived.

From Port Austin, South.

If, instead of following the shore south from Port Austin, we had taken a train from Port Austin to Port Huron, we would not have seen anything of the Lake, in fact for most of the way after we left Bad Axe there would have been moraines between us and the lakes. An interesting feature of which we may get a glimpse at Tyre or Dublin is an old channel by which the water found its way around in front of the ice from a lake in the valley of Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair to a lake which lay in the Saginaw valley. The water ran up the Black River valley, then, crossed by valleys and channels took its way down the Cass River valley. A beautiful description of this has been written by Mr. F. B. Taylor, and it is also described in a report on Huron, Sanilac and Tuscola Counties by the State Geological Survey.

SAGINAW TO MACKINAW.

The northern part of the state, in fact the whole State of Michigan, is a great summer resort. It can be reached very readily, though not quite so readily, by boats which go from Buffalo, Chicago and Duluth, meeting at Mackinaw Island, but we shall see somewhat more of the state if we go by land. A very common route is from Grand Rapids north, but we will suppose that we go from Saginaw. There are two routes, that by the Michigan Central, and that by the Detroit and Mackinac. As far as the north side of Bay County they run almost side by side on the flat bottom of the old lake. Here and there one may perhaps see the shaft of a coal mine or the piles of waste rock which in so flat a country as that seem quite sizeable hills.

Near Sterling the two roads diverge. The Detroit and Mackinac keeps closer to the lake shore, while the Michigan Central goes more directly to Mackinaw. The rise is rather steady and the scenery soon becomes somewhat hilly. There is but little settlement and the soil compared with Saginaw Valley is very light. Between the two projecting tongues of

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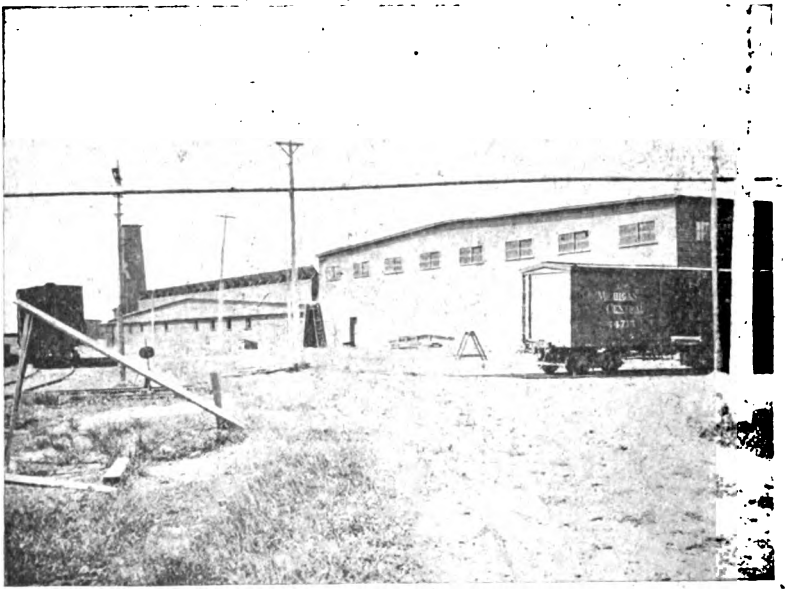


An Ancient Lake Beach in Bay County made by the Glacial Lake Algonquin.

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the great ice sheet which extended down Lake Michigan to Saginaw Bay an enormous amount of sand was washed, so that in some places there are probably a thousand feet of surface deposits before one reaches bed rock. Some of this sand was so light that it never was heavily timbered and formed the so-called jack pine plains. Other regions had Norway and white pine. But when these were cut over forest fires swept the region and tend to still sweep it, producing broad plains where the sweet-fern and blueberries seem to be the most thriving vegetation, and where plowing is likely to expose so light a soil that the wind will pile it up against the fences. This is not everywhere true throughout the region, but it is on the whole characteristic, and it seems marked by nature for these forest reserves, of which the state stands so much in need, to supply the raw material for its numerous wood-working industries. By the time we reach West Branch the hills are distinctly of this light type of soil. The valleys are cut deeply into them and whereas in some places one can drive an iron pipe through over a hundred feet of sand and gravel before striking water, in the valleys as at West Branch and Rose City one can strike superb flowing wells with head enough to throw into the second story windows of houses. The source of the pressure is easily found in the hills on either side.

We soon pass into a level region, almost a plateau, which is surrounded by a rim of hills which we pass through shortly after leaving West Branch and before reaching Saint Helen's Lake in Roscommon County. This great line of hills and moraines sweeps around, being crossed by the Pere Marquette and Ann Arbor roads in Clare County, west of Clare, from that county through Roscommon and Ogemaw to Oscoda, where it is cleft by the Au Sable River. Then it swings northwest to Gaylord and then turns southwest. Within this great horseshoe the elevation is about twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, and the state forest reserves have largely been located here. For a while the relief is not great; the road passes through sandy plains with moderate hills of drift visible here and there and crossing the Au Sable in its upper waters where the valley is not deep.



Grainger Block, Saginaw Plate Glass Company, Saginaw

It is a very interesting and picturesque trip to take a boat down this stream which cuts rapidly through the sandy soil until it strikes down into the firmer

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clays and till between, cutting deep into this and making huge ox-bows in a valley whose walls may be a couple of hundred feet high. The banks often show beautifully the contrast between the sand above and the clay below, and are lined with springs. This huge sand plain acts like a spring or reservoir to absorb the water and give it out gradually so that the flow of the streams which head in this region is unusually steady and the water-power proportionately valuable. Thus streams like the Au Sable, Muskegon and Manistee are often fed by the springs which can be seen in numerous places issuing from the banks between the sand and the clay, and are clear and cool and offer ideal homes for trout and grayling.

After the boats have gone down the stream to Grayling on the Au Sable one can then be transported by rail to his starting point. The road continues north and near Gaylord reaches the summit of the line. This has often been called the highest point of the state, but the highest point is really not far from the station of Highland near the meeting point of Wexford, Missaukee and Oseoda counties.

From that point on, the road commences to descend and soon sinks into the bottom of a rather deep valley following northward, down which it winds past Wolverine to Indian River. Here again we have the same conditions as at West Branch, and here again we have an abundance of flowing streams and the Toppinabee water has been largely bottled for sale. So far as one may judge, however, it is not any better, geologically speaking, than many of the other flowing wells which abound throughout all this region.

At Indian River we cross a very curious and interesting phenomenon. From Cheboygan clear across the peninsula to within a few hundred yards of Grand Traverse there is continuous water connection only a few feet above the level of the Great Lakes, and this picturesque river is traversed by small steamers of what is known as the Inland Route, making a pleasant, though not rapid method of travel. The railroad continues along the side of the Monet Lake, a beautiful sheet of water three or four miles broad and a dozen long, with blue hills on the farther side, to Cheboygan, where the through line from the Detroit and Mackinac Railroad comes in from Alpena.



Chemical Plant, Saginaw Plate Glass Company, Saginaw

From this point on, the railroad follows not far from the shore and mainly above a flat bench cut out by the Great

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Lakes when they stood some thirty feet higher, and one can often see to the left of the road the old bluffs which they left in their action.

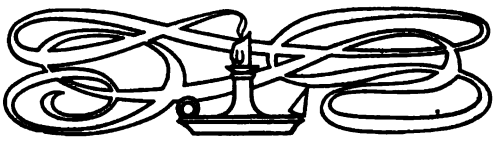
If one leaves Detroit at night he will arrive, generally speaking, at Cheboygan by daylight, and at Mackinaw City for breakfast. Here one may take trains through for points in the upper peninsula. The transfer from Mackinaw City across the straits which connect Lake Michigan with Lake Huron is made by transfer boats especially built so that they can crush their way through the ice in the winter as well as in summer. At times in the winter the ice drifts into these straits from Lake Michigan and chokes it, giving a very fair imitation of Arctic floes—one cake jamming against another and standing up two feet or more under water and many feet in the air. But except in severe distress the transfer steamers go their way riding up on the ice. At the same time powerful propellers such the water away from under it and thus break it down and so crush a path through.

Just back of St. Ignace the cut made by the Great Lakes when the land was so depressed to the north, just at the close of the ice age, that they all discharged by Lake Nipissing and Ottawa River is very well marked. In fact, all along this shore and encircling the island of Mackinaw, the beaches made by the Great Lakes at high levels are a striking feature. Not only beaches, but bluffs, and in certain cases the lake has cut back so far as to leave isolated mounments of rock which make a picturesque feature of the landscape. Arch Rock and the Sugar Loaf on Mackinaw Island and the Rabbit's Back—a short distance north of St. Ignace on the mainland—are conspicuous illustrations of this action.

The various stages of recession of the waters of the basin of the Great Lakes, as the ice melted away and the waters therefore found various outlets, have received various names, some of them taken from points on Mackinaw Island. We speak thus of Fort Brady and Battle Field Beaches. These have received their names presumably from the fact that they have been most carefully studied by Mr. F. B. Taylor, who has been for some years one of the summer residents of the island.

At different times water found various outlets and these have been most recently and thoughtfully studied by Mr. J. W. Golthwaite. At one time they reached the Mississippi from near Duluth; at another time across Wisconsin by the valley of the St. Croix; at other times past Chicago, following the present Chicago outlet; at other times past Fort Wayne and down the Wabash; at other times across Canada and down the valley of the Trent and down Georgian Bay, and still another time, as we have said, by Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River. This is a long and interesting story, the full details of which have not been made out and would not be appropriate here, but it is of interest to notice that these beaches are not flat, but show that the earth's crust has yielded much as yields the crust of a pond before a boy skating over thin ice. Occupying as it does a strategic position where Lake Michigan and Lake Huron meet and not very far from the outlet of Lake Superior, Mackinaw has been of interest since its earliest times, and has an interesting military history, though now the old forts have been turned over to the people of Michigan as a public park.

(To be continued.)



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Swan Song of Uncle Joe.

A Philosophical Optimist in a Witty Speech.

Uncle Joe Cannon made his farewell speech in the House at Washington recently. It was full of political philosophy, good wishes for the incoming Democratic administration and expressions of faith that the Republican party in time would come again into its own.

Uncle Joe took a crack at the Progressive party and was wildly applauded. He announced that he would not again seek public office, advocated the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, predicted it would not be long before the civilization of the United States would push its way southward on this continent, and urged the creation of a greater navy, a greater army and a greater country.

Mr. Cannon began his speech by criticising the announced policy of the Democrats to grant independence to the Philippines. He said:

"I am not in harmony with the outgivings of William J. Bryan, who is more responsible for the Philippines and our ownership of them than any man, living or dead. It was that peerless leader who came to Washington and with his influence furnished the Democratic votes that ratified the treaty of Paris at a time when it seemed that that instrument was destined to fail in the Senate. We have the Philippines and the position of the Democratic party and of the president-elect, in my judgment, will lead to the loss of tens of thousands of men belonging to the army and navy and to hundreds of millions of treasure.

"If we had 100,000 men well trained in the army at the time the Spanish-American war broke out it would not have been necessary for us to have called on the citizen soldiery. The expenditure made in that war was proper. I am speaking only for a small and effective army, comparatively small considering our population.

"We have our troubles down on the border land of the south, with Mexico and the South American republics. God knows we do not want them, but gentlemen, we have got to abandon the Monroe Doctrine. We have got to play a happy-go-lucky game and take all things for granted with the grandest, greatest and most powerful nation on earth, or we have got to realize the obligation that the future will bring to us. Therefore I am entirely in sympathy with a good navy."

Replying to a question, Mr. Cannon discussed the significance of the Monroe Doctrine. He said:

"The Monroe Doctrine is pretty well defined. We have got to see to it that under that doctrine no foreign government is located, as I understand it, upon this continent, to exploit the various small republics and found a monarchy. We had a fair illustration of what I have in mind when in the stress of that great civic struggle, a combination was made in Europe to place Maximillian upon the throne of Mexico. A protest was made, but our hands were full at the time with the civil war. But when it ceased, the Confederate soldier and the Union soldier stood ready to throw Maximillian into the sea."

Uncle Joe then spoke of his prospective retirement from Congress on March 4, after a service covering forty years.

"I did not ask for the leave of absence," he remarked amid laughter. "I feel a little different about it than I did twenty-two years ago, when I received a leave of absence without application for it. I have got to be a pretty old man, but I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I am going home to Danville and remain with the people who have honored me with twenty indorsements, and if perchance I should never again appear in public life I am going to perform as one man as one voter my duties as one of

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the sovereigns of the land. I am going to keep on advocating these policies that I believe will tend to secure the well-being of our country and which I hope will work under whatever we call ourselves, whether Democrats or Republicans, and only organizations that I recognize as reliable."

Mr. Cannon declared himself an optimist, and said:

"I do not fear for the perpetuity of the republic. We have made mistakes that have involved great penalties; we will in the future make mistakes that will require the payment of great penalties, but when we run against them we will pay them. I am a Republican partisan because I believe in the economic policies of that party, but I trust I am a patriotic American citizen. I know that all of you are such."

Addressing the Democrats Mr. Cannon said in conclusion:

"If our great citizens under your economic policies bring better results there is no man in the land who will cry 'Glory, hallelujah' louder than I will because it makes but little difference what you call a party or what you call a policy. The proof of the pudding is the eating of it."

There was an old major in Idvor who said to his valet one evening:

"'Go and tell the cook to get me ready a chop and a poached egg.'

"'Pardon me, major,' said the valet, 'but have you forgotten that you are dining with Mr. Smith tonight?'

"The major frowned.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I had forgotten it. Tell the cook to make it two chops and two poached eggs.'"

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The Recollections of His School Days

by JOHN STANDISH

At seven o'clock on the evening of a day late in the month of April, Mr. Steven Thorne was seated in the dining-room of his little cottage, "The Beeches," on Basdean Downs. It was a bijou place close to his trainer's stables, some two miles from the sea. A cigarette was between his fingers and a wine-glass of Vermouth stood on a little table by his side. Thorne was a man of habits. These were his ante-prandial ones; he always made a point of dressing even when alone.

The light from the shaded lamp was reflected from the patent leather boots, the glossy shirt-front and cuffs, the solid gold links, the small diamond center stud, the polished finger-nails, and the bright agate eyes that were always so restless, with the true restlessness of the man who is living and has lived handsomely by keeping them wide open. But Steven Thorne was thinking very deeply. His present situation was a desperate one. He had been in many a tight place before often enough with his back against the wall, places from which many a strong man would have sought escape by suicide; but he had always, with his perfect self-possession, cool audacity, and utter unscrupulousness, emerged smiling. He was only thirty-five, but for the last fifteen years he had lived, and lived remarkably well, too, solely on his wits—not out of society but very much in it. That was the proof of his real genius.

He had been at one of the best public schools in England, loved sport, was possessed of immense physical strength, was a daring steeple-chase rider, and was utterly fearless. Very handsome, with polished manners, charming ways with women, and the possessor of all those little subtle accomplishments that are the pass-keys to popularity in society, he had early mastered all the intricacies of the sporting world. At the billiard-table he was acknowledged to be the finest amateur winning hazard striker in London. By many an astute and shady trick he had amassed a considerable fortune—enough, at any rate, to keep one or two race horses. Yet there had been things in his life that if society knew of them would mean instant ostracism. He had often deliberately and shamefully robbed gilded innocent youth of large sums, and had on more than one occasion sent his wretched victim to poverty, disgrace, and the devil.

And now for the first time in his life Fate, friendly for so long, had suddenly turned and gripped him by the throat.

A libel action between two prominent members of society was about to commence, a case in which he was involved, and the evidence would most certainly bring to light events in his life upon which the Public Prosecutor would be bound to take action. It would mean his arrest, his trial in a criminal court on a serious charge, and on conviction certainly not less than two years' imprisonment with hard labor.

There was only one way possible for him to stave off the impending disaster, quash the action, and continue the life he loved. And that was by the private payment to the aggrieved person—a rapacious wolf—of the enormous damages he knew he was going to claim—£10,000.

There was no earthly means by which he could lay his hands on that sum, nor even a quarter of it, and time was pressing. The net was being drawn around him closer every day.

So he sat there smoking and thinking, thinking, thinking. Again and again he went over the old ground with the same hopeless result.

Suddenly he started to his feet, unlocked a small safe set in the wall, cleverly concealed, and after some search produced a letter which he read carefully and then returned, locking the safe again.

The letter was signed "Reginald Cross-

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well." He flung his half-burnt cigarette into the fireplace and paced rapidly up and down the little room. The corners of his mouth beneath the waxed moustache were drawn down, the black eyebrows were contracted rigidly over the glittering eyes, the nostrils were dilated. It was not a pleasant face to look at.

When the man entered with his dinner, he took no notice of him but sat down at a small table and wrote two letters. He re-read them carefully. Then he copied them, locking the copies in the safe and sealing the envelopes of the originals. Then he sat down and bolted a few mouthfuls of food. He gave some directions to his man about the letters, told him to clear away, and bring him some whisky and a siphon. Then he settled into his armchair and smoked furiously long into the night. He knew that what he was going to do was dreadful. He did not care. He would stick at nothing to avoid the appalling horror ahead. The awful picture of the dock, trial, verdict and sentence, the wardens, the cell, the loathsome food, the silence and solicitude, the isolation for years, that had haunted him waking and sleeping for days and nights.

At three o'clock next day he ordered his man to saddle one of his racehorses called Schoolboy, a name that one of the stable-lads had suggested to him when the animal was a colt, on account of his playfulness—now a splendid four-year-old chestnut stallion in the pink of condition, who had just been beaten at Kempton by a short head, and had lost his owner two thousands pounds. He cantered off down the road to Alton Hall, the house of a man he had once known very intimately—Reginald Crosswell. It was some fourteen miles across the downs.

When he reached the open turf where the track ran close to the edge of the chalk cliffs he broke into a gallop. The pace of the horse matched the pace of his own galloping thoughts.

Alton Hall was a stately though small family seat reposing among its old beeches and oaks in a sheltered valley, an emblem of rest and orderliness, of lawful possession, of simple peaceful English country life.

He rang the bell and a staid old servant conducted him with courtly ceremony to the library, and in a few moments his host entered the room.

He was an older man than Thorne, clean-shaven, fair and pale, and his face was very lined. Ignoring the proffered hand of his visitor, he looked at him with eyes that expressed a mixture of defiance and fear.

"Well, what is it you want?" he asked in an unsteady voice. "I wonder at your having the impertinence to show your face here."

"I want you to lend me ten thousand pounds," replied Thorne. He stood with his host's face with imperturbable equan- his host's face with imperturable equanimity.

"Are you drunk or mad?"

Thorne laughed.

"I want ten thousand pounds at once, so I came to you."

"Then you are answered, if the question of a maniac needs an answer. Do you imagine I would lend you sixpence? You are in a mess, I suppose, and it serves you right. The marvel is you have not gone to the devil years ago."

"I have got to have his money, Crosswell," replied Thorne quietly. "I suppose Alton is worth something."

Cresswell put his hand on the bell, but Thorne stopped him.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Be reasonable, don't push me to extreme limits. If you will lend me this money I will repay you by instalments."

Cresswell stared at him, more alarm now than anger in his face.

"Leave my house," he said, "and never enter it again. I shall order my servants not to admit you. I have done with you for ever. You are mad to come here. Go" and he pointed to the door.

Thorne walked across to the door, but only to lock it and return to his place by the mantel-shelf. He leaned his arm on it and looked full into Cresswell's face.

"Years ago," he said, watching the effect of every word on his listener, "you and I got into a pretty serious mess together. You remember what it was, and you remember, I dare say, writing to me shortly after a letter. Do you recognize this?" and he held up at safe distance a letter in Cresswell's own handwriting.

The latter sprang forward. His face was pale and his lips twitched.

"You blackguard! You scoundrel!

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You told me you had destroyed that," he cried.

"I lied. But it will destroy you unless you do what I ask. You know that perfectly well. My two letters, you know to whom, are written and stamped, and will be posted at seven o'clock tonight unless you sign bills which I can discount for the sum I ask. I have the bills made out here ready. You know exactly what the reception of those letters will mean to you."

Cresswell reeled back, but he could not speak for a moment. "You are not serious, Thorne," he uttered thickly.

"I am perfectly serious," came the level answer.

Cresswell staggered to a chair and leaned his head on his hands.

"Are you a human being or a devil?" he cried. "We have all done foolish things in our early lives. We recognize that in our moments of sanity. I trusted you when I wrote that letter. I trusted you as a friend trusts a friend, and we were friends once, Steven."

"And are still so if you lend me that money," came the answer in pitiless accents.

"I can't, I can't. You know I can't."

"You can; I know you can. Come, there is no use talking about it. I mean to have it. You know the alternative."

"My God!" cried Cresswell, recoiling. "Do you realize what you are doing? Murderer! murderer! This is my home. I have a wife and a boy. It means ruin for us all."

"Your home, your wife, your boy are nothing to me. You made a fool of yourself once, and you sneaked out of it. You left me in the lurch to face the music alone. I covered you and saved you, and then you went over to psalm-singing and religion. 'Turning over a new leaf' called it, I think, and then you cut me like a dog in the street, directly I told you I had destroyed that letter. Come, I give you five minutes. Here are the bills. You either sign them or those letters go."

Cresswell faced him once more.

"For God's sake, man," he cried, "have mercy, if ever you hope for mercy to be shown you hereafter. I know I behaved shabbily toward you, but you could never do this. Let me help you so far as I can. I cannot do what you ask."

He held out his hand.

"Thorne! Steven! For the sake of old times!"

His pleading eyes met only a cold, passionless gaze.

"I give you two minutes now," was the reply.

For a moment Cresswell stood silent. He was picturing exactly what would happen if those letters went. Then he seized a pen and affixed his signature to the bills. As he did so he slipped from the chair in a swoon.

Thorne blotted the wet signatures and put the bills in his pocket, smiling. He glanced down at the prostrate figure.

"One of the losers in life's race," he muttered, ringing the bell.

He went to the stable for his horse. He was saved! Nothing else mattered. He tossed the groom a sovereign and mounted Schoolboy. Tomorrow he would go to town, see his solicitor, and all would be arranged. Cresswell would sink away out of his life. He would forge him. Many men had gone down thus into silence. Cresswell's folly had been his ruin. He, Thorne, had been merely the agent of retribution. Life would be joyous and gay once more.

He headed his horse across the downs, the sea air blew fresh in his face, and his heart swelled with triumph. He began planning a little dinner-party next day at the Carlton and a box at the Empire. Pondering thus pleasantly he reached the cross-roads on the open down.

As he raised his eyes he caught sight of a horse galloping some half a mile away. He pulled up for a moment, wondering who it could be. One of the stable horses exercising, perhaps. But if so, why alone? That was odd. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked long and carefully. No—it was only a pony ridden by some boy, but the animal was going as if the very devil was behind him. He saw at once what had happened. The pony was bolting and the boy was helpless. A loose rein seemed to be trailing on the ground. For a moment he watched the flying figure with dull and incurious eyes.

Then suddenly his heart seemed to stand still. All the strain of the late interview vanished. The bolting animal—and he was evidently madly bolting—

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was heading straight for the treacherous sloping edge of the cliff and he knew what that meant for both horse and rider. Not two years ago a lady had gone to destruction almost at the same spot. Once over the ridge, there was no stopping any animel. Instantly and automatically his long spurs plunged into his horse's sides, and in a few seconds from the initial spring—as if from the starting post—Schoolboy was almost into his top long, low, sweeping stride that all critics said should have won the Eclipse Stakes a week ago. All the innate excitement of the sportsman in Steven Thorne burst out passionately. The wind whistled past him, and he shouted and shouted again to the boy, but no heed was taken. He knew he was riding for a life.

It seemed impossible that he could catch the boy in time to save him from certain death. But Schoolboy seemed to know it was a race, and a race, too, that he had got to win. He was going his full top speed now, and neither whip nor spur could have increased it. Thorne knew that.

The little ridge of white chalk stones, the danger-line for the coast-guards when they patrol at night was close by now, and as they crossed it, horse and pony were side by side. It is here that the treacherous slope begins, the slope of slippery dried turf. that descends in an ever-increasing gradient to the sheer edge of the cliff that drops three hundred feet perpendicularly to the rocks below.

There was a moment during which the four lives hung in the balance.

Thorne had bent down, and with right hand and with all his strength, gripped the short end of the pony's broken rein close to the bit, while with the other hand he had pulled his own horse back on to its haunches. For yards both anigrip, slid and skidded down the slippery slope, staggering, and then at last came to a stop only within ten feet of the cliff's edge. The strain on both Thorne's arms had been terrific. Man and boy dismounted quickly. Thorne held the animals now. They were both white-eyeballed, sweating with heaving flanks and working nostrils. They themselves seemed to have realised the horrible danger. The boy was white and trembling. He could not speak.

Thorne, comparatively self-possessed, led the horse and pony slowly back up the slope to a clump of wind-swept trees, to which he hitched them. The boy followed behind, stumbling, panting, and silent.

"Near squeak that for both of us, kid," he said, turning round. "Could not have been nearer. Rotten reins, those of yours. Spirited pony that. Well bred, too. Who are you?"

"My name is Leslie Crosswell, sir. My father lives at Alton Hall. You have saved my life, sir."

He spoke in gasps, and then sank down on the turf beside one of the tree-trunks. He was still trembling violently and completely unnerved.

"What! Cresswell's son! You don't sav so."

He looked down into the boy's face. The cheeks were pale, and the eyes, still dilated with terror, looked back at him —eyes of the deepest blue, shaded with long lashes.

"Reginald Cresswell's son!" repeated Thorne, sitting down and looking at him long and steadily.

"You're a real little sportsman, Leslie. You stuck to your mount, at any rate. How old are you? Where are you at school?"

"I am thirteen, sir; I am at Durham college. I have been in the junior school. but I am going into the college next term. I go back on Monday. I took Meg out for a canter. The groom said she was too fresh for me. She was not really, but the rein broke and I could not hold her."

The horror of the recent moments ceased speaking.

"So you are at Durham College, are you? Do you know that is my old school? Do you like it?" said Thorne after a pause.

"Rather—I should think so! I am awfully keen to get back and into the going into the school house."

"My house, too," echoed Thorne. "How very odd," and he instantly found himself asking questions as he began recalling old familiar scenes. The names of masters and old college servants, some long gone or dead, a few still there. Then he lay back, and as he did so a vision rose before his eyes—a vision of himself when a boy playing in a house match on the close—the last cricket match he ever played at Durdham—the long, hot sum-

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mer afternoon—the shade of the great elms—the crack of the half-volleys he had hit to the boundary and the clapping of hundreds of hands as he ran back to the pavilion, having saved the match.

What happy days they had seen, and how long ago now! This boy had conjured them all up vividly before him. They had been the happiest days in his life, for they had been days just before the time he had taken the wrong road that had brought him to his present position. How strange it all was; and this boy thought he was going back to all that, to a summer term at Durham. He knew nothing of the news in store for him on his return to Alton Hall. What would his father say to him? How would he receive it?

Thorne raised himself on one arm and stared out over the sea. The sun was sinking to the horizon in a glory of purple and crimson. From below came, in almost regular sequence, first the thunderous crash of the breaking waves, and then the shaling noise of the undertow receding over the pebbles of the beach where it was only by a miracle that he and the boy were not lying dead. A single white gull was sailing round and round above them uttering its solemn, monotonous cry. He realized suddenly and violently the appalling seriousness of all that had just happened. How near he and this boy had been to death. He had saved this boy's life, this fair young life just opening. Had fate decreed that he should save it but to wreck it on one and the same day. Was he to take this boy away from Durdham? Was his public-school life to be over for ever just as it was commencing? All was ahead of him—all that *he*, Thorne, had lost. But the alternative! Imprisonment or exile forever for himself.

He rose. He wanted to think alone.

The boy rose too, evidently anxious now to get home.

"Won't you come back to Alton and see my father, sir?" he said.

"No." Thorne's voice had a queer catch in it. "I have seen your father already this afternoon, Leslie," and he drew the bills from his pocket as he spoke.

"Look here, boy; when you get back tell your father of our adventure and give him these papers. Be careful—don't lose them. Tell him also that all the letters will be destroyed. Don't forget. He will understand. Tell him I am sorry I shan't see him again, as * * * I am leaving England to-morrow."

"Not for long, sir, I hope." The boy, who had recovered himself, was examining the mended rein. "When you come back you must come and see us and tell father how you saved me."

"It was not *I* who saved you, Leslie. It was this horse. Schoolboy—that is his name. He saved your life, so you must always be good to him. He is yours now. Go to-morrow to The Beeches at Basdean to fetch him; you'll find him ready for you."

"But, sir——"

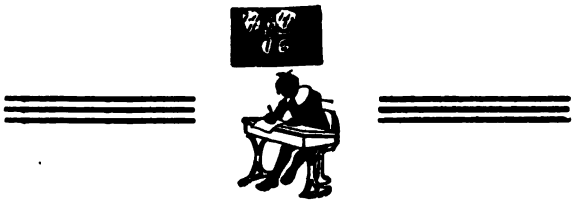
"Hush!" interrupted Thorne.

He laid his hands on the boy's shoulders, drawing him close, while he looked out across the sea for fully a minute at the matchless beauty of the dying day. Then he looked once more into the boy's dark blue eyes.

"Go back to Durdham, Leslie. Be a sportsman and run straight. We shall never meet again, but don't forget me. Good-bye, Leslie, and * * * God bless you, boy!" He threw up his hands, sprang upon his horse, and, as he dashed off, could just catch the voice calling after him:

"Good luck, sir! Good luck, sir!"

He never forgot those words till the last hour of his life.



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Great Things Expected

The Panama Canal, Mexican Oil Fields and Ships in the Carribean Sea

Stephen Bonsal, whose book "The American Mediterranean" has just been published, has recently arrived home from the scenes of his book and has some interesting things to say in regard to that country—or countries—and the possibilities opening up. Mr. Bonsal has been visiting the West Indian islands and the South American countries on the waterfront for some twenty years, and so has a good background against which to place his opinions of present-day conditions.

"The most of our ideas concerning the Caribbean world," he said, "are out of date. And while we vaguely realize that a lot of changes are going to be brought about by the opening of the Panama Canal, those changes are going to be greater than anticipated.

"In the first place, as regards fuel, it is considerer a big item that coal here may be purchased for $3 a ton, as against $5 at Suez, but in twenty years there will be no coal freighters but oil freighters. When vessels can carry oil down where the water ballast now is carried they can carry 16,000 pounds, where they now carry 12,000. And along eastern Mexico are the greatest oil fields in the world.

"So you see that even though the Caribbean world is twenty years behind the times of today, still in the sailing ship period, we are just as much behind the times in realizing possibilities when we calculate from the coal freighter standpoint.

"The Panama Canal will not only give a strategic value, but will also attract commerce going to the East. Those numerous ports where there are now no ships in a dry moon will then be on the world's great thoroughfare. The natural resources of those countries of South America fronting on the waste of the Pacific Ocean were of no commercial value because too far removed from all currents of travel."

Mr. Bonsel says that one of the extraordinary points in the situation is the lack of capital investment on the part of Americans, usually anxious to take advantage of a new opportunity, in comparison with the Canadian and German interest displayed. He thinks it may be due to the American unwillingness to wait for returns, a trait which is not possessed by the Germans, who have settled hold the financial and commercial situations in their hands.

"For instance," said Mr. Bonsal, "there is the case of one well-known American firm which sent down thirty-three young Americans and distributed them among their offices in Latin America. They were college bred young fellows, but not knowing the language or local conditions they were virtually no good the first year. By the end of the third year only three out of the original thirty-three remained. They were the sort who wouldn't stay in uncongenial surroundings unless a million was in sight; and they are fairly typical.

"But the Germans do not work that way. Their employes are first trained in the home offices and learn conditions of trade, besides they are as a rule better educated than Americans and come with a working knowledge of the language. They carry on infinitesimal financial dealings with the natives, and the natives trust them. They receive native money in their banks and then lend it out again. They are content with small returns and are patient. And now we must do all our banking, carry on all our commercial transactions through the German bank.

"There is never an order given for an American product, whether it be for twenty ploughs made up here in Syracuse, N. Y., or something else but that when the payment passes through the German bank notes are made of the transaction, the product and the figures.

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Then word is sent home to Germany, and if that demand can be met with a German product at a slightly smaller figure that is the end of the American article at that selling point."

Much was made over our trade opportunities with the Chinese Empire, but Mr. Bonsal is of the opinion that there is hardly any more sold to the Chinese Empire than to Porto Rico alone. If our opportunities for commerce with the other islands were developed he thinks that our business in the Caribbean would exceed in value twenty times what we hope to sell to the Far East.

"New Orleans seems to be the only one awake," he said, "to possibilities in this business center. New Orleans is comparatively close by, and yet the West Indies are no further away than Milwaukee is from New York. And there undoubtedly is going to be business for somebody when the Caribbean world once more gets on the map by having a world highway go by her door."

He recalled how that part of the world, asleep and almost entirely forgotten, was revived on one account alone when a Cape Cod skipper some years ago began carrying home baskets of fruit to his friends.

"Capt. Baker found that his fresh fruit was well liked," said Mr. Bonsal, "and started a business in a small way at first. Today, from that beginning, the United Fruit Company owns and operates a hundred steamers and does a hundred million dollar business. Of course they didn't export alone; they carried back canned fruit to the natives.

"As I said before, we are, because of our national temperament, unwilling to work at small profit and to work out the details; we will consent to be exporters or importers, but we leave it to the willing Germans to be distributors, to make money distributing American goods, to learn the true situation and to advise in these regards back home."

Personal Opinions on Current Events

Cotton Corner Impossible, Declares J. A. Patton.

"There never was a cotton corner. And I never was in a cotton pool. It is impossible to corner cotton. Of course, if John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and some others among the world's richest men got together to corner cotton they might be able to do it, but so much capital and risk would be involved that such a proceeding is inconceivable.

"It is humanly possible to corner wheat, but to my knowledge that was done only once, twenty-five years ago, when Hutchinson (Old Hutch) bought all he could and nature pulled him through with a crop failure."

Cardinal Gibbons on Canal Tolls.

"I am most anxious that in this all important matter the honor and prestige of our country be preserved. This I feel can be reached if the matter is given serious consideration and is carefully debated in both branches of congress. Furthermore, this would result in a just settlement of the matter without having to have recourse to arbitration, for we most certainly cannot refuse arbitration once it is proposed without placing ourselves in a most humiliating position before the world, and if arbitration is accepted it would undoubtedly result in our defeat. Hence I feel that the matter should be settled in congress."

Must Please People, says A. P. Ewing, Gas Manager.

"The one big idea that the employes of the gas company must always remember is that we are servants of the people and must give them what they want and just when they want it. Just as soon as we forget this, this company is going to go back and our business will certainly decrease.

"We can increase the consumption of gas by showing the people just where they can save and really be benefited by using gas in more ways. In that manner we sell more, and the people buy more, but they are getting good value for every cent they spend."

Tango Craze Due to Suffrage, Declares Mrs. Hollister.

"I consider that woman's suffrage is re-

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sponsible in a measure for the vogue of the tango, the bunny hug, and the turkey trot. If women would stay at home and train their children they could then restrain them from indulging in these immodest dances.

"Woman's place is the home. I think the woman of today spends entirely too much time away from it. She frequently neglects her children and even her husband to be a leader in the fight for the vote.

"We hear on every side of the mistakes young people are making. I think this would not be so if mothers kept more closely in touch with their children while they are growing up. When children realize that mother is far more interested in getting the vote for women than in training their little minds they quite naturally get further and further away from the home."

Praises English Artists, Prof. A. H. Griffith, Director Detroit Art Museum.

"The trend of art up to the time of Henry VIII found expression in the architecture of the castles, manor houses, cathedrals, and abbeys which were unlike any others.

"It was the reign of peace and prosperity following the War of the Roses, when painting was first brought to England. Holbein came from Germany to perpetuate on canvas the portraits of the nobility, and those portraits are among the finest in the world.

"Elizabeth's reign saw the printing press added, the theater established and the golden age of literature well on its way.

"Van Dyck, another imported artist, added to the luster of the reign places who embraced the op- of the Stuarts, and to the world's imperishable art.

"Much has been contributed to the art world by England. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence and others have made the art of portraiture a most worthy one. Constable was the father of modern landscape painting. The pre-Raphaelites came nearer than any other movement to a return to the sane ideas of the classic past."

Dr. Charles W. Eliot Says Preventive Medicine Will Cure All Misery.

"Preventive medicine is capable in the future of doing away with poverty and misery, of remedying industrial disputes and of contributing to the cause of international peace.

"The medical practitioner of the future would be one who prevented disease rather than cured it. More than half the physicians of the country eventually would be engaged in preventive rather than curative medicine.

"Preventive medicine is capable of removing those causes of human misery, poverty and sorrow, which lead to internal rebellion and disorder and among nations to war and strife.

"The Chinese people have been through every form of misery which a despotic tyrrany, ravaging diseases, destructive floods can bring to mankind. As a result, there has been strife and rebellion. They have taken the sword as the only remedy for misery and death. Out of such conditions preventive medicine is capable of lifting them.

"Our achievements in the Panama canal zone have made safer future migrations to tropical countries. South American cities are becoming safer. We are going to get through preventive medicine, relief from the frictions which arise out of immigration among the leading nations of the world."

On the Book Shelf

by CRITIC

Maria Thompson Daviess, who wrote *The Melting of Molly* and through it acquired the reputation for setting the best story-book table of any writer of popular fiction, has introduced more than a dozen "eating scenes" in her new novel, *Andrew the Glad.*

Among the American authors who are spending the winter abroad, but expect to return to this country for the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, are Hallie Erminie Rives (Mrs. Post Wheeler), author of *The Valiants of Virginia,* who will accompany her husband from their home in Rome, and George Randolph Chester, author of *The Jingo,* who will sail from Liverpool immediately after completing a cruise in the North Sea.

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Emerson Hough, author of *John Rawn,* is preparing to embark on an expedition into the Arctic Circle early in the spring. Mr. Hough has made several trips to Alaska. He is a great lover of the trail and hunts and fishes in the most out-of-the-way places more than half the year.

House-boat dwellers in the Louisiana bayous whose homes are anchored in the vicinity of the house-boat occupied by Charles Tenney Jackson, the author, who makes his home among the lilly pads more than nine months out of every twelve, attended a reception given by Mr. Jackson on New Year's Day when his boat, which had been nameless for more than two years, was christened. The name chosen was Aurelie, from the heroine of the author's last novel, *The Midlanders.* A little kinky-headed negro girl was sponsor and broke a bottle of gin at the threshold of the boat.

Possibly the most potent example of the strenuosity of modern authors may be found in the career of Roger Pocock, author of *A Man in the Open.* Mr. Pocock received his earliest training on board an English training ship. Like most English lads he was sent out early to fend for himself and at the age of fifteen came to Canada, where he sought employment in the far western part of the Dominion. Since then he has had twenty-four different and distinct vocations, ranging from "boots" in a large Victoria hotel to captain of a pack train from Fort McLeod, Canada, to the city of Mexico. Mr. Pocock was a member of the Northwest Mounted Police and served in the Reil rebellion, the Skeena Bloodfeuds and the Boer War.

An interesting fact about Stewart Edward White's new book, *The Sign at Six,* is that although it was written while the author was sojourning at his camp in the Rockies, it is a story of New York City and one of the only books the author has written that does not deal with out-of-door life.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, author of *The Marshal,* is said to have one of the largest private collections of original French historical manuscripts in America.

Gene Stratton Porter, author of *The Song of the Cardinal,* has added to her already large collection of birds, an English sparrow which she has trained to do almost everything but talk. Miss Porter permits the bird to fly about her home at will and at night it returns to its cage of its own accord.

While employed as a police reporter on a San Francisco newspaper, Will Irwin, author of *The Red Button,* was assigned to a police station in the world-famous 'Frisco Chinatown. He became very familiar with many of the most notorious characters who made the district their stamping ground and learned to speak "pidgin" English," the *patois* of the natives, so fluently that often he obtained valuable information from them that aided the police in solving many of the Chinatown mysteries.

Hallie Erminie Rives, the American author, whose latest book, *The Valiants of Virginia,* is generally acknowledged to be the most notable literary work she has done, has a fund of rollicking humor which asserts itself in everything she writes. It also plays an important part in her conversation and she is able to entertain friends by the hour with the amusing stories she tells of events which have come under her observation during her residence abroad. One of these relates the adventures of an American tourist who was stopping in Tokio.

Guide-book in hand she had visited every point of interest and had seen everything to be seen except a Shinto funeral. Finally she appealed to the Japanese clerk of the hotel, asking him to instruct her guide to take her to one. The clerk was politeness itself. He bowed gravely and replied: "I am very sorry, Madam, but this is not the season for funerals."

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

Perhaps the most courageous of all New York's leading ladies is beautiful Pauline Frederick, appearing as Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, in the great Century Theatre production of "Joseph and His Brethren." As all who have seen this big spectacle will recall, Miss Frederick makes her first entrance seated in a large howdah on the back of a dromedary. On the occasion of the third performance of the play, the super leading the camel blundered, and touched the dromedary on the spot which, as all good camel-drivers know, should only be touched as a signal for the animal to kneel. The beast at once responded to the signal, and the sudden, unexpected motion threw Miss Frederick from her lofty perch to the ground. While uninjured, Miss Frederick was badly scared, the more so as she thought, for the moment, that the dromedary had sat down on a man. The experienced actors in the company, numbering several old-time favorites, expertly "covered up" the mishap, and there were many in the audience who truly believed that "it was so written in the play."

It was thought at first that it would prove difficult to induce Miss Frederick to mount the dromedary's back again. Not so, for at the next performance she appeared at the accustomed time to climb into the howdah, merely bringing with her a leather strap to fasten herself into the howdah so that a sudden lurch might not dislodge her.

Privy Councillor Julius Klein, of Munich, who has charge of the Royal Opera House, came to this country recently for an inspection of the principal New York Theatres. One of the first he visited was the Century and the Children's Theatre, on its roof. He was enthusiastic over "Racketty-Packetty House," the play now being given in the Children's Theatre, and he praised highly all the details of the play as well as the theatre. While admitting that this was the first institution of its kind in the world, he said that he did not think it would long be the only one for he thought of founding one in Europe, on the same lines as the Children's Theatre. Later the Privy Councillor attended a performance of "Joseph and His Brethren," and he also praised that highly.

One prominent firm of theatrical managers is encouraging youthful dramatic critics by offering prizes for their efforts. The idea was suggested by one of the grown critics, who writes for a great New York daily. He took his little daughter with him to the opening of "Racketty-Packetty House" in the Children's Theatre, and when he printed his own criticism, he printed his daughter's beside it. It was hard to tell which was more enthusiastic. So the Liebler Co., producers of "Racketty-Packetty House," decided to have a contest for school children, who should write the story of the play and their opinions of it. $100 in prizes was offered, and the manuscripts poured in so fast that they have not yet been assorted, but the names of the winners will soon be announced.

The longest run of the season in Boston, and one of the longest of recent years in that season, has been that of George Arliss in "Disraeli" at the Plymouth Theatre. Twice the engagement was extended by popular demands after a closing date had been advertised, and business continued to average more than $9,000 a week right up to the actual closing date, Jan. 25. The Louis N. Parker play will finally have to go out to allow the fulfilling of a contract with Robert Loraine for the appearance of "Man and Superman" in the Plymouth. "Disraeli" will now fulfill engagements in the best theatres of large Eastern cities, including a four-weeks' stay in Philadelphia.

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The Liebler Co. is making headway in a fight against the "deadhead" nuisance. During the sensationally successful tour of "The Garden of Allah," the free list has been cut to a minimum, and now it has been practically abolished in the engagement of the Irish Players at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago. With both of these companies, the clause is inserted in the contract that no passes will be issued except to recognized members of newspaper staffs who do theatrical reporting. The result has been that word has gone out that no "paper" is issued, and the requests have dropped off.

"The Daughter of Heaven" promises to duplicate the success of "The Garden of Allah" in its tour of the large cities. After a successful engagement of several months at the Century Theatre, New York, it was sent out to make room for "Joseph and His Brethren," the new dramatic spectacle. "The Daughter of Heaven" opened in Detroit on Monday, Jan. 6, with a tremendous advance sale, and crowded the Detroit Opera House to capacity at every performance. The newspaper criticisms were enthusiastic encomiums.

The Detroit News said: " 'The Daughter of Heaven' is without doubt the most elaborate spectacle ever presented."

The Detroit Times said: "Every scene brought a gasp from the audience, followed by applause that was well deserved."

The Detroit Journal said: " 'The Daughter of Heaven' as conceived by the authors and executed by the Liebler's, will delight until the end of time. From rise to fall of curtain it drips and oozes beauty."

The Detroit Free Press said: "It is a dream of splendor in richness and diversity of coloring, without sacrifice of the noble and the dignified in art. 'The Daughter of Heaven' is supreme."

Patricia O'Connor, the "original Roosevelt girl," now has a regular part in a dramatic production. Since "Joseph and His Brethren" opened at the Century Theatre, Miss O'Connor has been appearing in the train attendant on Mrs. Potiphar, otherwise known as Zuleika.

Miss O'Connor is a California girl, who came to New York a short time ago and has been entertaining herself and her friends in society by recitations and songs of her own composition. At the reception given by Mrs. Douglas Robinson to her brother, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Miss O'Connor read her little poem, "The Tin Colonel," which was immediately given a Rooseveltian application by the guests. The two things the young woman is most proud of are her engagement in "Joseph and His Brethren," the Parker pageant play which is drawing such crowds to the Century Theatre, and the California nativity, with its Roosevelt record at the last national election.

Increasing Efficiency of the Salesman.

Salesmanship, at one time a business of anything but the highest type of worker, is today being brought to a high art by distinctly superior men. The word "art" is used advisedly, at that, for there is a peculiar beauty in the results of work well done, in itself a characteristic of high art.

It is a truism that every man desires to do his best. This is especially true of salesmen, the results of their work being usually immediate, thus giving a pleasure which follows quick on the heels of endeavor.

Naturally, therefore, both salesmen and those who control salesmen, sales managers, are constantly on the alert for ideas by means of which they may expand their opportunities.

How much would it mean in net profits if the average business man could put enough "ginger" into his salesmen each

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week to increase their efficiency ten per cent? Or five per cent? Figure out, even, what two per cent more business would mean on the year's turnover.

The point of these remarks lies, as Captain Cuttle would say, in the application of them. The application of them lies in the opportunity of the sales manager to be in constant touch with his force of salesmen—or to express it better, not only constant, but immediate touch with them. The answer is the long distance telephone.

Every manufacturer, wholesaler, implement dealer, life insurance general agent, or any other business man who has salesmen scattered over his state or his selling territory, could put additional stimulus into his men if he could talk to them every night. Those managers who do it now will tell you that their sales after they began the practice showed a conclusive increase.

It is quite possible to do this by means of the long-distance telephone. It is an inexpensive method of preserving a valuable personal touch with the selling force. Most of these salesmen are within telephone reach. In fact in a big business, all of them are; necessarily so. The head of the business house of course need not attend to this. The sales manager himself need not be tied down to it. But "telephone touch" with the office or that of a branch manager is the main thing.

Salesmen ought to be required to call up their house at an apointed hour every night. Letters and telegrams were all very well in their way at one time, but we move faster today than we did yesterday. The keen competition which animated us in 1912 seizes on every advantage that may be honorably used to increase our prosperity, and in the use of the long-distance telephone such an opportunity lies. Indeed, the management of an advanced business house regards it as part of the necessary expenses—as necessary as rent, or light, or salaries to employes.

The advantages of the salesman's use of the long-distance telephone are fairly obvious, yet few of them may be mentioned.

Suppose the salesman has had a hard row to hoe since morning, and is blue. He can be given direct encouragement and advice over the telephone.

He may want to know the credit standing of a newly made prospective customer. If he does want to know this, he certainly wants to know it right away, being, as he is, at a distance from headquarters. He can get it in five minutes over the telephone.

If competitors have sprung something new in his territory, he can tell the house about it immediately, and the house can use him as a checkmate. The salesman who reads this ought to realize the possible additional value he can make of himself.

Verbal information can in general be given to a salesman to supplement his day's order.

Telephone companies themselves require their solocitors to report constantly over the telephone the work they are doing. It may be thought that here the situation is different; it may be perhaps said that this "does not cost anybody anything," as the wires belong to the companies. But this is a big mistake. Every telephone call costs the telephone company something, just as it does the telephone subscriber something. True enough that the company pays a "cost price," but in Detroit, where the rates are for unlimited service, the cost price cannot be much below the unit price for the subscriber. However, the point is that if a telephone company finds this method pays, knowing what they do about it, the big business man ought to do so, too. And of course we know the big business man does, if he is big.

There is all the difference in the world between a daily telephone talk like this and the customary corespondence. All the facts can never be embodied in the salesman's report. Not half the help which the good executive has to give his men ever finds its way into his daily letters. That has only the value of a general order.

But the telephone talk is equal to a personal conference. Every sales manager, equally with every salesman, knows the good this brings.

—ADV.—



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The GATEWAY

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What's Wrong with the United States?

by JOHN F. HOGAN

Etc., Etc.

FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XX. APRIL, 1913. No. 3

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Dandy 72-page Cook Book mailed Free to any address on receipt of five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing. Send for it today.



Write for booklet which illustrates and describes all models of the NEW PERFECTION *Oil Cook-Stove as well as full equipment.*

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Handy to get at. Easy to operate. Two minutes to install. No flue uor stove pipe.

Equipped with the new oil reservoir and indicator; and with or without portable oven, cabinet shelf, odorless broiler, special toaster, aluminum pan cake griddle.

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A Combination Window Slide and Weather Strip

Air Tight Metal Sash Slide Co.,

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DETROIT, MICH.

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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
Literature, Economics and Social Service.

VOL. XX. APRIL—1913. No. 3

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Michigan—Its Physiography.

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Entered as second-class mail matter, Oct. 5th, 1903, at the Post-Office at Detroit, Michigan under the act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

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A Story
Without Words

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What's Wrong with the United States?

THE PEOPLE, THEMSELVES, AND WE'LL PROVE IT TO YOU IN THE MOST AMAZING EDITORIAL EVER WRITTEN IN AMERICA—IF YOU DOUBT, READ THE FACTS, AS A THINKING HUMAN BEING, YOU MUST ADMIT WE ARE RIGHT.

The first article of a series in which Conventional Life will be rudely jabbed.

by JOHN F. HOGAN.

¶ "The wisdom of the people," "the prudence of the people," "the artistic sense of the people," "the intelligence of the people,"—these "hot air" cries have been sounded by politicians and others till it is to snort.

There are millions in our Nation, parrot-like in their grasp of fundamentals with all the consequent tragedy flowing from passion and prejudice, who have in their hands the absolute balance of political power, with all that this great force implies.

¶ This loud-mouthed, blatant custodian of our Nation's destinies, is a type who earns around $600 a year, and no more, that is to say, about $55 a month.

He is a man who takes one bath a week, or in two weeks. Does that mean anything to you?

He is a man who in a week wears one, not more than two collars, and certainly they are necessarily more or less dirty.

He is a man who takes one shave a week, and that on Saturday night, at the barber shop. Here, while he waits, he looks at the pictures of the girls in tights, in the pink police paper.

For one day in a week, Sunday, his face is clean, but the remainder of the week it is covered with an unkempt stubble.

He may or he may not change his shirt once a week—and we leave it to you to imagine what that means.

* * *

¶ This man lives on the coarsest, cheapest food; and his wife necessarily does all her own housework.

She is a drudge, and is lucky if once a year she gets one new silk dress, of shoddy dynamited material that soon cuts and goes to pieces.

As for the rest, it is calico and patches for her.

She often thinks about the future and wonders how it will all end.

¶ Like her husband, she hates instinctively the women in the larger houses, on the avenue.

Her man tells her, and she is willing to believe it, that many of these rich women, in fact with no exception, all are prostitutes, or live by secret prostitution; and so monstrous is the way they squander money that they often ride up the front stairs on horseback, just to mock the poor, whose hard work supports it all.

Her man tells her, and she believes it, that a rich woman in a carriage always—when you look at her closely—will be seen to wear a sad smile, for in truth the life she leads is causing her terrible remorse.

But her poor sister, who has no car-

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riage, and who is seen on the side street, hustling along with three small children, going to the slaughter house to get a cheap cut of meat, wears a glad look on her face and is truly happy because she is honest and wishes no human being harm.

* * *

¶ And, aside from all this, it is a fact that her life is made more difficult because her husband spends considerable time in the saloons, playing cards and pool, nights, and the saloonkeeper's bill is always a menace to the family income. Not only that, but he thinks nothing of sending his small growing child to the grog-shop, to rush the can for him, when he wants his beer at home.

That the child may and will hear foul language there, oaths, curses and witness rowdyism which cannot but make a detrimental impression on the innocent mind, never enters the head of our jackass, who years later wonders how it came about that his girl began going wrong so soon;—never dreaming that he himself by contributory negligence laid the foundation.

* * *

¶ In his house is, perhaps, one great luxury, the piano, bought at an excessive price on the partial payment plan, $400 or $500, equal to a whole year's income for the man. He justifies his enormous extravagance on the ground that Jennie or Johnnie may take music lessons.

Such is this man's strange conception of finance on one side, and his stupidity as to life on the other.

Incidentally, it's the wife that must scrape up the monthly installment, skimped out of his wages, for if she doesn't look after it, back the piano goes, and all the payments are lost.

¶ For the rest, he may own a phonograph costing $15, a couple of tables and some chairs, mattresses stuffed with shoddy, and various odds and ends of household goods.

On the mantelpiece are two crockery dogs the size of a quart pail, bought by the wife at a department store sale, and justified as "art objects"; while on the wall are enlarged hand-painted photographs of himself and wife, done by some traveling fakir in exchange for a coupon sold to the wife for $1; but when the final show-down came the contract called for purchasing, for $20, shoddy gilt frames represented as genuine gold-leaf, although it was explained that there was no charge for the paintings, themselves.

¶ Working a pass-book at the grocer's and the butcher's, and going on tick at other places, it is part of the wife's duty to meet collectors, from day to day, and stall them off.

She envies her better dressed sister who pays 20 cents per pound for boneless Halibut, while she herself pays 10 cents per pound for a six-pound catfish, and then wonders why there is less than 3 lbs. of edible fish after it is dressed.

But somehow the $16 must be saved for the landlord—or out they go.

To meet this $16, which is fully 25 per cent of his wages, is the one grinding task, and husband and wife have thought about it many times, but their blank minds have never been able to figure it out.

¶ One day, an agent sells them a cottage, for $25 down and the balance "like rent," as he tells them. Then, for the first time in their lives they hear of something called "interest."

All they know is that interest "eats night and day," and that is is "a curse and a grinding scheme of the rich to beat down the poor."

It never enters their minds that since someone has advanced several thousand dollars in credit, the accommodation must be paid for.

Instead, we now hear roars and curses about the "terrible crimes of the rich," and at last in wild rage, man and wife drop their contract and go back to some bare rooms, at $12 a month, on the ground that being nearer downtown and "cheaper," the care fare at least "will be saved," likewise that accursed "trap" of the rich, called "interest," will be sidestepped.

Such is the amazing conception of finance held by this man and his wife.

Can you beat it?

* * *

¶ Yet, this is the man that our country looks to, for the solution of such complex financial and social questions through the ballot, such as:

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"Is it better for our city to issue $20,000,000 bonds, at 4½ per cent, and buy a street car system so that we may ride for 1 cent, or should we let street railway experts continue to operate the system at 5 cents, with transfers?"

"Would it not be well for the city to own its own slaughter houses?"

"Should the style of the new Art Museum be Gothic, Renaissance, or of the era of Francis I?"

These complex historical engineering, financial and artistic questions our man solves off the bat—and his reply puts an iron band around our progress.

He hugs a delusion that, in his menial position, he resembles Honest Old Abe, the Rail Splitter; he is blind to the brain and intellect that carried Lincoln out of the rut. Likewise the motive power that made Rockefeller, Hill, Grant, Harriman and others such dominating figures, is not revealed to our demi-god.

A child in finance, a baby in intellect, to him we submit all the difficult problems in American life. And his is the final, deciding voice.

The real tragedy is not that we permit him to answer, but that we glorify his crude utterances as inspired and repeat again and again the blasphemy, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Such is the amazing source of power, in America—and that's what's fundamentally wrong.

* * *

¶ The farther we carry this analysis, the more hideous and incomprehensible it becomes.

Wildest fiction stands back, palsied, before the hand-hammered truths now before us.

What does this demi-god, that we have sketched really represent?

Indeed we have told only part of the story.

¶ This demi-god of our Nation—and its real ruler remember:—has strange conceptions.

Not only does he warp on us his weird ideas of practical life, but he forces us to cringe before him and bleat his praises, as the one inspired character whose judgments are infallible.

¶ This man believes that every man who accumulates money, great or small, is a crook, whether exposed or not.

The newspapers repeat the cry by coming on with the cartoon of the fat man with the big belly, labeled "Predatory Wealth."

This picture, always in order, strengthens the passion and prejudice of our man, who is sure that wealth is plunder from the poor.

And as to men of millions, why it is clear that their riches are the result of a legislative trick. Our man glibly disposes of John D. Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other great financial geniuses in this crude way.

He will tell you that the real reason why he himself hasn't any money is because he is the victim of a legislative conspiracy; and if he once had "equal opportunty" with the millionaires, there is no question about the result!

He will also advise you, in moments of strict confidence, over a game of pool or a card game, that if "in some way," he could "only get hold of $1,000," he would "never be poor again." Yes, he would "show the world a trick or two!"

¶ Yet what does he really do, when he gets a windfall through the death of an uncle or aunt?

Our man is the main support of every "get-rich-quick" concern in America.

In the matter of the $1,000 legacy, our man receives some circulars, from a Mexican Mining Company, "Montazuma, capitalized at $5,000,000, in 5,000,000 shares, under the laws of Arizona."

Our man does not know that, in mining parlance, the names of those who receive circulars are called "The Sucker List."

They early put our man on "The Sucker List," and he decides that "Montezuma" is good enough for him. He buys at 3 cents a share and is told that "soon" it will go to $1, and that "doubtless" large individual fortunes will "soon" be made.

¶ For six months, he waits eagerly, watching the mail for results, and imagining that he is a rich man. At last his eyes are opened.

He is a bankrupt, and on his own infallible judgment.

His wife is fortunate if, when she learns the awful truth, he does not begin boozing hard, and end by becoming a chronic drunkard.

¶ In other words, our man, whom we turn to for his inspired answer to all our complex problems of interstate com-

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merce, railroad rate legislation, and the control of gas and power companies, is a financial cipher.

His mental vision does not realize that, if Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Patterson, McCormick, and other captains of industry hoarded their millions, our man would have today no opportunity to earn a dime.

He has absolutely no conception of the qualities of self-control, fore-thought, prudence, and perseverance, often exercised at a heavy loss through long years of waiting, that men of affairs undergo in order to bring about the financial idea to which they have devoted their lives.

¶Our master may always be relied upon to discount, absolutely, the intelligence behind wealth.

¶ It matters not to him, for example, that the Sante Fe Railroad was made a success only after it had passed through severest vicissitudes, and was sold in bankruptcy, its stock thrown on the open market at a few cents on the dollar, that far-seeing, determined men, headed by E. P. Ripley, whose financial genius is of the first order, knocked for credit at the doors of the great banking institutions of our country, and by the very force of their personal integrity, sagacity and prudence, finally brought together the prodigious credit of $107,000,000, plunging themselves and their backers in debt for twenty-five years; yet the $107,000,000 was promptly met as its installments fell due, the management never welched on interest in all these long years; and to-day, with the exception of $50,000, this amazing credit has been paid off and a great service done to our Nation!

¶ Our man is blind to all this, and if you try to tell him about it he will dismiss it with a frown by telling you that when simmered down, it was all merely the result of some legislative trick;—and that he or any other man, could do the same, "if he had the chance."

And our financial genius will then blatantly tell you, off hand, what he thinks he knows about grafting on the New York Central, the iniquities of the Harvester Company, the Standard Oil and Packing companies that for years have met every obligation promptly, never failed on any honest debt, and are models of financial genius;—at the same time giving employment to tens of thousands.

¶ On the other hand, when the grocer calls on our self-appointed critic and loud-mouthed analyzer, and asks for $11, overdue six weeks on the family account, our man wants an extension of credit, is obliged to admit that he hasn't that much money in the house.

* * *

¶ As our man is a quack on one side, likewise he is on another. He has an amazing belief in patent medicines and at every ache or pain buys some quack nostrum.

His business side may be summed up in one or two words. He is a man who sends one, possibly two, telegrams in a year.

So unaccustomed is he to the situation that it marks an epoch in his life.

"It was about the time I sent the telegram to Sarah," is the way he fixes in his mind some event he is trying to recall.

He sends not over six letters in a year, and the chances are that at least three of these are picture postal cards, with a few lines scrawled on them, with a lead pencil.

He never reads books, never travels far from home, a journey of 75 miles being a topic of comment, among his cronies—what he saw—what they said—and what he said.

He often talks of taking a trip to Alaska, or has other hobby of travel; but that is all only a beautiful dream.

As for getting about, he uses the street cars, goes on foot, or he may own a bicycle, which he uses going to or coming from work.

¶ Sometime, on a train, a news agent may sell him a French novel, which he reads carefully and often comments on it among his pals.

He likes the part where the husband comes home unexpectedly and surprises the guilty pair, in the bedroom.

It is all quite wonderful to him and marks something well worth while.

¶ As for the stage, he likes blood and thunder plays and if you gave him free a $2 ticket to a Shakespearian drama, he finds himself very uneasy there, and slips away in the dark between the acts.

His comments on what he saw to his cronies, later on, are something like this: "Why, the cheap sucker in the red tights

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made out he was king of something, and raised hell about another sucker that wanted to grind him out of the throne.
"They had a damned old skull in it, and it made me sick the talk about worms and the grave.
"Can anything be finer than the hot tamale show-girls, where the fellows smoke and look on. Have you ever heard of 'Lady Godevia?'
"It seems she had to ride across England or somewhere, with no clothes on, but her long hair trailing around.
"Of course, they had to make her wear tights in the play, but it was well worth seeing, say, the greatest shape you ever saw.
"I bought her photo for a dime, after the acts. It's up to the shop. Lord God, if my wife got next she'd holler her head off."

* * *

¶ To sum up his education, our man is the man who eats peas with a knife.

* * *

¶ Finally, he carries in his pocket a horse-chestnut, to ward off the rheumatism.
He will tell you so, himself.

* * *

¶ Sometimes, as he strolls about town after dark, he looks into the window of a brilliantly lighted cafe, and shakes his fist at the diners muttering that they are scoundrels, fattening on the bones of the poor.

* * *

¶ Once in a long time, on Sunday, he may chance to stroll into a Museum of Art.
He will be found passing almost every painting, and finally taking his stand before a canvas in the nude.
He nudges his companion's elbow and makes coarse remarks on the undraped flesh.

* * *

¶ As for such words as "referendum," "initiative," and others which he utters so glibly, he scarcely knows what they mean, but they have a large mouth-filling sound, and consequently he likes them.

* * *

¶ In spite of wasteful habits, drunkenness, improvidence, lack of business sense, this human failure still believes that, in some magical way it is the function of legislation to make him well off, to solve for him his life's problems, through a paternalistic form of government.
Consequently he is a life-long willing prey to quack editors and quack politicians who tell him that "when" the tariff is revised, "when" this or that is done, "then" the "poor man" will have a show —and not till "then."
And our man hugs this delusion to his heart, grows old and grey, and still his vain dream goes on.
¶ It is pathetic, as well as nauseating. It is a puzzling picture of incompetence and assininity combined, incomprehensible from the point of common sense.
And this is the man who rules the country.
In short, what's wrong with the country is not the country, but our deification of the jackass.

* * *

¶ Death takes him away, at last; his lodge buries him; and hands over to the widow $250 on the policy she struggled so hard for years to keep alive, when the premiums came so hard.
She dries her tears and takes in washing, while waiting for the time when little Johnnie grows up to become a bundle boy in the big store; the girls to scatter from the home-nest, and face the world's temptations. And whether the girls go straight, or have not sense enough to prevent themselves from being seduced —at any rate, the world goes on just the same.

* * *

¶ We have pictured for you the real man who rules our country; have shown him in all his pathetic incompetence, his insolence and his absurdity.
Yet we crown him king, crook our knees before him, and listen to his political and social utterances as inspired.
Do you wonder now what's really wrong with our country?
Think it over!

* * *

¶ What's the answer?
¶ We have our solution!
¶ What's your's?

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MANBIRD.

JOHN C. WRIGHT.
Poet of the Lakes.

Manbird, manbird, soaring high,
Sweeping through the boundless sky;
Turning, gliding, everywhere,
Like a phantom of the air;
Things of earth look up to thee,
Marvelling in thy destiny.

Heart of iron, nerves of steel,
Courage seated at a wheel;
Seraphs from their realm of bliss
Winged no better flight than this.
What do angels think of you,
Sailing through the heavens blue?
Manbird, manbird, soaring high,
To the zenith of the sky;
When thy spirit takes its flight,
What will be the dizzy height;
Which the planet; who can tell,
Where thy soul may rise to dwell?

ELISIAN FIELD.

WILLIAM FRANCIS EVANS.

Oh, where is that land of rest,
  Elysian fields, where dwell the blessed,
This mortal world of endless grief,
  Gives not the happiness, we seek,
Where, oh where, is endless rest,
  Elysium fields, where dwell the blessed,
As fleeting moments bid us part.

When earthly ills our lives do end,
  May we soar unto that land of rest,
Elysian fields, where dwell the blessed.
  Toil on, toil on, Oh man of clay,
Until the dawn of perfect day,
  Then at last,—may you find rest,
In Elysium fields, where dwell the blessed.

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My Little Patient.

by LOUISE CAMPBELL.

"That leg ought to come off—it must come off," said the house-surgeon sharply—a way he had when attending to the children.

He looked at the card at the head of the little cot. "Tony, aged seven," with a description of his disease (he had been dropped, as an infant, down an area by his mother).

"He'll suffer all his life if we leave it," he went on; "have you spoken to the woman?"

"Mammy's allers drunk Satter-days," interrupted the little patient—a refrain he had taught himself and repeated at intervals, cheerfully.

He shook his curls and smiled up at us as he hugged the woolless lamb, which he preferred to all the other toys we offered him.

"A bright little chap," said the house-doctor, still severely, for these cases moved him to anger.

"Yes," I answered, "I have seen the mother. I told her what you said, but she refuses absolutely."

"You told her it is bound to get worse, and it will have to be done sooner or later?"

"I told her everything I could think of," I replied. "I went to her place to try and persuade her—we are all so fond of him—but it was no good. 'Ten little tootsies e' brought with him, and ten e' shall take away,' was all I could get out of her."

"No father?" asked the doctor, as he felt the patient's pulse.

"None discoverable," I answered.

"I'll see her myself," he said, as he moved away to a bedside with a screen around it.

Through the ward, the sing-song of the little patient, as he patted the lamb to sleep, sounded drowsily.

He saw her and he did his best (he generally succeeded with refractory patients), but what arguments could avail with such a creature? Drink and self-neglect had gone on too long for it to be possible to make an impression upon her. Pity? Yes, I pitied her, but I pitied more the young life at her mercy.

"A kind-'arted gen'leman," she wheezed to me afterwards, "but lor' bless you! he ain't his mother!" She was sitting by the little patient's side, taking out of a newspaper a sticky mass of peppermints.

"There, my pippin—an 'ole 'apporth——"

"The patients are allowed no eatables from outside," I interrupted hastily; "he has all that is good for him."

I laid my hand on her arm so that she should not touch him.

"'E 'as all that's good for 'im, 'as 'e?" replied the woman, as she bit off a bit of peppermint, and held it up with a shaky hand in front of him.

Tony looked at the peppermint and at me, and finally at his mother. "You eat it yersel', mammy," he said. "I ain't got my appytite 'ere."

The little rogue, he looked round at me and laughed mischievously.

"'E ain't got his appetite 'ere," repeated the woman. She sucked noisily at a piece of peppermint, and put the rest carefully away in her pocket. She looked round the ward, her beady eyes blinking. "There, my dears, you 'ear 'im——"

Two of the nurses who came in at that moment with tea-trays turned away, coldly indignant. "'Ighty-tighty, ain't we?" raising her voice, so that the patients turned round in their beds to see. "Never mind, Antony, you'll soon be home to yer mammy!"

The child looked at her through the bars of his cot silently.

"Sister's my mammy now—she ain't drunk Satter-days!"

The woman scowled at me.

"Oh, Tony, how naughty of you!" I said to him afterwards, when he had

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got rid of her. "Mammy won't like me—and there's something I want her to do for me."

I was combing out his curls. They wanted me to cut them off the day he came in, but I wouldn't. I shall not forget that day. I got him clean at last, and he lay in his cot—fair and pretty. "Take down his things," I called out to the porter who bakes and disinfects the patients' clothing. I had put them outside the door in a bundle.

"They've walked of theirselves," replied the man from the floor below cheerfully. The nurses called him "coarse," but I was glad he could joke, considering what were his duties.

How such a child, so engaging and intelligent, could belong to such a woman was one of those mysteries of life which in a hospital are constantly confronting one. Heredity is full of surprises, and sometimes a little child appears to hark back to some better type and to skip its direct ancestry.

He was so quick—I rarely had to tell him a thing twice. He watched how I and the nurses ate and spoke (we sometimes had him to tea with us) and he imitated us exactly. But, though he was good friends with everybody, he always preferred me to any of them. His "sister," he called me, and when the house-students came round to offer him an orange if he would "love them best" he used to turn his head away. "I love my sister best," he would repeat firmly.

He had to go at last. "That child must leave; he is as well as we can make him," the house-doctor used to say at intervals; but each time we begged for another week—we should so miss him! He had improved wonderfully, the disease in his leg didn't seem to worry him much, and he limped about on his crutch, full of gaiety. Indeed he was most useful in the ward, and if any of the patients were in low spirits Tony was put on to enliven them. He was very careful not to make a noise and disturb the sick ones, and took the greatest interest in their recovery. I can't say he was a truthful child, as his power of imagination was too much for him; his account of any event in the ward was graphic, at any rate. But the wonder to us was that he had so many good and charming qualities with a bringing up such as he had had. One only felt the more anxious for the chances of his future.

Well, at last the day came, and, having embraced all the nurses of our ward, and most of the patients, all of whom had spoilt him to their best ability, I took him back to his home myself in the dinner-hour.

It broke me up to leave him in that miserable place—a back room in a tenement house, in a low, noisy quarter. For, though his mother could earn money as a "cutter" in a tailoring business, she was often unable to do her work, and spent on drink what ought to have made them comfortable.

But Tony's cheerful little spirit took things easily, and, though there were tears in his eyes when I said good-bye, he winked them away, and stood waving his hand to me at the corner quite cheerfully. His mother, who appeared more sober than usual, seemed pleased to have him back, and hugged and kissed him profusely; but I noticed her expression as she looked over his clothes, and I guessed what was passing within her.

I went to see him when I could, but —his sailor suit was gone, and his pretty fair hair unbrushed and tangled.

"Doesn't mother ever wash you?" I asked one day. He had run to meet me, calling out, so that passers-by looked round, "'Ere's my Sister!"

He shook his head. "She says she ain't got time to," he answered, as he crunched the sweets I had brought him contentedly.

I took him to tea at the nearest decent eating-ship, and he sat by my side, and fell into his pretty ways just as he used to at the hospital, handing me the cakes like a little gentleman, and imitating everything I did, till I couldn't help laughing.

He was too busy eating to speak for a few minutes, but presently he said confidentially,—"They larf at the Spotted Dog, and we get pennies."

"The Spotted Dog? What do you mean, Tony?" I questioned. "You don't

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mean—?" for a sudden fear rose within me.

"We get pennies—me and mammy."

"How do you get pennies?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"I sings to 'em 'Sweet'art Sally,' and they larf, and gives us lots of pennies!"

He smiled up at me, looking for my approval.

I sat for a minute in a ferment of mind, and a dreadful feeling of impotence. An intense anger swept over me, such as I had never felt before, that such things should be possible; for I was inclined to shirk difficult questions of this kind as being outside my sphere, though no one can see the dreadful conditions of life, for the children, better than a nurse in one of our great town hospitals.

At last I said. "Tony, do you mean, dear, that you go with mammy to—the beer-shop?"

He nodded his head, as he watched the waiter balancing plates on his arm, with thrilled interest.

"Tony, dear, you never—taste anything there, do you?" I asked fearfully. But no, they could not!

"Only 'jops,'" he replied unconcernedly. "I likes 'em!" He smacked his lips, and then drew his little arm across his mouth in presumably beer-house fashion. But as he looked up at me he saw something was wrong, and a puzzled expression came over him.

"I says the—the—what you teached me 'fore you begin—with yer eyes shut," he said ingratiatingly.

Again I could not answer; but I am accustomed, fortunately, to keep my emotions under.

"Tony, do you mean—they give you drops out of their glasses?" I asked presently.

He nodded his head. "Jops," he repeated.

"Tony!" I said under my breath; "promise me—" But I stopped. How could I fetter his little child-memory, and would it be any good if I did? So, after a minute, I said gently: "Tony, listen: try and remember sometimes—will you try?—your 'Sister'—doesn't—want you to!"

He looked up at me wonderingly. But he was so quick. "'Jops?'" he asked, as he munched a bar of chocolate.

"Yes—'jops,'" I repeated.

He nodded his head. "Git to 'el, I'll tell 'em!" and he brandished his arm threateningly;—"there's Billy there—he says I'm too little a chap, and they ain't to!" he went on, his little mind searching to please me.

"Yes, dear, you're too little—and Billy's—a good man!" I answered (somehow), and then I said no more, for no more seemed possible.

But that day, as I went home, I made a plan, and it grew and grew in my mind, gathering force, as a plan does which is the outcome of strong emotion; and at last I accomplished it.

I talked and cajoled that woman. I laid out the advantages to her, as well as to the child; of the saving of expense, of how much more useful to her he would be in the future. Oh, I talked as I never have done before or since, for I am not one to try to get round other people; and I procured her consent at last, amidst copious—what I knew were crocodile's tears; her consent to my taking him to a Home for little children.

I even persuaded her to sign a paper not to withdraw him for a year, and, to make sure, I paid for three months in advance out of my salary.

I took him triumphantly, washed and re-clothed, and once more my little prince, with his engaging air, for he quickly dropped his bad words and fell into the ways of his surroundings.

It was out in the country—the Home, and I left him with wide-open eyes taking in the surprises of the green fields, and the flowers and the animals. He was quite happy there, and in twenty-four hours was a favorite with every one.

I did not see him for a few weeks. I had to pay a visit elsewhere upon my first afternoon out, and also I thought it best not to go too often. But at last I allowed it to myself, and wrote to say I was coming.

I remember that day. I started so gaily, taking with me some cakes and a little overall one of the nurses had

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made for him. I don't think a mother going to see her own flesh and blood could have felt happier. I pictured his future. I felt sure he would make his way, he was so lovable and so clever.

I looked out for him as I walked up from the station, scanning every group of children I passed; but he was not amongst them; nor was he with the little ones in the garden. I rang the bell and asked to see the matron. When she came into the little parlor where I was sitting I saw something had happened.

"His mother came for him yesterday," she said shortly.

"His mother?" I gasped.

"Yes. We did all we could; but I gather she finds him remunerative. A dear little fellow—I am very sorry."

"Can nothing—be done?" I said presently. I never thought she would really do this. She had not inquired for his address, and when I wrote to tell her how well he was getting on she did not answer.

"Can nothing be done?" I repeated vaguely.

"Nothing," replied the matron. "She had changed her mind, she said,—'she was his mother' and so on."

"The law—she sighed—" I said eagerly.

"That will not help you, I fear. It gives parents complete power, in spite of their own signatures even; I've had it happen before now, just as the little things were coming on nicely."

"Some parents ought to lose their rights," I said bitterly, as I got up to take my departure.

"If you can prove cruelty, something can be done," observed the matron as she accompanied me to the gate, "but there are so many different sorts of cruelty."

"No," I answered, "he had enough to eat, and she does not beat him, so I suppose there is no legal cruelty."

I may seem strange, but I had to give up that child. I had my living to earn, and I could not attend to my work upon the days I visited him,—nor the days following. I had done all I could, and I must leave him; so I got a lady missionary living in the neighborhood to keep an eye upon the child and report to me if anything happened to him. He was so light-hearted he would not really miss me, and she could look after him better than I could,—as far as any one could look after him. She wrote every now and then, and the last I heard was that the school authorities had discovered him and he had begun his education.

And then for some while I heard nothing, and when I inquired I found he and his mother had left suddenly, leaving no trace behind them.

And so I tried to forget him, for the pressing needs of hospital life required every faculty, and one must allow no hidden emotions to weaken one. But none of the other children brought to us—many of them dear little souls, and all appealing to one's mother-instinct—none of them were Tony; they never wound themselves round one's heart as did he.

About a year passed. I had been out all the afternoon, for my fortnightly holiday, and when I came back to the ward I saw that there were several fresh patients. I looked around, my eye travelling from bed to bed, and then I saw the child's cot in the corner, vacated that morning, was no longer empty.

"Tony's back," said one of the nurses casually. I finished what I was doing —something to make a woman more comfortable—and then I went to him. He was lying unconscious, and upon his card was written "Run over—internal injury." There he lay in his own little bed once more, his fair hair in damp curls upon the pillow. Every now and then he stirred and breathed in little gasps, and once he opened his eyes and looked at me wonderingly. He was the same, only a trifle older; his child-like face was just the same, and, if evil had surrounded him, at present it had left no trace upon him.

The next day he recovered consciousness and from the effect of drugs, and when I went to him early in the morning he knew me. "It's my 'Sister,'" he said, his old roguish look flickering in his eyes. But he soon shut them wearily, and I held his little hand between mine until I had to leave him.

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All that night he was very restless, and mumbled words disjointedly until he was again put under narcotics. No one knew what the muttered words meant, and I am glad they did not know, and only I distinguished snatches of the old sing-song, so pathetic and so tragic, "Mammy's-allers-drunk-Saterdays."

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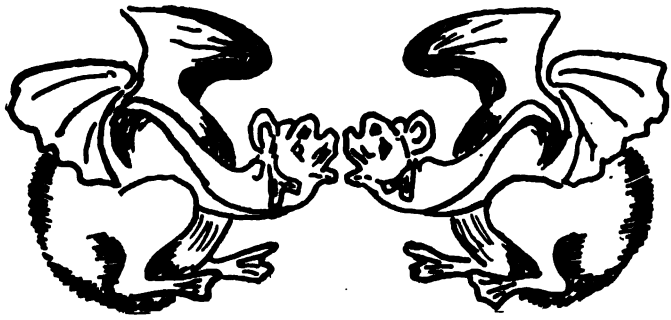
They had a consultation over him next day—the house-doctor and the visiting surgeon—and decided upon an operation as a last chance of saving him. His mother could not be traced, and so there was no one to interfere with them.

Just before they sent for him I drew the screens close around his bed and then I knelt by his side. "Tony, can you hear me?" I whispered. He had been under drugs all the morning, and knew none of us—but I was going to reach him—somehow! I waited for a minute, then I went on. "Listen, darling, it is your 'Sister' speaking to you." I held his little hand in mine, and stroked it as I used to do. Then I said: "You are going to sleep presently; perhaps you will wake up in a place—like the place you were in before—all bowers and lovely! And Someone will look after you—better than we could—better than our failures." I stopped. He heard me, I think—I always think that he heard me! His old smile flickered in his face, and for an instant his eyes opened and looked at me.

. . . . . .

We put him back in his little bed an hour later, and I arranged the screen round him and put some flowers in his hand that had been given to me by one of the patients.

Then once more I knelt down for a moment by his side, and thanked God that for this little soul and the problem of his life—had come to pass the only solution!



But No Sparkle.

A reporter asked Senator Tillman rather maliciously what he thought of a certain opponent's speech.

"My boy," said the senator, "it was like a fine bottle of champagne."

"Yes," murmured the reporter, rather taken aback.

"Yes," said Senator Tillman. "Lots of froth and very dry."

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Michigan—Its Physiography

by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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From Mackinaw excursions can be made by boat and train in almost every direction. In going south to Chicago a striking difference will be found on the two sides of the lake. The Wisconsin side is being heavily cut at an average of three feet a year or more. For much of the way the shore is made by a rampart of limestone, the Niagara limestone which dips toward the lake, however, so that its shelving ledges do not produce ordinarily imposing cliffs. Where it is broken through by Green Bay, however, there are lofty and picturesque bluffs on the Green Bay side. Harbors are, on the whole, not numerous, and especially is this true until we get to Green Bay, but the southern part of Lake Michigan has numerous good harbors, made by the drowned valleys of the rivers. Any one of these streams may be taken as a type for the others, and the towns which cluster near the mouth, have a family resemblance.

In the beginning these were the places where the logs, which were cut and driven down the stream, were manufactured into lumber. The bars which generally separated the rivers from the main lake, at least off and on, were dredged through and protected by piers with the help of the federal government.

A life-saving station is generally located near and a lighthouse or two. In the early history of a town there were generally two or three disastrous fires. The logging industry waned, and there was an epoch of depression, but they became centers for shipping produce to Chicago, and thus industries were established. These, however, vary somewhat according to circumstances. At Pentwater is a canning factory, at Manistee, an enormous quantity of salt is manufactured, at Franklin there are large car ferries, and so on, but the general description given above, would apply to all these towns and a number of others below. The Grand Travers region is, however, worthy of special description.

We may reach the Grand Traverse region from Mackinaw either by land or water. The most direct route is by the Grand Rapids & Indiana upon the way to Grand Rapids. This is one of the customary ways of reaching the region.

Mackinac Island to Sault Ste. Marie.

Mackinac Island itself, is as we have said, extremely interesting, and its surface exhibits well all the phases of previous activity of the lakes at higher levels. Beaches are found every few feet from twenty feet or so above the present lake to two hundred and twenty-seven feet or more, which is the highest beach of the Great Lake, and is known as Lake Algonquin. Among the stronger shore lines are those at forty to fifty feet, known as the Nipissing Beach, and that at one hundred and thirty-four feet, known as the Battle Field Beach.

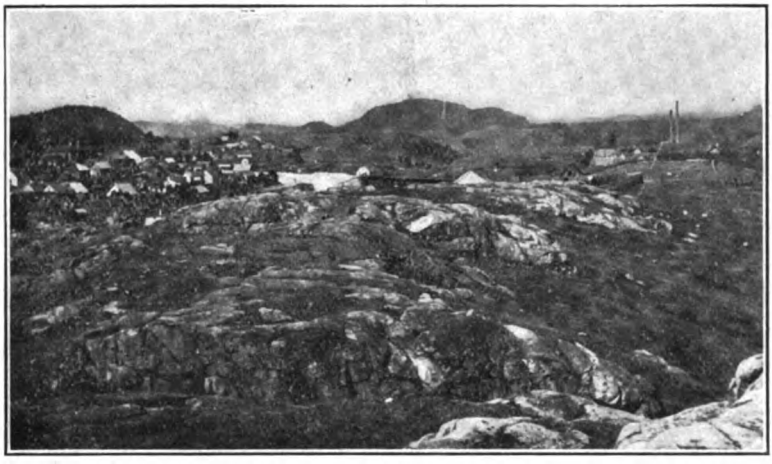
The larger steamers go directly, but we will assume that we take one of the small boats which stop at numerous places along shore, and if one is not in a hurry he can in this way get a better chance to see the country.

Leaving Mackinaw, we see directly opposite Round Island and a lighthouse. The Spit from the northwest end of the island to the light-house was almost entirely built between 1885 and 1904. To the south is Bois Blanc

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Island and to the north is an interesting group of islands with charming little secluded water ways whose proper name is Les Cheneaux, colloquially known as "The Snows." These are a group of canoe shaped hills composed of unconsolidated till known as drumblin. They strike north 52′ 30″ west. Being of such fragile material they have suffered very material changes since 1851 and furnish a labyrinth of sheltered water channels along which are miles of sites for summer homes. The type of shore reminds one strongly of that of Maine except that here there is but little rock.

After passing this group of islands the shore becomes less intricate and soon rocky and is formed by ledges of the Niagara limestone. At Detour Passage the course of the steamer swings from east to north. The headlands are bluffs of limestone and it is interesting to note that the right hand side of the Detour Passage is old Fort Drummond, the last point in the state to be given up by the British. It was not surrendered until 1828, the exact course of the boundary line between the United States and Canada not having been settled and carried into effect until this time. We pass now, up a channel winding among a labyrinth of islands. The current from Lake Superior begins to be perceptible especially in narrow points. The islands themselves are some of them of considerable height and terraces can be seen lying along them, but the shores are generally low and are rarely rocky. The lakes, like Havre Bay and Mud Lake, are merely expansions of the general course of the water, but little by little the river becomes more definite. We see on the north the highlands of hard crystalline rocks in Canada, and swinging around to the west we approach the rapids which give their name to Sault Ste. Marie. In them occurs most of the drop of level between Lake Superior at an elevation of about six hundred feet above the sea and Lake Huron and Lake Michigan which are only five hundred and eighty.



Both sides of the rapids are now occupied by large locks, one constructed by the Canadian government and one by the United States, and these are not enough to accommodate the traffic at certain seasons of the year. It must be remembered that for something like a third of the year the channels are out of commission, and during the summer season when the iron ore is coming down from the Lake Superior region to the great industrial centers of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and during the fall when the grain of the vast North West is seeking its market, the congestion is great. If by accident, some boat clogs the channel, the loss of a few days by delay of transportation, will mount up into the hundreds of

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thousands. Besides coal and iron most of the lake copper comes down this way and the North West is supplied with coal going in the other direction. Thus the entire volume of tonnage is greater than that of any other canal in the world.

Besides the water that goes through the locks, there is a large canal furnishing power which is largely used electrically in electric furnaces. There is usually time enough, while the boats are being locked through the canal, to watch the process of raising and lowering these boats in the lakes several times, and it is often possible to make a tour of the town which is a sort of headquarters for the trade in Indian curios. On the Canadian side is one of the stores of the Hudson Bay Company, once the owner of an imperial domain and still a thriving trading concern. Their blankets have a remarkable reputation. On the Canadian side, too, are the manufacturing industries which are commonly known as the Cluergue enterprises—the grandiose conceptions of most enterprising promoters who were to mutually use each other's by-products and make an industrial center comparable almost to Pittsburg—to be indeed, known, one might say, as the Pittsburg of Canada.

From Sault Ste. Marie to the Iron Country.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the traveller will have a fine day for the trip by boat from the Saulte over Lake Superior. If so, he will enjoy one of the pleasures of a lifetime. The deep, blue, transparent water, the green and purple headlands, especially of the north shore, the yellow sands and the bright red and white variegated cliffs of the Lake Superior sandstone which skirts Lake Superior on all sides will give a series of pictures which will linger indelibly in the memory. The excursion by some of the Canadian



boats north toward Michipocoten Harbor is one to be most highly recommended and gives a close view of the north shore which is bolder and more rugged than the south, but as it takes us away from Michigan we will take rather the steamer which goes directly along the southern shore toward the iron country.

We first pass the light-house near White Fish Point, close to which the Calumet & Hecla have from time to time obtained some of the timber which grows in their mine. They have to use about thirty-three millions of feet a year. We will see the huge sand dunes lifting their towny and rounded outlines and then by and by we see the almost entirely vertical cliffs of the

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Lake Superior sandstone. These, indeed, sometimes overhang and are cut into caves by the action of the water. The finest of these—the Grand Portal—was, however, destroyed by the same power that fashioned it only a few years ago. On these stern and rock-bound coasts a vessel that goes ashore stands a very poor show, and here and there one will see the buildings of the U. S. Life Saving Stations, where live the men whose watchful eyes patrol the shore night and day.

After passing the Pictured Rocks we see Grand Island and the Bay at the head of which Munising lies. Grand Island has been acquired by one owner who is converting it into a great game preserve and forest.

Passing Grand Island we enter the



Bay at the head of which lies Marquette. To the south the shores are low and sandy; to the west ahead of us are the iron ranges which lie really in a trough between the knobs of granite, one of which is called Sugar Loaf.

Marquette itself is an extremely beautiful town. It is connected by trolley with a beautiful park on Presque Isle, and cars run out every few minutes. A headland of dark serpentine and sandstone connect with the shore by a sandy beach. North from Presque Isle are a number of small islands which combined with the higher mountains behind them produce most picturesque views.

Marquette may be said to be the capital of the iron country, as it is the main shipping point for the Marquette Range and also for the Swanzy Range. It is older and more substantially built than most towns dependent on iron for their prosperity and may well be taken by one who wishes to investigate the iron ranges, as a stopping point. There are three ranges in Michigan of importance, and in a way it may be said that they have a business and geological unity, although there are intermediate mines and smaller basins of the iron bearing rocks. Marquette Range lies in a broad trough extending over granitic rocks which make conspicuous hills to the north. To the south heavily wooded hills, called Mt. Manard appear to be folds in the erosion of iron bearing rocks. These are of strikingly older formation.

Marquette Range.

Marquette is a good center for excursions. One can take a boat thence to Munising and the Pictured Rocks and there is often a small steamer running closer to the shore than the main boats from Marquette around to Houghton. The railroad of the Cleveland Cliffs, one of the powerful iron corporations, runs in various directions. The Marquette and Southeastern runs southeast a ways, and then

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turns and goes to Chatham where is the experiment station of the Michigan gricultural College. This is on the calciferous limestone and Mr. Geismer, the director, is doing some interesting work in searching out varieties adapted to the northern climate, as for instance, corn, which will ripen well in the relatively short season of the upper peninsula. The trip over this road is through some pretty country and one is quite likely to see some glimpses of the original hardwood forest, though it is going fast. At the right season of the year the road is lined with bunches of gorgeous trillium.

After leaving Marquette, down as far as Little Lake, the road is generally over the sand, but it there turns up on to the tile ridges and the heavier ridges which overlie the limestone. Around Emmon, where there is a junction of the line from Green Bay, the limestone forms the surface of the ground for many acres, and very much of the way thence to Munising dolomites of the calciferous are not far from the surface and the valleys have only a thin coating of superficial material.

North From Marquette.

North from Marquette the line goes to the extensive charcoal iron manufacturing company at Dead River, which is more conveniently visited by trolley from Marquette. Then the road runs over some picturesque and rugged scenery which reminds one of the less frequented parts of New England to Big Bay. All along the route one is crossing streams of clear soft water which are generally well stocked with trout. Big Bay is at present the end of this line. A few miles farther on are the extensive grounds owned by the Huron Mt. Club, where are gathered a group of rocks hardly surpassed anywhere in the country for beauty and natural scenery. Cannon Lake, for instance, is very deep with frequent precipices rising on either side.



Newburry Furnace

although not a hundred yards wide and a quarter of a mile long. Mountain Lake is surrounded by hills which rise several hundred feet and the outlet dashes down a couple of hundred feet in a relatively short distance in a series of cascades.

Marquette.

Marquette is situated on a promontory made of some of the oldest rocks. the greenstone schists of Keewatin rock. Crushers are to be seen in town reducing these to the road metal which makes such excellent drives throughout the country. North of the town there is a long, fine, sandy beach ex-

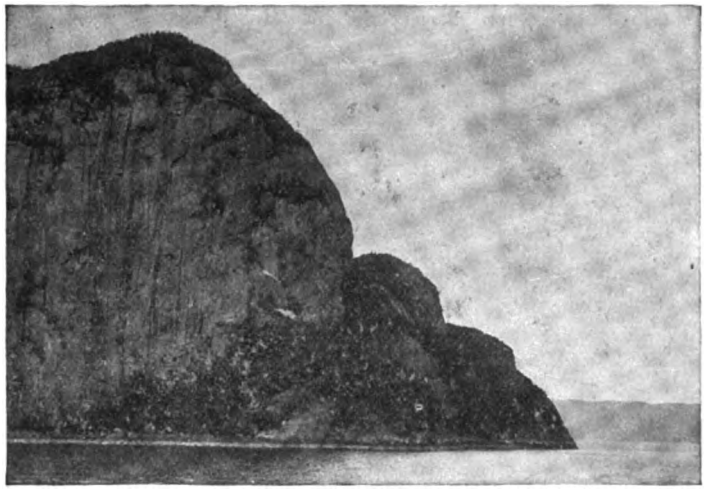
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tending to the mouth of Dead River. The name is suggestive. It alludes to the fact that there is no current near the mouth and this is characteristic also of other streams on the south side of Lake Superior which generally have no current near the outlet—another indication of the northward elevation of the land. This sandy beach is separated by a point known as Light House Point, made up of a most intricate association of several different generations of igneous rocks from the main harbor.

This main harbor is not completely shielded by nature from the storms, being nearly at the head of the bay, and so has been of great importance as a shipping point for iron ore. The United States government has completed the work by a huge breakwater and almost as long as the breakwater are the piers used for shipping the iron ore. Out upon these piers, high above the lake, run trains from which the ore is automatically dumped into huge bins, known as "pockets." These pockets are high enough above the water so that the huge steam freighters, carrying from five to thirteen thousand tons of ore, can come under them even when light, and the ore falls by its own gravity into the capacious holes. The result is that the whole process of loading a cargo of ore takes an incredibly small space of time.

A very good and interesting account of the history and industries of Marquette is given in the life of Peter White, one of the picturesque and interesting early pioneers of the town and a famous reconteur. His name is preserved in the public library and there is also a replica of the famous statue of Father Marquette in the capital for which the town is indebted to him as well as Presque Isle Park.

One of the normal schools of the state—the Northern State Normal School—occupies a commanding and beautiful position, and a few miles south of the town the State's Prison has a picturesque situation, almost like that of a mediaeval castle. It is built



of the handsome local sandstone which is a brown stone which has been used very widely throughout the west for building. It is the same Lake Superior sandstone which is even more extensively quarried at Porte Gentre, near Houghton, and at various points near the Apostle Islands—the sandstone which adds so much to the beauty of the shores of Lake Superior.

From Marquette West.

From Marquette west, whether we take the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic or the Lake Superior and Ishpeming, one climbs with toilsome puffs of locomotive up a very steep grade until one is something like twelve

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hundred feet above Lake Superior and one may see an almost continuous series of benches encircling the lake up to at least nine hundred feet above sea level or three hundred feet above the lake. Even above this there are gravel terraces but their exact elevation is somewhat obscure and some of them appear to be shores of the ice sheet which occupied Michigan rather than the shore of the lake itself.

As we come near Negaunee, we notice here and there the hills marked by the old shafts and by the piles of red rock that show where former iron workings have been. The very dust of the road becomes red and a ride is quite liable to give one an ochre tinge.

North of the valley, however, one shade. The roads are, however, very good so far as going is concerned, and of late years there has not been so much tendency to use the lean iron can see a continuous rampart of white quartzite running north of Tea Lake and marking the boundary of the iron formation in that direction. The two are connected by trolley and are twin towns, their history and industries being practically the same.

The ore may be roughly classified in two grades—the hand ore which is often very beautiful and would make a handsome polished stone, more beautiful, in fact, than many others of wider reputation. Alternate bands of



If one happens to see the miners coming out of some of the mines he will find them in uniform of burnt amber ores for repairing the roads.

At Negaunee, we meet the Chicago and North Western and from this point there are quicker trains down to Escanaba and thence to Chicago along the Green Bay Shore.

If one ascends any of the knobs in Ishpeming he will see the dark gray rock, known generally to the miners as diorite and to geologists as antiphibolite or hornblend schist or something of that nature. The valleys will often be occupied by somewhat softer rocks, such a black shale or gray wax which is a sort of mixture of sand and slate.

specular hematite and jasper are finely divided by silica reddened by hematite and the whole is known as Jasperlite. The bands of red and blue are folded and twisted and contorted and broken in the most intricate fashion.

About eight miles northwest of Ishpeming was the most nearly successful gold mine in Michigan—the Ropes Gold Mine—from which over six hundred thousand dollars was obtained at a cost of over eight hundred thousand. With the gold is associated talc, though I do not know that any one has started a borated talcum factory yet.

(To be continued.)

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"No, ma'am," said an Irish maid of much experience as she returned to a New York intelligence office the other day. "I didn't engage with that family. I didn't like the looks of their cat."

"Of their cat!" repeated the owner of the office in amazement. "Why, Katie, I'm sure they wouldn't keep a cat that was in any way dangerous."

"Not dangerous, no ma'am, but a restless, unhappy looking creature, that didn't speak well for the family," replied the girl. "I always judge a family by their cat.

"A sleek, comfortable pussy who comes up and rubs against you means a quiet, good natured family, and one that's not worrying about ways and means; but a nervous, unfriendly looking cat reflects a household which is on the verge of nervous prostration or financial ruin or some other horrible trouble. I've been living with families and studying their cats for twenty-five years, and I've never known the sign to fail.

"A family that can't make its cat happy is one to make any servant miserable."

Unexpected Contents.

There is a state senator in one of our western states whose burly appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

He happened one night to be standing on the sidewalk outside of an undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on some important political matter. One of the employes of the shop approached them and said:

"Say, will you give me a lift with a casket?"

The senator shuddered, and said hesitatingly, "Is there—is there—anything—in it?"

"Sure," came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of good drinks in it."

Hard Times for the Foolkiller.

The Foolkiller snorted disgustedly.

"There is no ice for them to break through and it is too cold to want to swim," he complained.

Herewith he mourned that an open winter is bad for biz.

An Early Come Out.

Jonah emerged in three days.

"Evidently it is not a loan shark," he commented.

The Modern.

Knicker—Did he burn his bridges behind him.

Bocker—Yes; but he knew there was a tube.

Stories About Washington.

A party of Tories on the outposts of the British advanced to intercept the wagons and avail themselves of the supplies. General Smallwood dispatched Brigadier-General Morgan to attack them. Being destitute of artillery, Washington made use of the following stratagem: He mounted on a carriage a pine log, cut into the form of a cannon and holding out the appearance of an attack with field pieces, gained his point by sending a flag and demanding the immediate surrender of Colonel Rugely and his party, consisting of 112 men, who on the approach of Washington had retired to a log barn on Rugely's plantation. They surrendered without firing a gun.

At Yorktown General Washington, Generals Lincoln and Knox, with their aids, having dismounted, were standing in an exposed situation awaiting the result.

Colonel Cobb, one of General Washington's aids, solicitous for his safety, said to his excellency: "Sir, you are too much exposed here—had you not better step a little back?"

"Colonel Cobb," replied his excellency, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to step back."

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Might is Not Right.

"At least $100,000,000.00 must be expended for new cars, locomotives, steel rail, road beds, stations and other equipment before the railroads of Michigan will be in first-class condition," was the declaration of one of the most prominent railroad men in the state.

"Why don't you borrow it, then, and make travel safer," was the prompt query.

"Because Wall Street won't loan it to us. The bankers down there say the state and not the company operates the railroad and, as long as that condition prevails, we can't expect much assistance from them."

Four railroads in Michigan are today in the hands of receivers; several are barely making expenses, while others pay such small dividends that investors are not attracted to their securities.

A gas company in a middle class city had operated its plant for 30 years with entire satisfaction to the people. Its franchise allowed the company to charge $1.50 per thousand cubic feet for gas. By reason of increased population and modern management, the rate was voluntarily reduced by the company from time to time until the consumers were paying only 95 cents instead of $1.50 permitted by the franchise.

When a new franchise was asked for by the company, at a 90-cent rate, the request was fought by the mayor, who was a candidate for re-election. Backed by the support of several of his aldermanic advisors he demanded a much lower rate and also insisted that the dividends be limited to 6 per cent in any one year. If the concessions were granted, the company would inevitably go into bankruptcy; if the demand was not acceded to, then the city would build and operate a municipal gas plant of its own. In either case ruin stared them in the face and the entire investment of hundreds of thousands would fall on those innocent investors whose money had contributed to the welfare and prosperity of the people of the city.

The Committee on Railway Mail Pay, representing 92 per cent of the railway mail routes in the United States, believes the payments made by the United States to the railways for carrying the mail is unjustly low and has been so for a long time. For instance, say the railroads' mail is weighed once every four years and an average for that year and month is ascertained. This average is then used for the next four years. The last weighing was done in 1912, at a time when the Parcel Post law was passed, but not in operation. No allowance was made for this increased business, which is known today to be considerable—yet the railroads will have to carry this new business without receiving pay for doing so.

That is only one grievance against the Postoffice Department, which has the arbitrary power of deciding questions of this character.

The railroads of the United States paid in wages $86,000,000 more in 1910 than they paid in 1900; during the same period their taxes increased from $251.00 per mile in 1900 to $430.00 per mile in 1910. A number of railroads went into receivership; others were saved by consolidations.

All public service corporations are or should be operated for the public good. To assure such a purpose, a wise provision in our laws gives to a properly constituted authority the right of regulation.

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When exercised carefully and judiciously in the interest of both the public and the public service corporation, only good can result; on the other hand, such immense power exerted by incompetent or politically inclined persons causes mischief and often irreparable damage. The public service corporations have had their lesson. Now is the time to progress along sane lines. Be fair to public service corporations that are trying to be fair to us. Don't be arbitrary simply because we have the power and authority. Might is not always Right.



Where Washington Rested.

A small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case in the historical museum created especial interest among the visitors.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked a girl, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."

Not the Real Thing.

As usual, they began discussing the play after the theatre. "Well, how do you like the piece, my dear?" asked the fond husband, who had always found his wife a good critic.

"Very much. There's only one improbable thing in it; the second act takes place two years after the first, and they have the same servant."

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A Mystery of the Sea.

An uncanny experience on a Destroyer.

by JAMES HART

The two boys and the man sitting at the table of the tiny ward-room were not talking much. The lieutenant looked preoccupied and very tired; the sub, who was sitting by him, looked at him anxiously from time to time out of the corner of his eye; while the gunner opposite, a handsome bronzed giant of a man, tried to persuade his commanding officer to eat some of the rather unappetizing food, which had obviously been dumped down anywhere on the dirty plates and the dirty table.

When you have had little or no sleep for a week, eating becomes a **nuisance.**

There was a scuffling noise at the door, and the lower half of a very dishevelled barefooted sailor appeared; his whole body gradually followed, entirely blocking the little pantry at the foot of the companion. He had his cap in one hand, and a piece of paper in the other.

"Signal from the flagship, sir. Officers commanding torpedo-boats to report on board the flagship at 2:30 P. M."

A grunt from the lieutenant was the only answer; but as the man put his cap on and turned to climb up the short ladder to the deck, he was recalled by a peremptory "Come here." He turned himself about sheepishly.

"Why the blazes don't you wash the plates and keep things cleaner? I've known some dirty signalmen, but you're the worst of the bunch. If things aren't better pretty soon you shall go back to the flagship for a proper scrubbing down."

The signalman saluted and beat a retreat.

"Talks as though I wanted to stay in his blarsted packet," he murmured softly as he made his way forrard. "'Ow the 'ell can I keep an eye on the flagship and wash up the wardroom plates at the same time? It's not one man's job, it ain't."

The trio in the wardroom preserved a gloomy silence. It is not well to talk if you are torpedo-boating, when your commanding officer has a splitting headache. Various noises, some near, some distant, smote the ear. In the engine-room, separated by a wafer of steel from the wardroom t,he E. R. A. in charge was making at intervals a prodigious clattering and hammering on account of certain choked condenser tubes; the boat rolled gently now and again to the wash of a picket-boat or other craft bustling by, and the gentle movement awoke little voices; the patent safety lamps—awkward contrivances that possess sharp angles for the head of the unwary—swung gently creaking; the door knocked on its hook; something loose in one of the lockers rolled slowly to and fro. It was very hot, and the atmosphere was sour with the reek of stale viands, coal-dust, blacking, grease, cheese, and oilskins.

The lieutenant threw himself back into his corner of doze. The sub and the gunner finished the bottle of beer and lit their pipes.

Presently the gunner looked at his watch, and said to the lieutenant. "When will you have the dinghy, sir?"

No answer; he tried again, with no better result, then leant over and shook the boy by the arm.

The lieutenant jumped up with a start. "Eh, what's that?" he said.

"Time to go to the flagship, sir."

"Yes, where's my other coat and my boots?" He tried to stand up, but reeled, dizzy with pain.

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They dressed him somehow and got him into the dinghy, with a whispered injunction to the two sailors to pull easy as the lootenant was not very well.

"That's a good officer, sir," the gunner said, as he and the sub watched the receding boat.

"Yes, we're lucky to have him. I'm afraid he ought to be on the list though."

"Oh, he'll be all right with a good night's rest; they can't send us out again tonight."

"Not so sure of that," said the sub. "What do they want with this powwow in the flagship now?"

The gunner shrugged his shoulders.

They were lying in a long narrow loch, opposite a little village which nestled under the wooded hillside down by the water's edge. Fifteen torpedo-boats, of various sizes and ages, but all of them with a built-up foc's'le and a turn of speed—no absolute rubbish—half a dozen destroyers, and a torpedo-gunboat, the "flagship" of the flotilla. In the haze of the sun nearer the mouth of the loch the amorphous outline of an elderly battleship was visible, "mother-ship" to the flotilla, from whose body they drew sustenance—water, coal, stores of all kinds.

As they watched, two of the destroyers on the far side of the loch gently awoke from sleep and slid along through the still water towards the battleship.

"Who are outside today?" said the sub.

"Earwig and Centipede, I think, sir. That's Plunger and Quickly going out as reliefs."

"Poor Plungers! And their sub was so pleased too when he heard that they were only good for twelve knots till the manœuvres were over. He didn't think of this sentry-go business outside."

They sat on the torpedo-tubes aft, while the gunner yarned of his Chinese experience—he had helped relieve the Peking Legations.

"Rummy little devils, the Japanese, sir. A funny thing happened one night when we were fighting our way up. The camp was mostly asleep when there was a tootling of bugles from where the Japs lay, and you would have said it was a fresh column coming into camp. Some of our chaps said they saw a whole battalion and some machine guns come in, though it was too dark a night to see much. Anyhow, next morning there seemed no more of them than before, but by an' by, when the Chinese made their last good stand and there were plenty of bullets flying about, I was sent with a message to their Maxim, and blest if there wasn't about three more regiments of them than any one had ever seen before, or saw again. I didn't know what to think, and don't know now." He pondered for a while. "The Japs and the Chinese too make a lot of magic we know nothing about."

"Oh, I say," laughed the sub, "I don't think there need have been much magic about that."

"Well, sir, perhaps not; but the Japanese are an uncanny lot, and that's a fact. There were other things as well —," he fell into a muse. Presently, "Here's the lootenant coming home," he said.

The littlt boat, pulled by two barefooted, dirty-white sailors, came alongside and the lieutenant stepped on deck. His face wore an indignant expression.

"Blue fleet's turned south and will be off the Irish coast somewhere about one o'clock tonight. The whole lot of us are to go and look for them; what a Juggins the commodore was not to have given us a rest yesterday! Here we are, all about as dead as we can be with chasing tramps and our own cruisers, and now the chance does come and we—here, below there, engine-room!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said a voice from the depths, and in a few moments there emerged from the round hole of the engine-room hatchway a grimy figure. The engine-room artificer this, a good man.

"Steam in both boilers by eight o'clock; and have you finished packing that gland yet?"

"Yes, sir; but we shall have a

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trouble to keep up the pressure tonight, the stokers are not very fresh."

"Yes, I know; your leading stoker must drive them a bit. I shall want all the steam you can give her very likely."

The afternoon passed slowly away; one or two of the more energetic subs sculled themselves in their dinghies to visit other subs, but for the most part the flotilla slept. The boats had had a pretty hard time of it during the last week. Their commodore was a man of iron, who seemed never to want sleep himself and to expect others to do without it. Out each night at sunset, to patrol the thirty-mile-wide channel till long past dawn, with the possibility of being snapped up by some prowling cruiser of the enemy, then back alongside the "mother-ship" for coal and water, and no chance of "letting go" till well into the forenoon; this had been the routine for days, and all hands had begun to feel the strain. In the stokehold and engine-room they had had a particularly hard time.

There had been a succession of summer gales, and a good many of the boats had stokers who were more or less incapacitated from burns, which are plentiful during rough weather in torpedo-boat stokeholds. Red-hot metal is an unpleasant thing to be pitched against violently, but not even the most experienced man can always keep his feet in the tiny, glowing, reeling inferno between the furnace doors. You have to use both your arms to wield your shovel. The only point d'appui remaining is your head, which you wrap in wet cloths and press against the boilers, while you struggle, sometimes vainly, to keep your balance.

These things cannot be helped, and the "hard-lying money," freedom from big-ship routine, and certain small though appreciable privileges, make the torpedo service a popular one with the lower deck. Only men of good character are selected for it, and the hardships are cheerfully accepted as part of the game. As for the officers, they naturally like to be "on their own"; great is the joy of independent command.

At about seven o'clock the signalman brought down another message which had been semaphored from the flagship.

"Numbers 140, 142, 143 torpedo boats. Reported that one of Red battleships with engine-room defects separated from rest of fleet and is now lying in Pastick Roads. The three boats indicated to proceed at dusk under the command of senior officer to investigate and attack if the report is true. Rendezvous two miles northeast of Cape Phayre at daybreak, and return to loch. Any boats seen will be Red fleet as remainder of flotilla will be south of Cape Phayre."

The lieutenant nodded. "Senior officer, that's me," he said. "At dusk, say eight-thirty." Then, to the gunner, "Mr. Harrison send me a hand in the dinghy to collect Mr. Barber and Mr. Cleland from 142 and 143. I must see them before we start."

The gunner went on deck, and the signalman proceeded to lay out supper. In about ten minutes there was a sound of oars approaching, and two lieutenants in sea boats and coats which had once rejoiced in the glory of two stripes of gold lace round the sleeve, but which now looked as if they had been stolen from a scarecrow, let themselves down into the wardroom, followed by the gunner.

Greetings were exchanged, with a little chaff, then charts were got out and a plan of campaign agreed upon. While the three lieutenants were discussing the problem, with the sub and the gunner making as much room for them in the tiny place as possible, a bowl of hot and steaming soup made its appearance.

"By Jove, you do the thing in luxury in this packet," said Cleland.

"Will you have some?" said the lieutenant.

"No, thanks; you swallow all you can, old man. How's the head?"

"Rotten."

"Dicky knows how to work us, don't he? Come on, Barbs; time we went. So long; mudhook inboard 8:20, ain't it? Dig out like sin till we're away from the land, then ten

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knots till we're near by. Hope it's the old Quid we're after."

The two gained the deck.

"Poor old skipper, he looks a bit pinched."

"Yes, those heads of his are no joke; he was always having them in the Britannia, I remember; but he manages to stick them out as a rule."

The lieutenant made a gallant effort to swallow something, but very soon gave it up and lay back on the settee with a groan. The meal was quickly over, and all three pulled on their sea-boots and completed their arrangements for a night of watching.

"If Red's got any gumption he'll have sent all the destroyers he can spare to wait off the mouth of the loch for us tomorrow morning as we come back," said the gunner.

"Or even tonight, as soon as it gets dark," added the sub.

"Yes, that's why we're going as hard as we can for a bit," said the lieutenant. "We don't want to attack till two o'clock, so we have lots of time. There's no moon, but it will be a pretty bright night, I'm afraid."

On deck it was still very hot; the fiery after-glow in the west was streaked by some heavy bands of clouds, giving promise of rain; and the heat-laden wind whispered of oncoming thunder.

In the three boats told off for the separate adventures the sailors were already busy forrard on the turtle-deck about the cable; the lieutenant and the sub went up on to the "bridge," the latter actively superintending the home-coming of the anchor. A few minutes later the trio were slipping quickly along the water through the little column.

All three were of the same class. They were some fifteen years old, but had recently had their old Scotch boilers exchanged for water-tubes and could do twenty-two knots at a pinch. Each carried two torpedo-tubes amidships, gring fourteen-inch torpedoes—which are not so powerful as the eighteen-inch torpedo, but yet can blow a hole through the side of the staunchest ironclad afloat—and three small quick-firing guns. They had originally been built to fire a third torpedo from a bow tube, but this had been removed, and only the flat cap remained, to make a most unnecessary amount of spray fly over the turtle deck as the bows dipped into the water.

"Now, Mac," said the lieutenant to the sub, "you go below and get some sleep. I shall want you to come and relieve the deck in about three hours. Send Mr. Harrison up to me on your way down."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In a minute or two the gunner climbed up on to the "bridge," which is no bridge, but a most unstable turtle-deck on which is mounted a three-pounder Hotchkiss gun, and saluted.

"Mr. Macdonald said you wanted to see me, sir."

"Yes, get up some rounds of blank for the three-pounders; never mind about rifles; we haven't enough men. I want one man by the engine-room hatch and another one halfway between him and me for passing messages down to the engine-room; it's no good trusting that indicator."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then when we attack I want you to take charge of the tubes. I shall swing her round pretty sharp, so fire at once when your sights come on. Get them both off if you can. Do you think that torpedo will run straight now?"

"Ought to, sir. It was the gyro that was wrong the other day, and we know that's all right now."

"Very well; I hope we shall get a show."

The gunner departed to make his arrangements. The lieutenant leaned wearily against the hooded gun; the pain in his head horribly accentuated by the rhythm of the engines, whose revolutions were making the long slender boat quiver like a struck fiddle-string. Destroyers and torpedo-boats vibrate infinitely more at a low speed than at a high one, and all have some particular number of revolutions at which the vibration touches its maximum. Then you can see from amidships the bow and stern moving

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up and down in quick regular jerks, as if the hull were a metronome marking time for the devil's orchestra which the steam is conducting in the stokehold and engine-room.

As soon as the open sea came in sight, between the narrow jaws of the loch, the lieutenant stooped down towards the silent figure of the sailor on the deck below him.

"Increase to eighty," and the boat leaped forward over the long ocean swell, digging the prying nose of her into the waves, until the cap of the unused forward torpedo-tube made a flat opposition to the sea, and threw up showers of spray over the slender slope of the turtle-deck.

He was steering more or less by guesswork, as the binnacle in 140 was aft, in front of the stern steering position, but he knew the coast and the tides of the channel, and believed that for the present at any rate, as he had not to consider a perfectly accurate landfall, he had better make the most of the wider field of vision afforded him by the height of the bridge. He kept a man aft by the compass to report if they were much off their course.

But except for their own patrolling destroyers near the mouth of the loch they sighted nothing save a tramp or two, and presently when they were five miles from the land the lieutenant eased his little fleet down to about ten knots, and moved to the stern steering position. The gunner took the wheel for a moment while his officer and the leading seaman who had been steering forrard in the little bull's-eyed conning-tower moved aft. Two dog-tired stokers emerged from the stokehold and curled themselves up near the foremost funnel in the instantaneous sleep of exhaustion. It was so warm that the old E.R.A. who came up for a short spell of fresh air at the same time let them lie, though he muttered something about silly asses who couldn't be trusted to look after themselves.

By half-past eleven they were within seven or eight miles of the Patrick Roads, and the lieutenant made a signal with a lamp from the stern to his consorts that he was going to stop his engines. The throb of the propellers died slowly away and they lay drifting on the long swell, falling into the trough of it and rolling heavily. Torpedo craft are rather like hoops: they find it hard to remain upright unless they are moving. With all lights out each appeared to the other but as a smudge of darkness, a little blacker than the rest of the night.

Yet it was not really dark; the occasional flashes of lightning, away to the south, were not bright enough to eclipse the stars, and the thunder drew near with tantalizing slowness.

The lieutenant went below and shook the sleeping sub.

"I'm going to lie down for a bit. Rouse me up at one-thirty, or before if anything happens. Keep in sight of the other boats, and don't make any signal if you can help it. They know what to do."

The gunner's snores filled the wardroom; Mr. Harrison could do without sleep better than most men but, like a wise sailor, he always took all he could get—which was little enough on manœuvres. The lieutenant cursed him in a whisper, but forebore to disturb him, and laid himself down on his sofa (the sub and the gunner shared the other one). But sleep would not come to him; only visions and nightmares; late and at length, however, he did fall into a kind of aching doze.

* * *

All of a sudden he was awakened by a great shouting on deck, and nearly thrown from his sofa by a violent shock. He started up, hitting his head hard against a lamp, blundered into the gunner, who made way for him to pass, and gained the deck with the gunner hard at his heels. There was a rush of cold rain in the air, so close and vigorous that objects but a few yards away were invisible. Suddenly with a crackle and a roar the lightning split the night, showing to the men on the torpedo-boat a monstrous towering shape, along which the hull of their little vessel seemed to be slowly passing. It appeared as if something projecting from the side of this levia-

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than had made a clean sweep of the forward three-pounder, knocking it into the sea. It is to be supposed that there was other damage too; but how much daylight alone could disclose. The lightning revealed different things to different men, then all was black again. All at once the thunder seemed to burst over and round about the boat; tongues of fire filled the air, and the night was alive with the outcry of the storm.

* * *

The next thing the sub remembers clearly is stumbling over a limp and insensible form, and discovering that it was the lieutenant. He shouted for the gunner, but Mr. Harrison had gone forward to get the collision mat out, and did not hear him. Some one touched him on the shoulder, and, standing up, he saw the figure of a small man, who said with a strange, foreign-sounding intonation, though with a good accent:

"The lieutenant is only stunned. Tell your men to bring him below."

The sub was not immediately conscious, it seems, of any astonishment at this curious apparition, but groped his way to where the gunner and his sailors were struggling with the collision-mat.

"Mr. Harrison."

"Here, sir."

"Are we making much water?"

"None yet reported anywhere, sir."

"Then bring a couple of hands and help me get the lieutenant below. I'm afraid he's been hurt. By the way we've picked up a passenger."

"A passenger?"

"Yes."

As gently as possible they lowered the inert body down into the ward-room; the stranger was there already, but said nothing till they had placed the lieutenant on the sofa. By the light of the one lamp which was burning, they could see that he was an Eastern —a Japanese, the gunner at once concluded. He was dressed in the naval uniform common to ourselves and the Japanese, with the three stripes of a commander, and was exceedingly spick and span. A curious point, the sub remembered afterwards, was that he had no oilskins on, and, in spite of the great rain, appeared to be quite dry.

"I fell off my ship on to yours," he said; "now I will make myself useful to you."

The sub and the gunner looked at each other in amazement; the two sailors with customary lower-deck nonchalance seemed to think that it was all in the night's work and silently beat a retreat.

"You fell off that ship which ran us down?" said the gunner. "Aren't you hurt? How did you manage it? Oh, well, never mind that now, sir," he added, looking at the stranger's gold lace.

Meanwhile the little man, working with deft, precise fingers, was feeling about the still form on the settee. Suddenly, before they could have stopped him, had they wished to do so—though the sub says that he felt an unaccountable inclination to acquiesce in all the man did—he took from his pocket a small flask and forced the end between the lieutenant's lips. The immediate result was that the lieutenant sat up and looked about him. Either he did not notice the stranger or else—but conjectures are of no consequence, and the tale is to be told as it happened. He looked at his watch and sprang up with an alarmed expression.

"Time we were moving again," he said; "why didn't you wake me sooner, Mac? Anyhow, I feel better for the sleep."

He rose, and took a step toward the door. The stranger made way for him, but the lieutenant took no notice. They all went on deck, the lieutenant leading. It was pitchy dark and raining more gently; from somewhere close by came the sound of oars.

"Ah! they have lowered a boat for me, I suppose," said the yellow man.

In a minute or two a boat came alongside—it looked like a man-of-war's cutter, the sub thought. The gunner and the lieutenant had gone forward. The sub had a ridiculous inclination to ask the stranger to have a drink before he went, but all he said was:

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"I'm glad you weren't hurt, sir," and unhooked the gangway-chain so that the man could step over the side into the boat.

An order was given in a foreign tongue, a silent figure in the bow of the boat pushed her off with a boat-hook, and the night swallowed them up.

The sub stood marvelling, unable to realize the sequence of events. The throb of the propeller brought him to himself with a start. Some one came up behind him in the darkness; he turned and saw the figure of the gunner, who appeared, though it was too dark to see his face, to be shaken out of his usual cheery nonchalence of manner.

"Mr. Macdonald, I can't make out the lootenant; he's like a madman, doesn't seem to think we've been in collision or anything, and said something I couldn't make out about a tiger's tail and a Russian fleet."

His voice dropped as another figure joined them.

The lieutenant's voice rang out clear, without that suspicion of extreme weariness which had been so noticeable earlier in the night.

"Mr. Harrison, please stand by your tubes. Mac, go forward and keep a look-out. Take a hand with you to bring any messages to me aft." He called for the coxswain. "Cox'un, take the wheel aft. Look at the beggars showing us where they are! Steer a bit to the right of that centre searchlight! I'm going right at 'em."

The searchlights—there seemed to be several—were sweeping the sea in long steady curves. One or two were burning at a much greater height above the water than the rest; too high up to be in a ship's fighting-top. 140 was as yet too far off to be discovered by any watcher behind the lights.

It was curious that no one had seen them until the lieutenant spoke. Perhaps the rain had suddenly lifted. It certainly seemed lighter than it was, and already there was a promise of dawn. From his post forward, where he esconced himself amidst the ruins of the three-pounder—the gun had gone, leaving its broken and battered pedestal only, and the rails and stanchions of the platform lay bent and twisted—the sub peered into the darkness, carefully refraining from looking directly at the glow of the searchlights, lest his retina should retain their image to the prejudice of anything else the night might suddenly reveal.

"Dashed odd!" he thought to himself; "there's a whole fleet over there." He counted at least six lights, though they were still too far off to be perfectly distinct.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a little flicker of flame to starboard; such a flicker as you may see above the funnels of a hard-driven boat or destroyer; another and yet another caught his eye.

"More boats—I suppose 142 and 143," he thought, and watched them for a few moments. The faint will-o'-the-wisp-like flames were coming up, wide on the starboard bow. He knew from the feel of 140 that she was going pretty fast—something not very much short of her best pace, yet these others were passing her as if she were standing still. He called down to his messenger, "Tell the lieutenant there are several vessels coming up very fast on the starboard bow. I think they are destroyers." The sailor stumbled aft along the encumbered deck. He stopped by the torpedo-tubes, which were now trained over to port, and told the gunner, whose head and shoulders only were visible in the manhole between the tubes, what the sub had said, and then reported to the lieutenant.

"Tell Mr. Macdonald they're our own boats," was all he got for an answer.

The first division of destroyers—if destroyers they were—was by now nearly straight ahead of 140, crossing her course at an obtuse angle and drawing away from her at a great rate. A few minutes afterwards Macdonald reported another division, and again another.

140 had evidently run into the midst of a whole flotilla of torpedo-craft, who were proceeding in much the

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same direction as themselves, presumably with a similar intention. The last division Macdonald sighted came almost within biscuit-throw of him, and he was practically certain that he had been right in supposing them to be destroyers, for the night was a little clearer now, and he could roughly make out their outline. It is remarkably easy, however, to mistake one type of craft for another at night, and a torpedo-boat has before now been mistaken for a battleship, and vice versa. Whatever they were they took no notice of 140, nor she of them.

Half an hour after the last of the dancing flames had been swallowed up in the night, one of the wandering searchlights touched 140 for a moment with its glare. Instantly the helm was put hard over, and the boat swung round out of the broad track of the light. There is nothing more difficult than to tell how near or how far away a searchlight may be; but if when it touches you it makes everything plain round about, it is certainly not a very great distance away. The beam swung slowly on; then came back again as if looking for the boat, which began to tremble with a close whirr of machinery as the engineers gave the racing engines all the steam the sweating stokers could coax out of the boilers.

Suddenly from out of the darkness ahead of them leapt the noise of guns. Away on the port bow the night was on the instant flecked with red tongues of fire, and Macdonald could see clearly enough now a destroyer pinned by the unrelenting glare of a searchlight.

Good God! what was that? The sub rose from his crouching position, steadying himself with one hand on the smashed pedestal mounting. It was not blank cartridge the ships were using, but shot and shell. The screech of a projectile was in his ear; the water on one side of the turtle-deck was hissing with a rain of bullets; something hit an iron plate at his feet with a clang. He noticed dimly that the ray of the searchlight which for a second had picked out the hurrying boat had swung away towards the commotion to his left. Straight ahead a ship opened a rapid fire. Projectiles sang and wailed overhead, whether aimed at 140 or not he could not tell. The dense mass of a towering hull thickened the void. With a sweep that brought him to his knees the boat swung round to starboard. Something leapt into the water, there was a dull explosion, the hail of shot ceased, and as they fled into the night he heard faintly shouts and cries as of men angry or confused.

Then his senses left him.

When he came to himself it was very early morning. A gray sky looked down on a gray sea; in the east a little rosy light ran before the sun, not yet risen. The boat lay motionless on the quiet ocean. He tried to collect his thoughts; where was he? What had happened? He had blood on his forehead, and a wound smarted as he touched his head with a doubtful hand. He looked stupidly along the deck. Heavens, what a wreck! One funnel knocked crooked, davits smashed, dinghy gone, searchlight overboard, ventilators twisted out of shape; where was everybody? He made his way aft painfully. Two figures lay as if asleep at the foot of the foremost funnel; the two stokers who had laid themselves down to sleep; their fate had touched them and they lay dead. Across one of the tubes lay the body of the gunner; he was not dead, but groaned a little as the sub shook him, and presently recovered his senses. All the ship's company—nineteen souls—lay dead or unconscious on the deck or in the foc-s'le, in the engine-room, in the stokehold, in the wardroom.

The lieutenant was dead, with a blue wound like a bullet-hole in his head. He lay on his sofa in the wardroom in the same position as that in which the stranger had placed him. The signalman lay on the deck with a broken neck; the rest had escaped with their lives, though scarce one but had some injury more or less severe. The less damaged bound up the wounds of the more damaged, hardly speaking. Meanwhile 140 was slowly sinking. Her bows were deep and her

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stern was high; and she had several feet of water in the engine-room. 142 sighted her just in time to take off her crew, living and dead, before she stood upright, with her stern in the air, for a second or two, and then dived into twenty fathoms of water.

"You never saw such a wreck," Cleland told me. "She looked just as if she had been in action. I could hardly have believed it possible for lightning to have done so much damage. Her people seemed stunned and dazed, and most of them were like that for days, I believe. The funny thing was they had some strange delusion that they had actually made an attack on some ships at anchor somewhere and been shot at, and there was something about a yellow man and a ship's cutter which Mac told me. He said he had forgotten all about it when I asked him again, a week later, though. No; they never tried to get her up—she sank too deep, and anyhow was too old to be worth the expense of raising."

The sub was of course tried by court-martial for the loss of the ship as the senior surviving officer, and one or two facts worth mentioning came to light at the inquiry—namely, that there had been no Red battleship in Pastick Roads that night, and no other fighting ships of any kind within eighty nautical miles of 140 at the time of the disaster, except 142 and 143, which had lost sight of 140 in the storm, and after fruitlessly searching the Roads were returning to their rendezvous when they sighted 140.

In view of these facts, when the coxswain, in giving evidence, told a tale which agreed pretty much with what has here been set forth, he was looked upon as affected in the brain and sent to the naval asylum, from which place, as he still stuck to the truth of his story, he was finally discharged from the service as harmlessly insane. The rest of the ship's company one and all professed total oblivion of things mundane after the thunderbolt had struck them, until the morning.

The sub and the gunner, after the court-martial, during which they did not exchange a word, saw no more of each other for nearly two years, when they found themselves shipmates again in a newly commissioned battleship of the Channel Fleet. The sub had gained another stripe by then.

The two had a quiet talk one day, in the morning early, when the decks were running with water during the great ship's first ablutions. It was Macdonald's watch, and I think the gunner must have been on deck by design, with the desire and intention, if opportunity served, of a chat with the officer of the watch.

"I'm always thinking of that night, sir," he said; "there was a great deal that didn't come out at the court-martial. I discovered one funny thing just before 142 came to pick us off; our warheads, which of course were loaded with a full charge of gun-cotton in them, were gone, and the collision-heads, which I could swear I had screwed on to the torpedoes myself, were in their place. I went down into the warhead magazine to look for something I thought I had left there, and it gave me an extra twist to see those collision-heads sitting there.

"Then the other day, when the fleet was at Cherbourg, I made friends on shore with a French matlow. We were talking one evening at a caffay when he pulled out a piece of paper, which he had kept for some time from the look of it, and showed it to me, wanting to know what I thought of it. It was a piece of a Russian paper which they printed in Port Arthur during the siege, and had a translation in French tacked on to the end of it, in ink. I forgot the words, but the sense was that the perfidious Japs had made another unsuccessful attack on their ships in the outer Roads, and had this time only holed one of them, as the destroyers had been discovered in time. But a remarkable thing was, they said, that a torpedo had been picked up on the beach which had a "taille"—meaning calibre, I suppose, sir—of fourteen inches—that's what the millimetres worked out to—and on it were the letters R.G.F. This had naturally surprised them a bit, as the Japs had only used 18-inch torpedoes;

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but they didn't seem to have tumbled to what the letters and the other marks on it meant, or there would have been more international complications. I suppose they were too busy to worry much about it, anyhow."

The officer mused for a while.

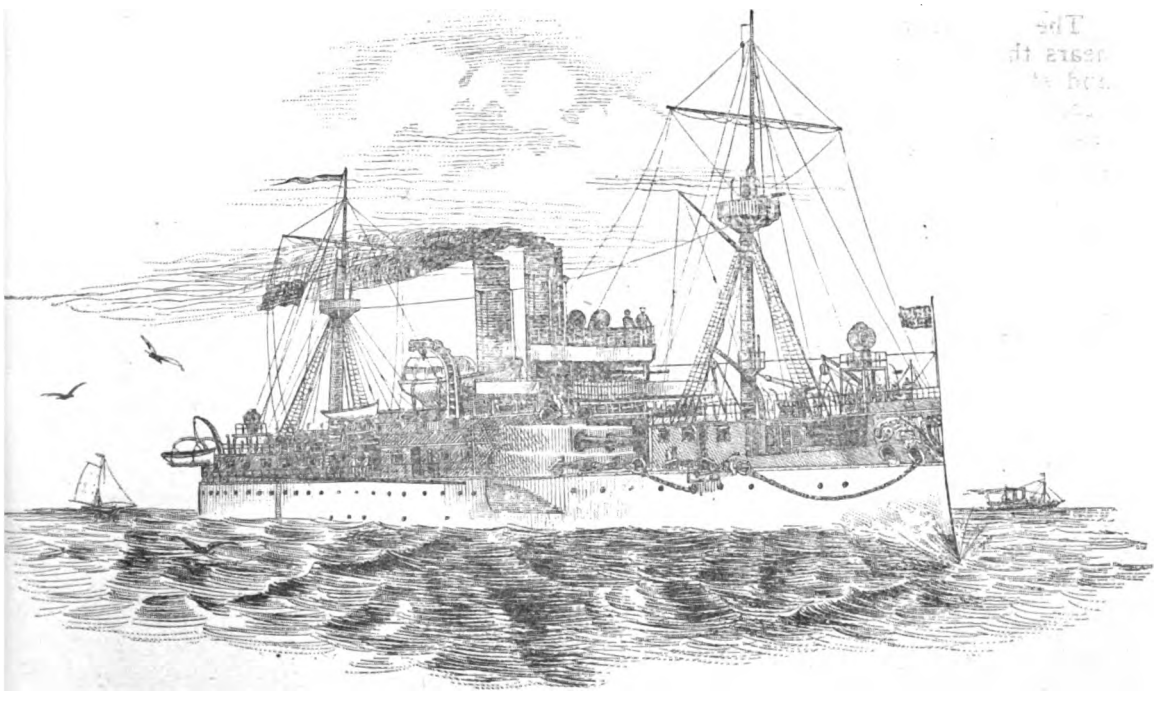
"Yes, that was an odd thing, but I know an odder. I went to the poor skipper's funeral down in Surrey, and stayed the night with his people, who were awfully cut up. Next morning I went to have a look at the grave on my way to the station; it was all covered in flowers; a man was stooping over it, who hurried away when he saw me staring; he was obviously a Jap, and very like the man we saw that night. At the head of the grave, in the middle of a wreath of flowers—some kind of chrysanthemums they were, I think—was this. I couldn't leave it there, it would only have puzzled and worried his people."

He pulled something from his pocket.

"What is it, sir?"

"A Japanese decoration, given, as a rule, only for distinguished gallantry in action."

The gunner gasped. "Well, sir, I shouldn't be surprised if the Russians really did see Japanese torpedo-boats in the North Sea that night, after what you and I know," was all he said.



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Womanliness and Suffrage.

A symposium of views on this absorbing problem from both sides.

Rosalie Gardner Jones.
"General" of Suffrage "Hikers."

To be womanly in the best possible sense is to endeavor to insure for the next generation, as far as may be, first the best possible mothers; second, the best possible fathers, and, third, the best possible conditions under which children may reach maturity.

To obtain the best possible conditions under which children may grow to maturity, women must share in making the laws in the shadow of which they and their children must live.

A womanly woman does not rest content before her own hearth while the children of other less fortunate women perish because of man-made laws.

The womanly woman, when she hears that her function in life is hard and stony and tiresome, prays in her heart to be shown the way to make it less stony and tiresome for those who come after her.

A womanly woman does not cry for a change of duties, but only that she may learn to understand better exactly what her duties are and be willing to shoulder the full responsibility of them.

The womanly woman knows the purposes of the two sexes can never be identical and that therefore the world walks lame till both sexes are permitted to work equally and freely for their common good.

She who is truly womanly cannot be harmed by contact with the world. She goes out into the world and labors to convert the world to the standards of true womanliness.

By Mrs. Clara B. Arthur
President Michigan Equal Suffrage Association.

My ideal womanly woman tallies exactly with Solomon's description of the virtuous woman in the book of Proverbs, using virtuous, not only in the technical sense, but in the broad sense of the term.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She stretched out her hands to the poor; strength and honor are her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Give her the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The womanly woman, in short, can do things with her hands and mother the world. She keeps her own house, cares for her children, if she is so fortunate as to have any, and at the same time sees the need of the world for mothering. Such a woman cannot help yearning over the unhappiness in the world, no matter whether it is the old and friendless, or the young and helpless child.

Longing to see happiness the portion of all, impels the woman who is truly womanly, to influence the basic conditions of life for the better.

Above all, the womanly woman has the vision. Those who are contented with the present have been denied the vision, and are willing to accept what has been obtained by those who have the vision. Lastly, the womanly woman is not afraid of criticism. She does not shrink from knowing the sins that beset us, because she uses this knowledge as a basis of her effort to better conditions and to make life worth living.

Six Reasons Why Women Should Vote.

1. Because they live on the earth like you do, and have the right to say how it should be run.

2. Because you know in your heart that your wife is just as clever as you are, and just as able to say what is for the public good.

3. Because the bed rock democratic principles on which this government

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was founded are just as vital in 1913 as they were in 1776.

4. Because women should not be disfranchised for their sex which is beyond their control.

5. Because, so long as there is one woman, who wants to vote, she is, according to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, entitled to that right.

6. Because a just man ought to accord to every human being, even to his own wife, the right which he demands for himself.

NOW FOR THE OTHER SIDE.

By Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge
President National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

Justice, integrity, unselfishness and the poise of character which means charm—these things make up force of character and true womanliness.

It is the truly womanly woman who when she hears that her function in life is hard, that the road she must travel is stony and tiresome and narrow, gazes at the declaimer without complacence and without fear and answers, "What of that?"

A womanly woman does not cry for a change in her duties to others freer and broader. She knows that if she changes her occupations, her interests, it means not that her duties have changed, but that they have been ignored.

The woman who possesses true womanliness does not worry over the question of equality. She knows that before her lies a duty, a purpose in life which no man can fulfil, and that, equal or not, the purposes of the two sexes can never be identical.

The womanly woman hears the call of distress and heeds it. She does not say: "It is only just that I let those cries go unnoticed while I make sure my equality is not being endangered.

Mrs. Winifred L. Lyster
President Michigan Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

A womanly woman, in my estimation, must recognize her duty to God, to the state, to her home. Perhaps I should have put the home before the state, for the state is but an aggregation of homes, and if they are not built before the sure foundation of love, duty and honor, the decadence of the state has begun.

It is several thousand years since a very wise man, with a large experience of women, gave us his idea of what such a woman should be (Prov. 31:10) and, notwithstanding surface indications to the contrary, I do not think the type by any means extinct.

She may be found in many thousand homes today—among those of large means who recognize the duty and opportunity of service to others less fortunate, and oftener, perhaps, in very humble homes where a tired man comes home at night and finds rest and comfort, and where children will some day rise up and call her blessed.

The founder of the great order of Sisters of Charity has said: "Her cloister must be the world, and her only veil modesty." If that veil be not rent asunder and tramped under foot, the world will indeed be for her as safe as a cloister.

"Lord keep me innocent, make others great," was the prayer of a sorely tried woman long ago. One woman must be that innocence which should not be confounded with ignorance, but that high purity of mind which enables us to see the "heart of good in things evil," and to touch pitch, yet not be defiled."

Senator Rot Declares Himself Against Vote For Woman

"I am opposed to the granting of suffrage to women, because I believe that it would be a loss to women, to all women, and to every woman, and I oppose it also because I believe it would be an injury to the state, and to every man and woman in the state.

"It would be useless to argue this if the right of suffrage were a natural right. If it were natural right then women should have it though the heavens fall. But if there be any one thing settled in the long discussion of this subject, and the sole question to be discussed is whether government by

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the suffrage of men and women will be better government than by the suffrage of men alone.

"The question is, therefore, a question of expediency and the question of expediency upon this subject is not a question of tyranny, but a question of liberty, a question of the preservation of free constitutional government, of law, order, peace and prosperity.

"Into my judgment there enters no element of the inferiority of woman. It is not that woman is inferior to man, but it is that woman is different from man; that in the distribution of powers, of capacities, of qualities, our Maker has created man adapted to the performance of certain functions in the economy of nature and society, and women adapted to the performance of other functions.

"One question to be determined in the discussion of this subject is whether the nature of woman is such that her taking upon her the performances of the functions implied in suffrage will leave her in the possession and the exercise of her highest powers, or will be an abandonment of those powers and on entering upon a field in which, because of her differences from man she is distinctly inferior.

"I have said that I thought suffrage would be a loss for women; I think so because suffrage implies not merely the casting of the ballot, the gentle and peaceful fall of the snowflake; but suffrage, if it means anything, means entering upon the field of political life, and politics is modified war. In politics there is struggle, strife, contention, bitterness, heart-burning, excitement, agitation, everything which is adverse to the true character of women. Woman rules today by the sweet and noble influences of her character. Put woman into the arena of conflict and she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she takes into her hands weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield."

Personal Opinions on Current Events

Debutantes Ruin Themselves for Motherhood. Warns Professor Zuberlin.

"Debutantes are an interesting class of demoralized young women, whose lives, and too often whose morals and education, are ruined by the excesses of their first social season.

"This constant demoralization of young women who are unable to keep up the pace set by ambitious mothers helps to make a false start toward the great obligation of their life—maternity.

"Two-thirds of all the young women in the country are dancing and having a good time generally ruining their health and their morals, when they ought to be attending schools for prospective mothers.

"In these days when stay-at-home daughters neither toil nor spin there is a large group of young women momentarily denied motherhood who ought to be our chief propagandists against the white slave traffic.

"What the country needs today is less of silly social diversions, less of the wrecking of health and morals and more of training of young women for their chief function in life—the rearing of children."

Rockefeller, Jr., Has Strong Belief in Efficacy of Prayer.

"We all know what our neighbor should do. It's what should I do that concerns me. I believe that everyone was put here for a purpose. There is work to do, and if we don't do our share it may go undone."

"The last word in that passage, 'do' implies action. Let no man ask if he prefers comfort or ease. He should only ask the Lord when he was willing to battle. The answer may call for courage, sacrifice, it may involve a rearrangement of your life plans, but let no man ask the question who fears the answer. If it's God's will that ditches must be dug, it's honorable work. No task for God is too humble or too lofty.

"Maybe some of you will say, 'All right, I've asked for help from God and never received any answer.' Did you really want God to be your counsellor and to direct your

life, or were you satisfied with your own way of living?

"Perhaps you are afraid of the answer. There may be a duty to perform that you will be unwilling to pay. If so, you can't blame the Great Counsellor.

"The second question is 'Have you done the thing necessary to get the answer? Have you put yourself in the way of getting the answer as Paul did? The men who pray to God, like children send letters to Santa Claus for toys and candy, will never find much in prayer. Prayer is intended to get into closer communion with God so that you can hear his slightest whisper."

Public Insane on Referendum—Prof. C. A. Kent

What insanity pervades the public about the iniative and referendum.

These proposals are based on two evident fallacies. One is that the people are interested in general laws, not calculated to inflame their prejudices.

The history of the votes on constitutional amendments prove the contrary.

The second is that the voters are better judges of such laws than any representatives they may select.

I doubt if any laymen being of common intelligence believes this.

No man would take stock in any corporation whose affairs was managed by the equal votes of numerous stock holders. Every business speedily fails unless conducted by men of intelligence. Government is very complicated. It needs to be managed by the most complicated leaders. Why then do men of proinence, if not of capacity, advocate the referendum?

It's because they think that by flattering the people they will get and keep power. If ever the present insanity passes away its advocates may have a day of reckoning.

Churches 100 Per Cent Below Par, Declares President Daniels of City National Bank.

"The church is 100 per cent below par.

"Everything else has undergone a change, but the church has stood still.

"The average church has a steeple on top, is open five hours a week, and closed 49.

"Churches should have a downtown center, with someone in charge who has enough tact to refrain from trying to start a Bible class the first day.

"If men of every line of industry and research had shown the same indifference or apathy to progress as the Protestant church, we would still be traveling in stage coaches and riding on canal boats."

John Barrett on Trade With Latin-American Countries.

"We should not stand off and criticise the shortcomings of other nations. We are so big and so powerful that we can well overlook all of these little things and instead give them credit for the progress they have made and the good things they have done. When we look at what they have accomplished we will see that we are not the only potatoes in the pile.

"With the opening of the canal, ships bearing Michigan-made goods can reach 8,000 miles of new coast line. The question is, Is it worth while to go after that business?

"I expect to see the time when Spanish will be taught in the American public schools; when it will not be Europe that students will be required to study but the countries of our own hemisphere.

"By reason of the attitude of those countries toward the United States two-thirds of this increase in business ought to come to these United States," he continued, "but it will not unless we become active. Europe is already reaching out for it."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley Says We Risk Our Lives for the Dollar.

"Although life is the greatest wealth in this country, thousands exchange it in the chase for the dollar, which they must give up when they surrender the life which they sacrificed to get the dollar.

"Food adulteration does more to lower the expectation of life than any other cause. It has placed the average life of men at 44 years, when we all know that at the age of 40 he has just completed his education and that man or woman does not reach the maximum of service to humanity until after the age of 60.

"Fifty-two per cent of all the diseases which cut short human life is due to impure foods. Should I ask you what is your greatest industry I know most of you would say 'the automobile industry,' Others would name something else, but not one would answer correctly.

"It is eating. In 60 years we spend five years at the table. The average man or woman spends 20 years of 60 preparing the food and clearing away the table. Another 20 years of the 60 is spent in sleep, which is a part of eating, as it is the nutrition which keeps us alive.

"Thus, 45 of the 60 years is occupied in eating. When adulterated foods are eaten 18 hours of every 24 is there any wonder that we die before we should. Not a person in this audience will live as long as he ought. The chase after the dollar is responsible for food adulterations. Every person who debases a food product which a poor man has to buy is not only dishonest, but he is a criminal, a murderer. What the cuntry wants is better food at lower prices, not worse food at higher prices. There are 10,000 whom food adulterations benefit, and 99,999,000 in this country who suffer. The smaller number represent the millionaires and billionaires who adulterate the foods and the other is the poorer class which buys them.

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

"Everyman," the old morality play which made a fortune and a sensation in the United States several years ago, is to be done again. The Liebler Co. have arranged with Ben Greet, who made the production here, and Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, who created in America the role of Everyman, for an engagament at the Children's Theatre, New York.

Ernest Poole, magazine writer, called a Socialist by the Socialists and a Progressive by the Progressives, has written a play that is making people sit up and pay attention to him. It is called "A Man's Friends," and tells the story of a big fight on the system, waged by the District Attorney of New York. Very few defects of modern political conditions are left unmentioned.

* * *

Patricia O'Connor, a young California girl appearing in "Joseph and His Brethren," appears to be a bigger inheritor in the kingdom of talent than most of her age. In the Parker pageant play, she started as a dancer. Then it was discovered that she could sing, and she was given a vocal number in addition. At a recent special matinee she recited, and now she is in receipt of an offer to be almost the whole part of a daily afternoon bill, where she would give the sort of entertainment popularized by Miss Kitty Cheatham.

* * *

One of the camels in "The Garden of Allah,"—the first-act camel, to be explicit—gave up the ghost in Boston the other day, expiring sudden and complete in a busy street, whereupon an observer has been moved to sundry remarks upon the demise of the oont, "oont" being perfectly good Kiplingese for the camel, and pronounced to rhyme with "front." All ready? Hold fast—

"Wot makes the stage 'and cuss and swear, wot makes him to perspire? It ain't the histing up the drops or watching out for fire; it's the everlasting clutter in the everlasting wings of the blooming first-act camel and the extra work 'e brings. On the oont, oh the oont, the blawsted first-act oont! With his silly neck a-bobbing like a basket full of snakes; we hates the beggar awful—but they likes 'im out in front —So wot's the use of kicking at the divil's care he takes.

A star may fuss and rave a bit, and "props" may call us, too; the tank scenes are a bit of work that makes us cuss 'em blue: but the blooming first-act camel, when all is said and done, is a devil, and a tank scene, and a "dark from two" in one.

O the oont, O the oont, the hairy, scary oont! A-tripping over wing props as we hears the curtains go; we soaks him with a lace-pole and heads him off in front, but that is all the thanks we get for saving of the show.

Wot makes that crowd on Tremont Street? The camels comin' in, and every blasted one of e'm is shivering in his skin; for the weather's down near zero and the wind is off the hills, and the blooming first-act camel isn't made for Boston chills. O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-foesaken oonts! The 'umpty-lumpy 'umming bird a-singing where he lies. 'E's blocked the bloody traffic from the Common down to Huntt's, and when they gets 'im up again—the beggar goes and dies.

Now they'll stuff his blooming carcass and put him on the stand, and the girls will gather round him with their "My, but ain't he grand!" For the late lamented camel goes to Harvard, and, you know, we shifters of the canvas had rather see him so. For the oont, O the oont, the cold and stony oont! he'll never make no trouble with the sawdust in his hide. And the press-

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man gets his glory, and his chance to throw a front, with his present to the college just across the river's tide."

* * *

The return of the Dublin Abbey Theatre Irish Players for their second New York engagement is a matter of delight and interest to the great number of theatre-goers. Since the first American performances of this unique organization of players last year, the fame of their achievements in the New World has become a matter of household knowledge. The Irish Players are the foremost exponents today of successfully untheatrical theatricalism. All that they do has the appearance of the actual, although it is no more the real than the superconscious acting of American and English actors. And herein lies their remarkable art.

* * *

May Irwin opened in New York the other day, and the newspapers forgot there was any such thing as adverse criticism. The praise that the lady of laughs got was almost hysterical, the general idea being that she and "Widow by Proxy" will run at George M. Cohan's Theatre as long as Niagara. So much for the famous good fortune of young Mr. Cohan. His own play, "Broadway Jones," stayed at his theatre for almost a record-breaking run, and now along comes "Widow by Proxy" to continue the cash intake. The morning after the May Irwin opening, there was a line in front of the window as long as a dress rehearsal of Niebelungen Ring.

* * *

Viola Allen, now starring in the big Century Theatre spectacle, "The Daughter of Heaven," in the larger cities, has been offered $25,000 to appear for moving pictures in her famous role of Gloria Quayle in "The Christian," provided that arrangements can be made with Hall Caine, the author of the play. It is estimated that it will take ten days to prepare and take these pictures, so that Miss Allen will be paid for her services at the rate of $2,500 a day.



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Water, the Telephone Enemy.

Water is one of the worst enemies of good telephone service. On each rainy day some lines are found to be noisy, because of the electric current following the water rather than the wire.

Even within doors trouble from water sometimes occurs, and good housekeeping is usually to blame for it. Indoor telephone wires are run along the baseboard of the room, along the picture molding or the door and window casings. Ordinarily these wires are safe from moisture. But at regular intervals the thorough housewife scrubs the woodwork. If too much water is applied to the wiring, the telephone line becomes useless, at least till the wire dries out. Occasionally some energetic housewife scrubs the telephone set itself. The water or cleaning fluid almost invariably gets inside and damages the wiring of the instrument.

The telephone cords are particularly liable to injury by dampness. A cord resting on the floor may easily become saturated with scrub water. Even as it lies on the desk or the table, the cord may be soaked through by the upsetting of a glass of water or a bottle of ink.

The babies in the household are frequently fascinated by the bright telephone set, and the green cords. Sometimes the mischievous toddlers pull the instrument off the table, a danger which anxious mothers are careful to guard against. But babies have another telephone habit not quite so dangerous to themselves, but equally injurious to the telephone. They love to put the telephone cords in their mouths, and a cord that has been thoroughly chewed up is as useless for service as if it had been left out in the rain.

The telephone wire chiefs at the exchange have occasionally been able to surprise mothers complaining of telephone trouble by making an accurate guess offhand as to the baby's or the house-cleaner's activities.

Telephone cords are not poisonous, and baby will take no harm from chewing them, but if he gets colicky in the night from some other perfectly natural cause, and a wet telephone cord causes delay in summoning the doctor, the results are likely to be quite serious.

In fact, it will pay every telephone user to see that all electric wiring is kept dry.

— ADV. —



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And Cain Replied: "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

by JOHN F. HOGAN

Etc., Etc.

FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XX. MAY, 1913. No. 4

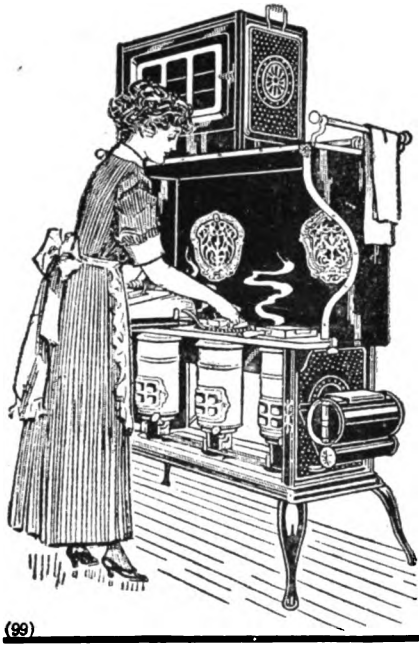
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
Literature, Economics and Social Service.

VOL. XX. MAY—1913. No. 4

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A White Lie.

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The Murdered Nigger.

The Waves.

Michigan—Its Physiography.

The Theatre.

Poems, Items of Interest, etc.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Oct. 5th, 1903, at the Post-Office at Detroit, Michigan under the act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

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THE MYSTERY OF AUTOMOBILEDOM



HENRY FORD, TO-DAY, IS ACKNOWLEDGED THE EMPEROR OF AUTOMOBILE MAKERS.

His daily output is 700 automobiles.

His income last year was $10,000,000.00. This year it will be about $15,000,000.00.

Based on 6% income,
he is worth $150.000,000.00.

Within a decade, Henry Ford's wealth will equal Astor's!

Yet—

Henry Ford, seventeen years ago, received $90.00 a month in wages as engineer of the Edison Company.

What's the answer?

Henry Ford is no financial genius.

He is no inventor.

He did not invent the Carburator.

He did not invent the Gas Engine.

He did not invent the Rubber Tire.

He added nothing of importance to the automobile.

Where, then, is the secret of his wonderful success?

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And Cain Replied: "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

A powerful arraignment of the old Captain of Industry who made Mammon his God and who in the accumulation of wealth, drove his employees to poverty and degredation.

by JOHN F. HOGAN.

¶ "Curse and damn my luck!"
There you go again. Millions of men in America are talking that way, yet do not realize that times are changing, and changing fast.
We are getting out of the stinking old business and social marsh, and soon will be afloat in the pure waters of the open sea.
¶ Of course, if you get your ideas from some gambler in a dive; or, from some race track tout who tells you how to tap a wire; or, if your glorify the bar-room talk of some rowdy or drunkard who helps you to squander your wages; or, if you get your ideas from some stupid cartoon in a crooked newspaper, that persists in picturing the modern Captain of Industry as the man with the fat belly and his big feet on the neck of the workingman—you are another of the great army crying out that we are all on the way to hell.

* * *

¶ A man with half an eye must see that mighty changes are taking place in our National life.
There is freedom of thought that would stagger your grandfather, to say nothing of shocking your grandmother.
It is now common to find, even in women's magazines, frank discussions on the causes of prostitution, advice on the necessity of castrating criminals, the selection of a life-mate through cold reason rather than through the heat of passionate desires; and even we read that sex relations, as the term is used, are now taught in the public schools.
Yes, and in that most conservative of woman's magazines, "The Ladies' Home Journal," recently appeared a review telling, among other medical facts, how, in the emergency of child-birth, to tie the life-cord.

* * *

¶ But you must make no mistake. All social facts are valueless, unless you do your personal share to help them along. It makes no difference who your father was, or your mother, or your school teacher, or what church you belong to—the value of your life to your fellow man turns on how clearly you can think on what you see around you, and how you face your opportunity.
Not only what you think, but how you act. It is not enough to say, "My mother was a highly educated lady," or, "I read only the best books."
Your place is out on the street, the same as the Salvation Army goes to the social swamps, to help the unfortunate.

* * *

¶ You are a fool to expect to prosper by killing your brother, or by paying such low wages in your factory that

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girls are forced to become street walkers.

The methods of the old-time Captain of Industry are now classed with those of Geronimo, the most bloodthirsty Indian in all history, or with scoundrels like Capt. Kydd, whose sole aim was loot and murder, revealed in many hideous shapes.

¶ Tolstoy in one of his masterly chapters shows the insolent mine owner, wife and daughters out for a holiday.

The picture well applies to the old-time American Captain of Industry.

Carriage loaded with fruits, flowers, wines, costly viands; liveried servants drive the four horses, whose harness glitters with silver.

Outriders ahead, the mine owner's private police officers, are armed with stout clubs.

The orders are to deliver a deadly blow on the head of any workingman who may make himself objectionable.

¶ As the carriage passes along, degraded wretches from the coal mines stand with bowed heads, like dumb beasts beside the road.

They salute the great Captain of Industry, their lord and master.

Their lot is a wretched hovel, disease ignorance, foul food—and if they dare protest, are answered by the knout.

* * *

¶ Yet, it is their labor that helped produce the luxuries of food and drink, and it is their labor that supports the human parasite in the gilded carriage.

* * *

¶ Well, you reply, "What do you expect? Will there not always be rich and poor, weak and strong, the wise and the foolish?"

Let us see if you have anything to do about that, or if you are tied up with the final answer.

* * *

¶ The remarkable characteristic of the human race, as compared with other animals, is a wonderful capacity for progress.

There are no works left by the dog, the ox, the sheep, the ass, the goat;—no buildings, no telephones, no great writings, no philosophy, no monuments of a long and useful life.

These animals eat, live, breathe, and one day fall down and die.

As far as they are concerned, the earth remains in exactly the same condition it was in when they came as when they passed out.

A dog sleeps away three-fourths of his life and the question is, are you one of the millions of human dogs that infest our nation?

Remember, you have work to do and your time is short. Soon, you also will be in your grave.

Do nothing to help along the better human understanding, and no sooner has the breath left your body than your very name is forgotten.

This is where the old time Captain of Industry made his terrible mistake—just as you are making yours.

He thought that the basis of loyalty between capital and labor is wages. He was wrong. Loyalty implies love, but there can be no loyalty when terms of employment are based on wages governed by the laws of supply and demand, only. He was fool enough to believe that murderers can prosper.

That's the principle the old-time Captain of Industry set up, and in its defense he lost his immortal soul and his family went to hell.

* * *

¶ And you will go there, too, if you follow his example.

* * *

¶ The great central fact in all the seething sea of new ideas is, after all, very old and very simple.

The better human understanding has been glimpsed in every age in which noble men dreamed of a more perfect social condition.

It is as old as the dust underneath your feet.

It is as old as Cain and Abel.

Cain, when asked what had become of his brother, replied in words that have forever been ringing down the halls of time:

¶ "Am I my brother's keeper?"

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¶ It is the greatest question and the greatest answer ever made in all the annals of recorded history, sacred or profane.

¶ And for thousands of years, in each new generation, poets, philosophers and other noble minds have again and again returned to the same question.

Today, the weathercock is turning strong, in the wind, toward the better human understanding.

Human nature is the same, but the tendency is at least toward the obliteration of the old scoundrel known as the Captain of Industry.

This man at heart was a crooked devil.

¶ Now, after all is said, man is not like the sleeping dog in the sun. Man does progress in his plans, and there are even poets, priests and philosophers who think they behold now and then some slight evidences of a change of heart toward one's fellowman.

The air is full of the words of good will, but these remain so much empty sound unless you can be made to see your plain duty.

* * *

¶ The old-time Captain of Industry had only one idea—the absolute, ruthless destruction of his own species, by murder.

If you earn a dollar for bread and the old time Captain of Industry cheats you out of that dollar, is he not committing murder?

Is not a man a murderer who deprives you of the right to live, after you have earned that right by honest labor?

Is he not a murderer who makes drunkards, prostitutes, outlaws, and who commits crimes against little children?

¶ The strangest part of it is that those who are not set aside to do the butchery, are by their labor compelled to support the whole foul business, by contributing from their wages for the upkeep of soldiers, prisons, police, almshouses, asylumns for the blind, asylums for lunatics, asylums for criminals, and for the other gigantic and costly machinery of protection with which society surrounds herself, in a fruitless endeavor to close her eyes to a square deal.

* * *

¶ "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Cain's sarcastic reply comes floating down the centuries, right up to this very hour; but there are now signs of a new answer to this soical riddle of the ages.

Are you awake to the spirit of the times? What is your own answer?

* * *

¶ The struggle for money, for power, for social supremacy, like the hand to hand fighting of savages crushes down the feeble, but such is the inevitable leveling of Time that in the end Justice has her day in court.

A man cannot dodge the responsibility for his life. He may put it off for a while, but sooner or later, he has to face the verdict.

Pity as well as contempt move us as we consider the case of the old-time Captain of Industry.

And looking at his life as a type, we know that all the crooked, God-blaspheming money-aristocracies of America must die out, or their offspring will become degenerates.

Drunkenness, debauchery, insanity, locomotor ataxia, are some of the hideous social evils that come of the blight of too much money and no responsibility.

A man can stand more hard times than good times.

Most men think that this is a lie, but it is the one great fact established by the history of our race; commented on by sages in all ages, from King Solomon to Tolstoy.

So do not deceive yourself by thinking that your money will help you to live; the probability is that it will hasten your death if it does not also kill your wife and children.

* * *

¶ What awful things the old-time Captain of Industry did in order to pile up his millions.

His textiles workers lived in squalor; the shacks were falling down; the roofs were leaky, bathrooms a dream, air foul with odors, yards and corners filled with garbage, ashes and manure.

Wives and mothers half starved, laborers, herded like swine in cattle cars, had to eat, sleep and—almost before each other's faces!—go through the private conventions of the body.

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¶ My God, we have got to face this hideous picture in all its blight on women and little children.
We have got to call a spade a spade.
We have too long talked of these things in the polite language of the drawing room, mincing and side-stepping and refining out thoughts till they are meaningless.
One would think that we had all become eunuchs, with soft, sisy-like words, and the beard falling off our face, and our forms growing fat and flabby, like a woman in middle life.

* * *

¶ How many prostitutes has the system of the coal baron produced in Pennsylvania?
How many men under Carnegie's iron rule have perished in the steel mills, literally burned to death in the molten metal vats?
Who can estimate the losses suffered because Pullman wished to become a czar?
How many drunkards, criminals, lunatics must be charged up to the grasping landlordism of Astor?
How many working girls have been debauched to provide an evening's pleasure for the gilded youth of Lynn, Lowell, and other textile towns, where low morals have inevitably gone with the old-time ideas of the buccaneering Captain of Industry?
How many children have died in the Chicago sweat shops?
¶ When the books are opened on the last day, will those human wolves dare to face the great white light, thrown without fear or favor, on the naked reality of private history?
And where will you stand, yourself, reader?
Are you making Cain's answer, too?

* * *

¶ We do not lie to you when we tell you these facts.
We wish to God it were a lie.
The old-time Captain of Industry is the man we wish to bury, bury so deep that not even the stink of his carcass will contaminate the green turf above his miserable dust.
¶ But bury him deep or not, his influence goes on and on and the consequences of his evil life still bear their fruits of death.
Pictured in all its naked horror, here is what he did:
He is the man who threw the arsenic in the lone spring, far out in the desert.
The traveler, swooning under the fierce glare of the sun, drags himself to the water hole, and all but crazed by the dust, heat and sand, eagerly drinks.
He drinks only to die, for it is a poisoned spring, as seen by the green arsenical slime on the rocks on the edge of the pool, and by the bleached bones of men and animals that have died there.
¶ They shoot a man down in his tracks who poisons a spring out in the desert, but you proclaim him a great king!
My God, we have been heaping honors on this man, the old-time Captain of Industry who poisoned the spring of our business and social life, and we have scraped and bowed before him and sung his praises.
All too long we have done this, but the day for throwing up our hats is now past and gone.

* * *

¶ The one hideous outcast in America today is this same old-time robber.
He is reviled at every turn of the road.
A leper in the colony of Hawaii, on that lonesome rock out in the Pacific, is not more despised, forgotten and cursed.
As ye sow, so shall ye reap.
And the old-time child-killing, prostitute-making, woman-murdering Captain of Industry is now reaping the whirlwind —which he sowed on his own free will and act.
¶ He made money his god, and his god now turns and rends him.
He has been striped naked by public opinion—the strongest force in free America today—and we hope you have done your share to drag him down!
Let us throw lime over his bones that this fair earth may be the sooner rid of the stench.
You can help.

* * *

¶ Unfortunately, the evil set up by men's lives goes on and on, for many a black bitter day.

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To resist this you can help, and where you must help—otherwise you and your family will in turn perish.
The conduct of the vile old pest of society will continue to make lunatics, drunkards, street walkers, for many years to come.
As Carlyle says, "Two generations must slowly pass away before we bring about any great change in the social order."

* * *

¶ In the last analysis, broadening out the story of the old-time Captain of Industry, we have before us an amazing social problem.
Breeding a better race of human beings!
Now, think of this, in relation to your own life and your own fitness.
Whose seed shall we use for this great work?
¶ Straight from the shoulder, do you think your own ideals of society, and your own blood, and your own conception of your social duty, is such that your seed should be the one, of them all, the chosen one, used to breed the new standard of mankind?
Be honest with yourself.
Do not lie to yourself.
Have you made such proper answer to Cain's age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" that you are in line to save your own family from destruction?
Would you honestly want this earth to be re-bred from your own seed, to solve the great question of the better human understanding?
Until, without lies, you can reply "yes," there is work for you to get yourself in line with the higher ideals of humanity, now taking form in the greatest revolution in public opinion ever set forth in all books of history.
¶ What part are you going to play in the grand review after the great social war is over? Will they say you threw away your sword and ran away?

* * *

¶ The day is fast dawning when the pathetic desolation of the Lowell mills, brought on by human swine masquerading as Captains of Industry will pass forever.
It will stop on the hour when men see clearly hat they must work together, and not stand off and commit murder in the name of business.
¶ In our next review, we are going to tell you about the new Captain of Industry, and the enlightened, chivalrous part he is playing, with old-age pensions, better living conditions, care for the orphans and children, sick benefits, and a host of other signs of the better human understanding.
But for the moment, it is enough to know that, in the conception of the new Captain of Industry, business is not piracy, destruction, assassination, cutting of throats; business is system, order, harmony, helpfulness, upbuilding, construction, humanity.
Business is not war, it is upbuilding.

* * *

¶ The old-time Captain of Industry might not have been so vile if he could have confined to his own head the evil that he did in his life.
But society is so intermeshed that you cannot injure one without injuring many, in fact, injuring all.
The old-time Captain of Industry thought that, when he gave his sons riches to squander, and made it possible for his daughter to marry a title, and for his wife to give money-parties, and as for himself midnight wine suppers, with Pittsburg chorus girls dancing in gilded slippers on the table, to the astonishment of his guests, all was going well with his family and his family and his millions.
¶ Old Father Time had another story coming.

* * *

¶ The son, gratifying every passion, insolently domineering over women and young girls around him, pinching their cheeks till they screamed, or boisterously tripping them on the stairs to enjoy their blushes as their dresses flew, this animal of a son with his evil passions at fever heat, with his enormous self-conceit over his money, and his alleged position in society, indulged in one form of recklessness after another—and, as a matter of course, now and then debauching working girls for an evening's pleasure.
¶ Deprived of all natural incentives to

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honest industry, wholesome living, self-denial, honorable ambition, you know how it ended?

Did you see that miserable wreck in the wheel-chair as we crossed the avenue?

¶ And did you read the sensational story in yesterday's paper of the former society girl that hit the pace—and they had her on the slab in the Paris morgue? Sister and brother, in the last chapter, when the strange tale of the old man's money is told, the old man's blood-stained money and its curse——!

* * *

¶ There is a principle of Justice hidden deep down in every human life, black and broken though that life may be; and this still small voice tells a man when his life has been wrong.

It tells him the naked truth, no matter how he may disguise it from himself and from the world.

You do not need to be a novelist or a poet to believe this. Think it over, in your own life.

* * *

¶ Finally, in his last hours, the old man when he saw how it was all going and how his own life was an abomination in the sight of men, cried out in the agony of his soul.

¶ "My God, if I could only go back to the turn of the road!"

¶ But it was too late. There stood the devil before him, to take him down to hell.

* * *

¶ And now for your plain duty! Do not brood over the past, but think of your golden opportunity for social servce, in the future.

We are sure that the miserable old man was supremely unhappy and lonesome in his last years.

Let us not deride him. We are all mortal. At worst, his faults are human; and the blackest crimes you can think of, the foulest murders, the pathetic weaknesses—remember are all part of human nature.

If you have escaped them, it is only an accident.

¶ We see a pathetic picture of the old man, in his last hours. He is thinking of the long, strange unknown journey. He is praying with all his strength, as have many human beings before him, for God's Mercy and Forgiveness.

¶ You will be there reader, yourself, one day.

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of a former living
In a world my life had cursed;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question if put to me,
And to face the awful verdict
Throughout eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came hovering before my sight,
And things I thought were dead things
Were alive, with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face:
Alone, with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

* * *

(Editorial Note—In our next issue, "The New Captain of Industry and the Great Hope.")

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The Girl Who Smiles ...



The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary;
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled and the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown
And she looked so gay when she so came down
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

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A White Lie.

by JULIUS SEIPP.

Dawn, as it struggled into the cavernous station, succeeded only in huddling the shadows more closely together and accentuating the loneliness of the slack hour. It seemed, somehow, mean and shabby. The great black arch, dimly outlined, framed neither the pale bloom of an unclouded sky, nor the thickness of a rainy morning; the day was hesitating, neutral, glum. Even the few sounds that echoed through the gloom were harsh and depressing—the hollow rolling of milk cans, the penetrating whistle of the shunting code. The wet rails vanished into a mist.

A squat tank-engine slouched along close to the wall, seized upon a column of trucks, and ground its way out again with a disconsolate skirl of ungreased wheels. Once a brilliant diversion was caused by the arrival of the mail, whose high-shouldered engines, swift and grim and green, thundered splendidly in with steam hissing from their safety valves in a deafening sibilation. Strong shafts of yellow light from the furnace fires flared up through the swarthy vapors to paint the labyrinth of dingy beams with patines of dull gold, and seemed actually to warm the place, while the banging doors, the rattle of cabs, the rumble of postoffice vans, and the vague shouts that cut through the roar of escaping steam made a certain bustling note of cheer. But the crowd of muffled and overcoated passengers trooped off to the city by various ways; the porters, who had emerged from unsuspected doorways, returned to their hibernation; the giant locomotive backed carefully out to the sheds, and the station became silent again, as one who has turned in sleep and muttered a word.

Presently a train of coaches glided in of themselves, noiselessly, almost uncannily, and touched the stop-buffers with a gentle, clanking recoil. A few people arrived, and a couple of men started brooming the carriage windows.

A woman, bowed more with poverty and circumstances than age, walked slowly up the platform, accompanied by a pale youth—hardly boy, certainly not man. He appeared to be of the class who carry cigarettes behind their ears, and his cap was worn at the angle which gave a sportsmanlike air. The woman's hand was tucked beneath his arm; the two made their way to an empty compartment, deposited a satchel, and stood at the door; her hand was still on his arm, as though loth to let go. She looked up into his face now and then, furtively, but he was silent.

Her black kid gloves were years old, loose, mended, and deeply wrinkled. From the edge of her frayed cape hung little trembling fringes of shiny beads, interspersed here and there with vacant spaces or faded brown bits of thread, from which the beads had disappeared. At her neck the cape was fastened by a large, tarnished silver brooch. Her hair, of that iron-gray which is absence of color, was drawn smoothly back into a bunch below her poor bonnet. Beneath her eyes were hollows in which shone traces of tears.

"I hope you—you'll do all right this time, dear," she ventured presently, almost apologetically, pressing his arm.

The youth pulled out a cigar, and bit off the end without replying. Then he mumbled, ungraciously:

"Be awright, I expect. No need t'worry."

Other passengers assembled and distributed themselves, and a few well-dressed people clustered and chatted at the door of the enighboring compartment. The youth shifted his feet uneasily, glanced at the drab figure by his side, and clumsily removed her hand from his arm. She shivered slightly, complaining of the cold.

"There you are—what did I say?" he blurted out, morosely. "I towed ye not to come, an' you wouldn't 'ark to what

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I said. Better 'a' stopped indoors." And he walked away a step or two, lighting his cigar, aggrievedly, giving surly glances across the flashes of the match at the merry company next door, while the woman stood alone, pathetically plucking at her handkerchief, watching him. Had he heard some remarks at the adjoining window, he might have had the advantage of another point of view. They were observing him in the pauses of their talk, and one said, from a nest of furs:

"Just look at that young cad — ashamed of his mother. I should love to kick him; Charlie, you're a man — why don't you?"

"Charlie," brawny and very stylish, shrugged and smiled, and regarded the sulky one unfavorably. But a slight movement of the train betrayed the coupling-up of the engine ahead by the gray, colossal arch of the station. The youth took his seat. There was a fusillade of slamming doors, and a wave and dip of a green flag.

"Good-bye, dear boy."

"G'bye, mother."

She put her hand on the edge of the lowered window, but he sat down. The train was going. Unkissed, perhaps a little more bent, she stood on the platform, crying. For a moment she waved her hand, but her eyes brimmed so that she could distinguish nothing but the blurred image of the train as it slid past. She controlled the choking at her throat, and turned to Charlie, who was busy semaphoring to a merry face that leaned out and laughed. At her gentle, imploring touch on his arm, he raised his big cap and bent to her sympathetically, courteosly.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but is he waving to me?"

He had taken in the little tragedy minutes ago, and looked quickly down the curve of the moving train. Nothing broke the straight up-and-down of the carriage windows but the girl's head and her daintily-gloved hand that signalled farewells. He glanced at the little woman, put his broad hand comfortingly on her shoulder, and spoke kindly:

"Yes—there he is, look!—waving his hat to you—see?"

"Thank you, sir, yes, sir—thank you." And from her unshapely, work-worn hand she waved a little damp 'kerchief at the train until its smoky, indefinite shadow was swallowed up in the still, expressionless dawn.



In the Suburbs.

The Babes in the Wood were lost.

"Yet the suburban agent said the house was only two minutes from the station," they prattled.

Antiphonal.

"What is that racket?"

"They are singing the baby to sleep and the baby is singing them awake."

Equal Rights.

A little fellow who was being subjected to a whipping pinched his father under the knee. "Willie, you bad boy! How dare you do that? asked his parent wrathfully.

A pause. Then Willie answered between sobs: "Well, father, who started this war, anyway?"

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Morgan's Last Words on the Money Question

A letter to the Pujo Commission in which the financial system of the United States is analyzed and his own part made clear.

We suggest that such ills—and they are neither few nor trifling— as are existent in this country's financial affairs are the outcome of a clumsy and outworn banking system rather than of the schemes of men; and that to eradicate such ills at their source,there is needed not legislation upon some one or more isolated symptoms, but rather a careful diagnosis of our whole banking system; a study of the successful systems of other countries which for decades have been free from the periodic panics which have distressed this country; and finally co-operation among all committees in Congress which consider this subject, to the one end of wise and comprehensive—as contrasted with piecemeal—legislation.

Such "concentration" as has taken place in New York and other financial centers has been due, not to the purposes and activities of men, but primarily to the operation of our antiquated banking system which automatically compels interior banks to "concentrate" in New York city hundreds of millions of reserve funds; and next, to economic laws which in every country create some one city as the great financial center, and which draw to it, in enormous volume, investment funds for the development of industrial enterprises throughout the country.

Supply and Demand the Factor.

Just as grain and cotton and manufactures are commodities subject to the unchanging laws of supply and demand, so, in the same way, money and credits are commodities subject to the same unvarying laws, but far more intensely; for while bulky merchandise is not always immediately transferable upon demand, money and credits are so liquid as to be transferable by telegraph all over the world. It follows therefore that such "concentration" as exists in New York city (except that caused by our archaic banking system already alluded to) is due simply to the flow of demand and supply. Internationally likewise, when the demand for money and credit in Europe exceeds that in America, gold is drawn by export from New York to the other side.

We venture to point out that, since the beginning of organized industry and commerce covering more than two centuries in England, France and Germany and one hundred years in America, men never yet have succeeded in over-riding economic law; and further than such an achievement is impossible, even though one were willing to attribute sinister motive to the leading men of business in the chief cities of this country.

If any one man or group of men had the ability and resources—which they have not—to withhold credits in any one market like New York, the situation would ordinarily be promptly relieved by the automatic inflow of credits from some altogether foreign source. The factor which intensified the distressful conditions in October, 1907, was that all the world's market were, and—during a year previous—had been suffering from an excessive shortage of money which, as has many times been pointed out by economic observers here and abroad, was because of extraordinary business "booms" in this country, Great Britain and Germany,as well as adventitious and enormous wastes of capital such as had been caused by the San Francisco fire and the Russo-Japanese war. In countries other than the United

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States, the stress of October, 1907, due to high money rates and financial disturbance, was relieved by the operation of banking systems devised by experience to cope with precisely such conditions; whereas in this country, owing to its weak banking system, acute disturbance was greatly prolonged and caused infinite distress.

The Panic of 1907.

Our hesitation to describe in such detail these obvious causes for the panic of 1907 has been overcome only by reason of the extraordinary statement in the Congressional resolution, and by the report that an appreciable portion of the community has come to believe that in large measure the panic of 1907 was actually due to the machinations of certain powerful men. We regret that a belief so incredible, so abhorrent and so harmful to the country should for a moment have found lodgment anywhere. And we welcome your invitation as an opportunity for us to state that, to the extent of our observation and experience, there is not even a vestige of truth in the idea that, in whole or in any part—the financial convulsion of 1907 was brought on through the design of any man or men.

No one will deny that men frequently are selfish, ambitious and reckless, but in order to sustain the theory that the panic of 1907 was "engineered," one must attribute to the "engineers" not only the power, but some motive for their assumed achievements. And by no process of reasoning can such motive be imagined, because of the fact that the men possessing even a fraction of the influence and resources attributed to them always are the ones holding the largest amounts of fixed investments which, by disturbed financial conditions, always suffer most severely. It is a fact that those individuals, private bankers and banks to whom alone apparently, by the language of the preamble, is attributed the power "to create, avert and compose panics," were the ones to suffer most by the severe shrinkage in security values, such losses—as the public records will in many cases show—running into many millions of dollars. It is impossible,therefore, to imagine a motive on the part of such persons as would lead to a campaign of self-destruction.

We believe that the whole fram-work and language of the Congressional resolution implies a conception impossible in sound theory, and wholly impossible in practice; such theory being that a comparatively small group of men, chiefly centered in New York city, can and do obtain such complete mastery over the financial machinery of one hundred millions of indepedent people that they have power to cause this whole country incalculable distress, or as the resolution puts it: "have wielded a power over the business, commerce, credits and finances of the country that is despotic and perilous and is daily becoming more perilous to the public welfare."

Fallacious Statistics Presented.

For the maintenance of such an impossible economic theory there have been spread before your committee elaborate tables of so-called, interlocking directorates from which exceedingly mistaken inferences have been publicly drawn. In these tables it is shown that 180 bankers and bank directors serve upon the boards of corporations having resources aggregating twenty-five billion dollars, and it is implied that this vast aggregate of the country's wealth is at the disposal of these 180 men. But such an implication rests solely upon the untenable theory that these men, living in different parts of the country, in many cases personally unacquainted with each other, and in most cases associated only in occasional transactions, vote always for the same policies and control with united purpose the directorates of the 132 corporations on which they serve. The testimony failed to establish any concerted policy or harmony of action binding these 180 men together, and as a matter of fact no such policy exists. The absurdity of the assumption of such control becomes more apparent when one considers that on the average these directors represent only one quarter of the memberships of their boards. It is preposterous to suppose that every "interlocking" director has full control in every organization with which he is connected, and that the majority of directors who are not "interlocking" are mere figure-heads, sub-

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ject to the will of a small minority of their boards.

Perhaps the greatest harm in the presentation referred to lay in the further unwarranted inference, to which has been given wide publicity, that the vast sum of $25,000,000,000 was in cash or liquid form, subject to the selfish use or abuse of individuals. Such an idea excites the public mind to demand the correction of a fancied situation which does not and, in our belief, never can exist.

Decentralization the Rule.

In like manner an endeavor has been made to show, not by means of exact statistics which alone can tell the story, but rather through disjointed testimony obtained in the shape of replies to hypothetical questions that New York is far outstripping the rest of the country in comparative banking resources. Precisely the contrary is the case. The reports of the Comptroller of the Currency show not only that there has been no such tendency here, but that, for some time, New York's proportion of the country's banking capital and resources has been declining. The banking resources of forty-one (41) other States have increased since 1900 more rapidly than they have in New York State; and, whereas in 1900 New York city banks represented 23.2 per cent. of the banking resources of the United States, now, as pointed out in Mr. Davison's statement, they represent only 18.9 per cent. of such resources.

This striking tendency toward a greater and greater diffusion of American banking is illustrated further by the fact that between 1900 and 1912 the number of independent banks in the country has, according to the best reports obtainable, increased from 10,378 to 25,160, or by more than 140 per cent., while the population increased by less than 25 per cent. in the same period. Here is complete evidence of a tendency operating today toward the decentralization of banking facilities.

Demand For Larger Banks.

The mergers of banks in various cities are a development due simply to the demand for larger banking facilities to care for the growth of the country's business. As our cities double and treble in size and importance, as railroads extend and industrial plants expand, not only is it natural, but it is necessary, that our banking institutions should grow in order to care for the increased demands put upon them. Perhaps it is not known as well as it should be that in New York city the largest banks are far inferior in size to banks in the commercial capitals of other and much smaller countries. The largest bank in New York city today has resources amounting to only three fifths of the resources of the largest bank in England, to only one fourth of the resources of the largest bank in France, and to less than one fifths of the resources of the largest bank in Germany. As the Committee is aware, in New York city there are only three banks with resources in excess of $200,000,000, while there are ten such institutions in London, five in Berlin and four in Paris.

Not Equal to Country's Needs.

It is also perhaps not sufficiently recognized that, even as it is, American banks have not fully kept pace with the development of American business. Hundreds of the financial transactions of today are so large that no single bank command sufficient resources to handle them. This is especially true with respect to the great public uitilites which are essentional for the development and welfare of the community. Even our largest banks are seldom able seperately to extend the credit which such undertakings require, no one national bank being permitted by law to loan in excess of 10% of its capital and surplus to any one individual or concern. When it is remembered that literally hundreds of corporations in this country are now obliged to borrow annually sums of a million dollars and upwards apiece, it is obvious that the size of our banks must grow to keep pace with this demand.

Great Issues to Be Financed.

Likewise, with respect to the tendency to co-operation among banks, noted especially since the panic of 1907, we believe that further statistics of interest on this point can be made

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available, such facts going to show first, that since 1907 co-operation has been more active by reason of the lesson which banks in all large cities then learned that, for self-preservation, they could not—as is possible in other countries—rely upon a strong and elastic banking system, but must gain such protection by concurrent action; and second, that such co-operation is simply a further result of the necessity for handling great transactions. There are not a few railroad bond issues each exceeding $100,000,000; the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. recently has announced one of $70,000,000. The two traction companys operating the subways in Greater New York are planning to bring out aggregate issues of $220,000,000. The Attorney General's recent approval of the Union Pacific settlement, calls for a single commitment on the part of bankers of $126,000,000. So that, if transactions of such magnitude are to be carried on, the country obviously requires not only the larger individual banks, but demands also that those banks shall co-operate to perform efficiently the country's business. A step backward along this line would mean a halt in industrial progress that would affect every wage-earner from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Co-operation Necessary for Country's Growth.

We lay perhaps especial stress upon this point, because of what seemed to us a readiness upon the part of the Committee to adopt the idea that in such co-operation by bankers there lies the germ of something sinister and dangerous, and such co-operation has been developed to the extent that, "these groups of individuals" can "prevent competition with the enterprises in which they are interested, to the detriment of interstate commerce and of the general public."

Nothing else certainly could be more germane to an investigation like that of your Committee than an inquiry as to whether, through any means exerted by banks or bankers, interstate commerce is being restrained. But as establishing or even suggesting such a contention, we have been able to find no testimony whatever upon the records. If any such evidence is available, we believe it important that it should be produced. So far as our observation and experience go, we can make the positive statement that, except under unfavorable money market conditions, we have never heard of any responsible and deserving individual, firm or corporation being unable to secure ample credit.

Testimony, on the other hand, going to show not a suppression, but a development of trade throughout the country might have been of value, as exhibiting a natural explanation of many of the financial practices which your Committee has questioned.

How Securities Are Handled.

Another line of inquiry, certainly pertinent to the general subject, was as to whether "the marketing of the securities that from time to time have been issued by interstate railroads and industrial corporations has been by competitive bidding or otherwise." This question is of importance. On this matter we are pleased to submit certain considerations which, we are confident, are borne out by the facts: First, in general and over a period of time, the sale of such securities is invariably subject to the competition of market conditions. We have not heard of an instance where any corporation failed to secure the benefit of a price for its issues as excellent as conditions at the time warranted. Second, in most of the leading commercial States Public Service Commissions pass with great care upon the prices at which the securities of all transportation and public utility corporations are sold. Third, competitive bidding, in the sense of having railroad and industrial securities offered practically at public auction as in the case of municipal securities, is seldom or never practised.

The reasons against such practise are plain. Such corporate issues have neither the security, the steadiness nor the general confidence possessed by municipal bonds, and while in good times it is possible that they might be

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subscribed for at public auction, in bad times there would be no one to bid for them. It is practically inconceivable that a municipality should go bankrupt and make permanent default of its obligations. Quite otherwise is the case with railroad or industrial corporations. Should these latter appeal directly to the proverbially timid investor there can be little question that, in times of stress, support would be totally lacking. We should have the spectacle of numberless corporations failing for lack of strong financial or banking support.

Financial Advisers a Requisite.

A consideration inducing large corporations to appoint fiscal agents is that frequently such corporations are obliged to undertake operations of such magnitude and complexity over a series of years, that they must invoke uninterruptedly the best financial advice obtainable. An operation like that of the Pennsylvania and the Long Island Railroads in tunnulling respectively the Hudson and the East Rivers, and building an enormous terminal in the heart of New York, involved the expenditure of say $200,000,000, and, from inception to completion, occupied the best part of a decade. The unwisdom of embarking upon such a development and of relying through good times and bad, panic periods and otherwise, upon the sale of $200,000,000 bonds, by auction to the public, could hardly be characterized, even if it were conceivable. Another example might be mentioned in the irrigagation enterprises of the West. It is estimated that there has been expended in such development not less than $200,000,000. How far would such development have gone, how far would those regions have been opened to agriculture had dependence for obtaining that great sum been placed upon the nearby communities, or even (by means of public auction) upon investors in New York or Chicago who know little of the safety of such investments. Persons who decry the close relations existing between the bankers and the great transportation and industrial business fail to perceive that, as individuals require the advice of lawyers and physicians, so great enterprises require financial diagnosticians who can give counsel as to the world's investment market, as to what form of securities is best adaptable for any given time ,as to what financial policy for the corporation is best calculated to command the confidence and the steady support of the investor.

The Force of Public Opinion.

As the final point, we venture to submit the consideration that in a strong public opinion, such as exists in this country, there lies the greatest safeguard of the community—always assuming that Congress will evolve a basic system of banking whic is scientific and sound—as at the present time, ours admittedly is not. The public, that is the depositors, are the ones who entrust bankers with such influence and power as they today have in every civilized land, and the public is unlikely to entrust that power to weak or evil hands. Your counsel asked more than one witness whether the present power held by bankers in this country would not be a menace if it lay in evil hands. Such an inquiry answers itself. All power, physical, intellectual, financial or political, is dangerous in evil hands. If Congress were to fall into evil hands the results might be deplorablt. But to us it seems as little likely that the citizens of this country will fill Congress with rascals as it is that they will entrust the leadership of their business and financial affairs to a set of clever rogues. The only genuine power which an individual, or a group of individuals, can gain is that arising from the confidence reposed in him or them by the community. Every town, large or small, seems to choose a limited number of men (merchants, manufacturers, lawyers and bankers) to represent it in the management of its chief, local industries. Those men are entrusted with such heavy responsibilities because of the confidence which their records have established, and only so long as their records are unblemished do they retain such trusts.

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Confidence the Life of Banking.

These are axioms which it seems almost idle to repeat. They apply to all business, but more emphatically, we believe, to banking than to any other form of commerce. To banking the confidence of the community is the breath from which it draws its life. The past is full of examples where the slightest suspicion as to the conservatism, or the method of a bank's management, has destroyed confidence and drawn away its deposits over night. Much, therefore, may be left to the instinct and the force of public opinion; and finally, in urging upon you once more the establishment of a sound banking system, we venture to question the wisdom of engrafting upon such new system many special provisions, designed to guard against particular evils but which, being restrictive in their nature, are likely so to hedge about the business of banking as to curtail severely the country's development. We believe that, with a scientific banking system firmly established, many features in our present situation, perhaps deemed objectionable by you, will of themselves disappear; and that this country will enjoy the experience of other countries which, with nothing like the same amount of banking statutes in force as we have, are yet immeasurably freer than America from banking failures, and from those periodic financial disturbances which bring misfortune to rich and poor alike and, except for which, these United States today undoubtedly would be in enjoyment of a political and national prosperity far surpassing any that has been known in the world's history.

The Life That Counts.

The life that counts must toil and fight,
Must hate the wrong and love the right,
Must stand for truth—by day, by night:
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God.
And turns not from the cross, the rod,
But walks with joy where Jesus trod:
This is the life that counts.

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The GATEWAY

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The object of The Gateway is to present information touching upon Public and Social Topics of to-day. The columns of The Gateway are open to all. It also offers stories, poems, and special articles on the progress of science and the useful arts.

¶ We are presenting the second of the series, "What's Wrong With the United States" in this issue of The Gateway.
The editor has received many letters from America's industrial and political kings, protesting vigorously at the bold thought and direct language which calls a spade a spade; other letters calling bravely that the good work go forward, and discerning in this series the first signs of a vital re-statement of conditions which Americans have been talking around, and about, and over, and across, without coming to the bull's eye.
The Gateway will continue the series and has promised its supporters that the campaign shall be nation-wide.
¶ Already the first review, copied in whole or in part by other publications, has had an aggregate circulation of millions.

¶ Play Ball!
The crash of willow against horsehide; the wild shouts of the fans; the "baiting" of the umpire; the exhilaration of victory; the despondency of defeat—all these follow the magic words which opens a new season of the greatest American game.

¶ You know what it means to sit with the "fans" or with the "bugs" in the "bleachers" and witness a trial of skill between two opposing teams of gentlemen?
And the baseball player of today is a gentleman.
The roughneck of years ago is of the past. His day is gone.
The college graduate, with trained mind and body, clean habits of living and recognition and obedience to authority, succeeded him.
Baseball has become a profession.

* * *

While changes took place in players, the character of the game itself was shifting. Slipshod methods of regulation, loose management and control, dirty tactics on the field, disregard of authority, fighting, drinking, cursing—these were improved or crushed by the iron hands of far-sighted men who fought to purify baseball, to make it a clean American sport.

* * *

¶ The task was not for children.
The situation demanded a man of iron determination.
Ban Johnson was the man.
He recognized the danger and met it.
He made rules—and enforced them.
He met opposition—and demolished it.
He demanded gentlemanly conduct on the field—and secured it.
He denounced disregard of authority—and upheld his own.
Ban Johnson was called a Czar. What of it? The occasion called for the man with the Mailed Fist. Any other method would have failed. Base ball would have remained a game for the Sandlots. Johnson, in his firm determination to clean up and keep clean, and guided by a rare wisdom, lifted the game to the level of a profession.
Better still, Johnson has kept the game on a high plane.
¶ That is why we like to see base ball.

¶ What caused the floods in Ohio, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and other states?
¶ The water did not come from above

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—the quantity of rain in many places was negligible compared to the immense quantity of water in the flooded districts.

¶ The water did not come from the surface—we had light fall of snow, besides many places inundated had no reservoirs.

¶ Question. If the water did not come from above or from the surface, is it not probable that the water came from under the surface! Many towns obtain their entire supply of water from deep wells.

¶ Does not the planet attraction theory advanced by Dr. C. Henri Leonard answer the conundrum?

¶ At least it is worth consideration.

¶ How well the United States Army Relief Corps demonstrated its great worth during the recent flood calamity is now history.

Within a few hours after the first reports were received the great machinery of the United States Army Relief Corps was set in motion.

Wires ordered men and supplies to the stricken districts.

Plans for the emergency relief of the suffering people were perfected. Able and competent men were placed in charge. The Secretary of War himself made investigations.

The situation disclosed would stagger a Napoleon!

* * *

¶ In every great crisis of the past a leader came to the front.

This calamity was no exception.

Major James E. Normoyle, personal selection of and representing Secretary of War Garrison is the man! His great work in the flooded districts of the South during 1912, as well as his able and thorough report on the cause of and preventative measures adopted on that occasion, made his appointment inevitable.

* * *

¶ Major Normoyle is a West Pointer. You know what that means!

He is a peculiar combination of aggressiveness and diplomacy.

He seemed never to tire. He visited the flooded districts, where the awful story was unfolded. He saw immediately what was needed. The telegraph was not quick enough—he used the long distance phone, giving orders for 100,000 rations here, 1,000 blankets there, or perhaps a carload of cots to relieve present distress. No red tape bound him, as it did other organizations. "What do you need?" "I'll send them here at once!"

* * *

And while visiting Hamilton, Middletown or some other stricken city, he kept his fingers on the flooded districts far away. The telephone was his constant companion. He used it unsparingly.

* * *

¶ Major Normoyle arrived at his central office in Cincinnati late at night.

More than 200 telegrams were awaiting his instructions. A dozen telephone calls from distant points demanded his attention.

Within an hour all had been answered. Still they poured in, only to be tackled and disposed of while "hot" off the wires. "Pancakes should be served hot," he remarked, "and food and clothing should be given when people are hungry and shivering."

* * *

Hour after hour went by while this man fought to relieve distress. Experienced in knowing what to do, and prompt in its execution, Major Normoyle inspired everyone with enthusiasm and energy. He never slipped a cog.

* * *

Four o'clock in the morning—and work for the day was finally over.

* * *

At 6:30 A. M. Major Normoyle and his clerk took breakfast. He was ready for another day's work.

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The Murdered Nigger.

by JOHN H. GRANT.

1.

Sarsar! The very name of the place was sinister. Who does not remember De Quincey's "Sarsar wind of desolation," and the chill shudder that quivered through the soul as the harsh adjective came blowing like a discord into the music of that incomparable writing?

Not a misgiving, however, crossed my heart when, shortly before Christmas, my father asked me if I thought myself possessed of the qualifications necessary for collecting a bad debt.

"The business of collecting, father," said I, with what malicious friends called my "prize-poem manner," "is odious in some of its features to a man of spirit, but it may bring into play some of the finest faculties of the human mind."

"And body," added my father, in a quiet sort of way.

"If courage is needed," said I, laughing, "I am the son of my State—the State that does not know how to surrender. As for tact, civility, address, urbanity, and downright stubbornness, these desirable qualities are surely mine by right of inheritance."

"Well, well," said my father, meditatively, "it is a pretty rough place, Sarsar is. The debt is one thousand dollars; and if you get this sum, or any part of it, I don't mind saying it is yours for a Christmas-box."

For many reasons these were delightful words. First, while I fully intended that my life should teem with good things, at present it was as bare and empty as a sun-dried skull. My father, with the best intentions in the world, was so indifferent to the doctrines of Malthus as to become the parent of a perfect brood of young ones, each of whom had to stand on his own legs as soon as they were strong enough. I was at the beginning of my career, and made shift to get on, but such a sugar-plum as a thousand dollars had never dropped into my mouth. As befitted my slim purse, I was madly in love—in love with Angie Bell, the prettiest girl, I would swear, among a million picked beauties. With the thousand dollars fairly mine, I should be able to offer her those delicate attentions man delights to lavish on the woman he adores—buggy drives and bonbons, new music, books, and bouquets. Thus I should weave myself, as it were, into her lift, keep her little heart in a perpetual simmer of kindly feeling, and dispose her to look tenderly on my encroaching passion ,nor resist when its tide would sweep her from her moorings into my arms. Unless, reflected I, it might be better to trust to winning her solely on my merits, and, the bethrothal an accomplished fact, spend all the sum in the purchase of a troth gift in some degree worthy of her inspiring beauty.

Absorbed in the pleasing perplexity of such a question, I was only aroused from my reverie by my father's tones, raised a good deal above their ordinary level.

"Yes, old Ruck is as saucy and rough a tonic as any man could swallow. You will need all your mother-wit in dealing with him. The old scamp swears it is not a just debt, and pay it he will not."

"Sarsar—nothing more than a backwoods settlement, is it?"

"Nothing. And there are people up among those hills who actually try to vote for General Jackson today! A good many worthless negroes have congregated in the place, who fight, quarrel, and steal without much interference from anybody. There are a lot of rough fellows, however, calling themselves 'the Gentlemen of Sarsar,' who regulate things after their own

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fashion. Chief among them is your man—Andy Rucker. He has unbounded influence with his clientele, and, they say, understands how to use the shot-gun better than any man in the county."

"Never think to daunt me, father," said I, briskly. "I shall go to Sarsar, and shall fetch back the money."

A few days later I got off at a station ten miles east of Sarsar, and, hiring a horse, set out for a ride across the country. The hills were steep, the road rough, the people rougher. At the cabins where I stopped to ask the way, they looked on me as a stranger from a far-off land.

"Do git down and look at your creetur," was their invariable remark, and one that puzzled me exceedingly, until it was a hospitable invitation to dismount for a rest.

Reaching Sarsar, I was directed to "the widow Joplin's" as a place of entertainment. The widow, a tired-looking woman, with her lips drawn down at the corners as if they needed kissing into shape, put me into the hands of a bright mulatto boy, whom she called Dee Jay. This worthy conducted me to my chamber, and asked if I would like some oysters for supper.

"Oysters, by all means—a couple of dozen, fancy roast."

"Lor', marster, we ain't got so many in de house; an' ef we had, I 'clar to gracious, marster, two dozen two-poun' cans would kill you, sho'."

"Cans! Is it canned oysters you offered me?"

"Yes, sir—Cove. We had some fresh ones onst—I disremember what year it wuz. But, lor'! we didn't know ter open 'em, an' we jes pounded away at 'em wid brickbats, till Mars' Andy come an' showed us how. Ain't it curus how dey kin live an' breathe de breff o' life shet up in dem tight shells?"

Declining to enter into a discussion on oysters, I asked if "Mars' Andy" was Mr. Rucker.

"Yes, sir. Captin Rucker we mostly calls him. You acquainted wid him?"

"No; but to make his acquaintance happens to be my business here."

"Is dat so?" cried Dee Jay, with increased respect in his tones. "An' I made sho' you wuz a-drummin' for seggars. Mars' Andy ain't very fond o' dem drummin' men," he went on, confidentially; "in fac', dey ain't popular wid none o' dem lazy, long-legged Rucker boys. Dey kin fairly devil a stranger out o' tourn if dey takes a notion. Hope you ain't gwine ter tread on de captin's toes, marster. He's a awful man to have a rassel wid."

"He must be a terrible fellow," said I, laughing.

"Lor', dey ain't no harm in Mars' Andy. He's de head man in dis town. He's as full o' pranks an' capers as a unbroke colt; but he's got as much sense as a horse."

With that compliment, in every way worthy of a returned Gulliver, my innocent Yahoo took me to the widow Joplin's dining-room.

Before I had well finished my supper a tall man strode into the room, followed by two of the daintiest, prettiest little black-and-tan thoroughbred pups I had ever seen.

"How Angie would dote on them!" thought I.

The master of the pups was a noticeable man. Tall and broad-shouldered, with clean-cut features and bright black eyes—so far not differing from any other. But his hair marked him among men as Samson's among the Phillistines. Long and heavy, and iron-gray in color, it fell in actual ringlets to his shoulders, and give almost a look of ferocity to his countenance.

"A character!" said I to myself, and longed to hear him speak.

The wish was not allowed to grow cold, as he came directly to me with:

"I hear, sir, there is a stranger in town who wants to see Andy Rucker. That's my name. Yours is—"

"Ned Merewether, at your service," said I, rising, with extended hand. "You have met my father."

"Oh yes; I am well acquainted with Jack Merewether," he said, giving me a prolonged look. "Well, Ned, let's take a drink."

Knowing the offense I should give by a refusal, I assented, though dreading the villainous compound I should

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have to swallow under the name of "old Bourbon."

One drink followed another, and my head began to buzz a little. Several men dropped in, who were introduced by Mr. Rucker as kinsmen and friends. I proposed a health to "the Gentlemen of Sarsar," and the scene grew convivial.

"What d'ye think of our country, mister?" said an ill-looking youth, whom they addressed by the tender title of "Honey Rucker."

"It's as fine a country as I ever saw," responded I. "But you don't have many rich men, I suppose?"

"Rich men!" cried Mr. Rucker, in a tone of compassion; "why, youngster, we are all rich, only we don't like to show off. Good families—like the Ruckers—never make a parade. Now and then such a fellow as Yowell wants to spread himself. You remember, boys, how he went to old Nathan Week's funeral?"

"Rather!" said Honey Rucker, in a gloomy tone.

"It was a big funeral, and most of us walked, for carriages are unhandy on our roads. But Yowell wanted to make a show, so he and his must ride. He and his wife were in a four-wheeled gig, and every Jack and Gill of his seven children was toted by a likely negro boy, who sat astride a two-hundred-dollar mule. Now each one of those Africans would have sold for fifteen hundred dollars — aggregate, ten thousand five hundred dollars; the mules summed up to fourteen hundred dollars, making a clean sum of eleven thousand nine hundred dollars winding along these hills as unconcerned as a snake. What do you think of that for style?"

"Quite in the style of the Arabian Nights," said I.

"Ah! there are some queer people up here among these hills," said Captain Andy, with a shake of the read.

"What do you do in the way of sport?" asked I.

"Everything—chase foxes, run deer, spear fish. But our grand sport"—with sudden animation—"our Christmas frolic, is a nigger hunt."

"A what?"

"A negro chase, perhaps you would call it. You see, our jail is such a ramshackle affair that it is next to impossible to keep a prisoner in bonds, if he has any get-up-and-get in his make-up. The rascals break out and take to the hills. And when the humor takes us we hunt them down."

There was a laughing devil in Mr. Rucker's eye, and I knew not what to think. Determined, however, not to seem unsophisticated, I said, coolly:

"I should think such game would give you but a short run."

"Humph! put twenty hounds on a black rascal's track—they can scent it after it's a day old—and he will run faster than a deer, and out-manoeuvre a fox in dodging corners."

"Poor souls!"

"They haven't any souls, I fancy," said Mr. Rucker, easily; "'poor bodies' would be more to the point, as they have to clip it to a galloping tune. Come, sir, no use walking on stilts away from home. Join us in our next hunt."

The man seemed as sober as a christened saint, but I felt I was the butt of a joke, and secretly resented it.

"Well, sir," said I, "I did not come here to make acquaintance with the sports of the gentry."

"And may I presume to ask why you did come?" inquired Mr. Rucker, with vast politeness.

"You should know best, sir, as I represent the firm of Avery & Merewether."

"Aha! I remember something was said of certain moneys that your people fancied I owed them."

"Fancy me no fancies, Mr. Rucker"—certainly the whiskey had gone into my head—"the money has to be paid."

"And you are the man that's to get it? Well, well, it would be a pity you should not have what you have come so far to gain—all, and more. I insist you should have more. I myself ought to make you a little gift."

"Very well," I said, good-humoredly, "I will gladly accept these little beauties"—and I caught up Mr. Rucker' spups.

"For your sweetheart?"

"For the prettiest girl in the county,"

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said I, laughing, and with a warm glow at my heart at the bare thought of my lovely little angel, Angie Bell.

II.

Awakening with a clear head the next morning, I hurried out to seek Mr. Rucker; but, to my annoyance, that eccentric gentleman was nowhere to be found. Everyone of whom I inquired was too stupid even to guess at his whereabouts.

"De captin is jes' like de sun," said my sympathizing valet Dee Jay: "sometimes he will shine out on folks, an' agin, when de notion takes him, he will go under a cloud, an' you can't put your finger on de place whar he is hid."

"And how long is it his Majesty's pleasure to stay under a cloud?"

"It 'ud take a wizard man to tell dat, marster.' '

"I went to his house, hoping to see some member of his family; but no one came to the door, though I rapped and pounded half an hour."

"He ain't got no family. De Rucker blood is purty nigh run out in dis county."

"Why, I thought every other man in it was a Rucker."

"Well, dey is mostly cousins, or dey jes' tuk de name fur glory. Mars' Andy had a lot of brothers onst, an' a par; but dey wuz killed, all along through de war—one a-bushwhackin', one a-fightin wid Morgan, one wid de fever, an so on. Mars Andy hisself had a squeak for his life onst on a time. He wuz lyin' on de field bleedin' from seventeen or eighteen wounds, when along comes a cavalryman a-swingin' of his savior—"

"Dee Jay! what in the name of Heaven are you saying?"

"Along comes a cavalryman on a big black horse, a-swingin' his savior in de air till it looked as round as a cart wheel, an' flashed like de moon on fire. Mars' Andy shet his eyes an' begun ter say his prayers; when pop! bang! off went a musket from behind a tree, an' down went Mr. Rider jes' like a grasshopper when a turkey-gobbler nips him off a sweet-petater vine!

"De captin tuk on mightily about our site gittin' beat," continued Dee Jay, encouraged by my laughter; "he 'ain't let his hair grow sence Vicksburg fell, an' it turned grisly gray dat same night. It was jes' struck all of a heap. Dat's why de people here thin so much o' Mars' Andy. Dey has sech respec' fur his strong feelin's."

"I wish his strong feelings would lead him to pay his debts," muttered I.

Mr. Rucker was not so cruel as to stay under a cloud all day. In the afternoon he burst into my room, beaming like the sun to which he had been compared.

"It's all settled, my friend," he cried.

"What! the debt?"

"Bother the debt! A question of money should not arise between gentlemen."

"Gentlemen should pay what they owe," said I, grimly.

"Softly, lad, softly. You are almost on the point of being uncivil, in which case I hould have to leave you to yourself."

Dreading another disappearance on Mr. Rucker's part, I said:

"Really, sir, I had no intention of being uncivil. What is it that is settled?"

"The chase—the hunt for the horny-heeled son of Ham."

"That joke again?"

"No joke about it. There is an idle fellow here—Bud Kane by name—who was caught hog-stealing about a month back. He has been hiding among the hills, and we think it well to get him off our hands before Christmas."

"You wouldn't kill the man?"

"Oh no; only scare him a bit. If he gives us a good run we will let him off scot-free. And he is the fleetest scamp in the country. Lucky to be able to offer you such sport."

"My good Mr. Rucker," said I, attempting to speak with great moderation, "unequaled as such sport must be, you must allow me to decline a share in it. You know my object in coming here—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Rucker, "that is all right. I have plenty of money burning for your pocket. But just now I can't think of anything but the merry hunt. Come! let us have it

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over, and then to business. I will promise that you shall be full satisfied. Perhaps, however, you are not a rider?"

It was silly of me, but I was really piqued, and thought I should like to show this rough man of Sarsar whether I could ride or not. I reflected, too, that it might be well to humor his wish and join his hunting party—it would probably turn out some portentous joke played by the Gentlemen of Sarsar. After it was "played out," Mr. Rucker could hardly fail to meet my demands, hand over the money, and let me get back to civilization—civilization and Angie Bell.

"Well, well," said I, carelessly,ff "get me a decent mount, and I'll join your party," whereon Mr. Rucker gave a tremendous grin and hurried away.

At a ridiculously early hour the next morning I was aroused by a wild "Halloo!" under my window. Looking out, I saw the Gentleman of Sarsar in force —some twenty or more vagabond-looking fellows, mounted on horses too nobly built for such riders, all laughing, gesticulating, and occasionally firing at the incautious chickens roosting in the trees about the house. They were rigged out like a lot of banditti. Some were armed with rifles, and all seemed to have equipped themselves with what was left over from their war equipments, including horse-pistols and bowie-knives, cavalry boots and devil-may-care hats. I must say I felt uncommonly ticklish —as much so as if I had been in Arabia with a set of Bedouins inviting me for "sport" to plunder one of the desert caravans. However, I gulped down my scruples with the morning cocktail which we all took at the bar of the window Joplin, and listened patiently while Mr. Rucker gasconaded about the wonderful shots he had made, the tremendous leaps his horse had taken over gullies and longs.

"Unless you can stand rip-racing through the country as if you were trying to shake hands with the lightning," said he, "you had better not try to keep up with the hunt, but take a stand on some overlooking hill—"

"Mr. Rucker," cried I, "spare yourself any fears for me."

"All right, then. Let's be off, boys."

They leaped to their saddles with Texan agility; half a dozen stag-hounds were brought to the front; and with another "Halloo!" were were off.

Never shall I forget that ride. The keen morning air was a stimulus that thrilled every sense to alertness. Mr. Rucker carolled, in a robust voice:

"Last night, in my late rambles,
All in the isle of Skye,
I met a lovely creature
All in the mountains high."

But the only lovely creature we met was the lady moon, queen of this wild world of wood and mountain and stream, now almost out of sight, as day was beginning to dawn. The hills, near and far, rose like waking giants to meet the pale, blinking stars; lights twinkled from the valley below; little piping birds mingled their shrill notes with the sound of the wood-chopper's axe.

We rode at a brisk trot, Mr. Rucker and I in the rear. Suddenly a cry was heard from one of the advance-guard. I pressed forward, my mind's eye filled with a fine buck, who sniffed the "tained gale," and sprung with beautiful fear from his pursuers. Instead of which I saw a figure on two legs—but

"Whether man or woman,
Whether ghoul or human,"

I could not tell at the distance—spring across the field as if Satan's fiends were after him.

From this time all is confusion in my memory. Wild, wild riding I recall, and a sense of reckless delight that vented itself in shrill cries to my horse. The sun was just darting up in slim scarlet lances. A light wind blew, and the very drops of blood in my veins seemed to dance like the pine needles in the wind. What we pursued I no longer knew. I was beside myself with the passion of the chase. Logs, bogs, nor brooks appalled me. Fences and gullies were as shadows leaped over in a dream. The infernal baying of the hounds was music to my ear. Noble sport this, truly. Now and then there was a glimpse of a flying figure—a male Atlanta bounding over the ground with splendid speed; and finally a sudden pull-up—a some-

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thing at bay—and a sound of rifles snapping and hounds yelping.

"Fire, lad, fire!" cried Mr. Rucker.

"For God's sake tell me—is it a man?"

"Fire in the air if you have any doubt," he said, with a great laugh, and firing his own rifle at a tree-top. Wild with excitement, I essayed to do the same. My horse plunged—my gun went off—an awful cry followed the report, and a voice shrieked: "He has killed him! He has shot Bud Kane!"

I leaped from my horse and rushed to the spot. There, truly, lay a man—a muscular, finely shaped young negro, entirely nude but for a fox-skin thrown over his shoulders. He was panting heavily, and his blood was staining the yellow sedgegrass.

I could not believe my eyes. I was almost distracted. Had I done this horrible deed? Had I slain an inoffensive fellow-creature, whose hand were certainly clean toward me, no matter how many Sarsar hogs he had stolen? Innocent I felt myself, yet guilty with a horrible guiltiness; for there lay the poor wretch, bleeding like Marco Bozzaris, and not a man among them all spoke a word of comfort.

III.

A litter was made of the bough of pine-trees, and Bud Kane lifted upon it. Mr. Rucker and I rode in advance of the bearers, to prepare Bud's mother for the reception of her son.

"Man alive!" cried Andy, impatiently, "why did you not fire in the air? Did you not see we were all doing so?"

"I saw nothing. Why did you lead me into such a devil's business?"

"My dear Merewether," he said, in a cool, dry tone, "like Shakspeare's Jew, you bettered my instruction."

At the door of a particularly mean-looking cabin Mr. Rucker called a halt. A veritable hag sat in the doorway—old, black, lean and wrinkled, but with a head of crisp wool as busy as a box plant. This person was engaged in the curious operation of "roping" her hair, that is, dividing it into small strands, each one of which was wrapped tightly to its end with a white cotton string.

"Hello, Aunt Diana!" said Mr. Rucker.

"Why, Mrs' Andy! Dat you? What brings you here dis hour in de morin'? Want a drink o' buttermilk?"

"No; I've some bad news for you. Bud has met with an accident."

"What's dat you tell me?"

She sprung to her feet. Anything more uncanny and witch-like than her appearance can not be imagined. On one side of her head her hair stood out like a electrified mane, evidently fresh from a vigorous carding; on the other it lay flat in litle snaky cotton twists. Her eyes rolled till they seemed all white. One hand was on her hip, the other stretched toward us with clinched fist.

Mr. Rucker ran over the details of the accident without mentioning my name. But she pinned me on the spot.

"I s'pose you did it," she said, "seein' as you are a stranger? Der ain't none o' de boys here would 'a been so clumsy."

"Yes, my horse reared, and my gun went off accidentally. I am very sorry—"

"Sorrow don't butter no corn-pone," she interrupted, in a high key. "I mistrusted sompen wrong yesterday when Mars' Andy Rucker wuz here persuadin' Bud ter take part in his onmannerly, onchistrian rampage."

"What!" cried I, in a passion in my turn; "it was a sell, then, after all?"

Mr. Rucker smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You would 'a thought so," screamed Mother Kane, "if you had 'a heerd him beggin' Bud an' bribin' him to take de job. Bud warn't noways anxious to dress hisself up in a fox-skin an' go tarin' over de country, an' let de hounds be turned loose on him. But says Mars' Andy: 'We will post horses in de thickets, so that you can ride from one point to annudder, an' save your strength to dash across de open fields an' keep ahead o' de hunt. An' it will be a big frolic, Bud,' he says; 'an' when it's done you shell have a quart o' rum an' five dollars fur de night's work.' Five dollars looked big enough to cover de sun an' moon, it did. So he gin his consent, an' here's de end of it—Bud killed, an' me left ter scuffle along, de heavenly powers knows how."

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She threw her apron over her head and began to weep.

"I knowed mischief wuz coming'," she sobbed. "'Twarn't on'y las' week dat ole Debby, de witch 'ooman, tole my fortune on he shoulder-blade of a sheep, an' likewise de breas-bone of a goose. 'Troubles dark an' many,' she says, 'an' a funeral in de house, an' a how row ter hoe!' An' I jis tell you, young man"—dropping her apron, and shaking her extraordinary old head at me—"I'll have de law of you. Dis ain't nuthin' short of murder, it ain't."

"It was an accident," I cried; "and whatever I can do to make amends, you may be sure I will do."

"Den you kind jist han' me over some money fur de funeral expenses an' odder matters."

"How much do you want?"

"Jes' put it to yourself, sir. Don't you think if you wuz tore away from your pa, an' his ole age left widout support, he would ax a purty high figure to cover de loss?"

"I think," said I, with much internal bitterness, "if my father could see me at this moment, he would think twenty-five dollars a high value for my head."

"Well, gimme dat, marster, an' I'll be satisfied."

I handed her the sum, and we left the house just as the men bearing Bud on the liter came in sight, and the old mother began her distracting screams.

"Rucker," said I, as we rode away—"Rucker"—and my voice trembled with rage—"as I am a living man you shall give me satisfaction for this."

"Let a harmless jest go by," he said, coldly, "and consider your own position. I am bound to tell you that you are in some danger. The negroes here are a wild lot, and, backed by certain lawless white men I could mention, would just as soon lynch you as not."

"That I own would be quite in keeping with what I have seen of the Gentlemen of Sarsar."

"We will discuss the matter farther when you are rested; you look fagged out," said Mr. Rucker, with an air of paternal interest.

At the widow Joplin's I shut myself into my room, and throwing myself on my bed, fell into as profound a sleep as if to shoot a man before breakfast was nothing more series than to bag a lot of birds.

Toward noon Mr. Rucker came back. His face was drawn into solemn lines, his ringlet hung damp and uncurled.

"Kane is dead," he said.

"No!"

"The wound seemed a trifle at first; but traumatic tetanus set in, and he went off like a shot."

"I would give my right hand to undo this morning's work."

"Come, man, don't be cast down. My advice is that you come with me at once to a magistrate and give yourself up. I will go bail for your appearance at the April court. I need not ask if you will be sure to be on hand?"

"If I allow you to be my bondsman, such a question in an insult," said I, haughtily.

"Exactly. I will go your bail for, say, two thousand dollars. And since this sum, like the rod of Aaron, swallows up the smaller amount you came to collect, we will let that matter rest over until you come on to your trial—eh?"

"I am in your hands, Mr. Rucker," said I, fiercely, and feeling like a rat in a trap, "and have no alternative but to do as you suggest. But my father will be here as my legal adviser, and I can tell you this whole thing will be well sifted."

"Your father may count on my aid and friendship," said Mr. Rucker, with the air of a generous potentate, "both for his sake and yours."

As he spoke there was a rap at the door, and a trim mulatto girl answered to my "Come in." There was a gypsy beauty in her bold black eyes, and mischief lurked in the corners of her mouth; but she made a tolerably modest courtesy, and said:

"If you please, sir, I wuz gwine ter ber married."

"That is not surprising," said Mr. Rucker, seeing me at a loss how to reply to this unexpected confidence. "I should think all the young bucks in the country would be after you."

"I ain't gwine ter boast o' dat, Mars' Andy, for you knows I never was one o' dem flirtin', owdacious gals dat would jest as soon sleep in de calaboose as

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anywhar else. But I wuz gwine ter marry decent an' respectable as any white lady, an' have a gold ring an' piller-shams. An' now he's gone an' got killed, and I ain't got nobody ter marry; and I jes' wish I was dead too."

Here she began to weep, and, with a pang at the heart, I realized that before me stood another victim of my fatal shot. It was Bud Kane whom she was to marry!

"My poor girl—" said I.

"Don't you 'poor girl' me!" she cried, viciously. "I'm jest as free as anybody, and I don't want no foolin' nor soft talk from you nor no other white gentleman."

"Well, what do you want?" said I, roughly.

"My circumstances is these," she said, checking her tears: "that I have give up a good place I had at five dollars a month, an' have spent all my savin's an' givin's a-buyin' weddin' clothes an' a feather-bed, which I am meanin' to swap off to the widder Joplin for the tombstone of her fust husband, an' set it up over pood Bud, the verses on it bein' ekally upproprite, as they only says:

" 'He wuz too bright fur earth,
He wuz taken from our hearth.
Of angels ther wuz a dearth,
So they welcomed him with mirth.' "

"That is a fine idea of yours," said Mr. Rucker, "but you wander from the point."

"No, sir, I' jes' a-comin' to it. Seein' as I am all throwed out an' disadvantaged, I thought if I had ten or twelve dollars I could go to town, an' git a place an' earn my livin'; an' it looked like de gentleman dat shot Bud ought ter holp me along a little to kerry out my projec's an' git de better o' my afflictions."

My hand was in my pocket. I pulled it out, holding a bill, and bade good-by to Bud Kane's interesting sweetheart.

"You did well," said Mr. Rucker; "a policy of conciliation now, by all means."

Our business at the magistrate's was soon transacted; but after leaving his office we found it a matter of difficulty to get past the crowd. A mob of negroes had collected, and muttered threats made my blood run cold. Plainly Sarsar was no longer a safe place for me.

On reaching the inn I found myself awaited at the door of my room by an imposing-looking old darky with white hair ad a stout cane.

"Good-day, sir," said he. "If your name is young Mr. Merrewether, I would like a few words wid you."

"All right, uncle; come in." And I threw open the door and flung myself into a chair.

"Give me de satisfacshun to intreduce myse'f," said the old man, with dignity, "as de parster of de Fust Methodis' Church, limited."

"Limited to what?" said I, profanely.

"To de godly an' to de seekers; an' to dis latter class our departed brudder Bud Kane belonged. He wuz a seekin' sperrit."

"Bud Kane again!"

"Dat pore wild lad lost his life as so many of our color loses der manly sperret—by submittin' to de white folks as if dey wuz monkeys instid o' men. But, in despite of Bud bein' in some sort a son of Belial, he wanted ter do what wuz right; an' he hed agreed ter give us a small sum toward erectin' a edifice fur prayer an' praise, de present meetin'-house being subject to rats, an' bats, an' rain, an' de bad boys of Sarsar."

"I really don't see how this matter concerns me!" cried I, though, alas! I did see with fatal clearness what he was after.

"I wus thinkin', marster," he said, severely, "dat it mought be a sort o' balm o' Gilead to your conscience to supply dat sum."

"Better give him a trifle," whispered Mr. Rucker; "he has great influence among the blacks."

There was no help for it. A five-dollar bill passed from my keeping into that of the "parster of the Fust Methodis' Church, limited."

I began to pack my portmanteau.

"What are you about?" said Mr. Rucker.

"About to leave your town. I can catch the night train at L—— by making good speed."

"So you can; but take my advice again and leave that luggage."

"Leave my portmanteau! But why?"

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"You won't be allowed to get away. The people are keeping watch. I can manage it, however. Start out with me as if for a friendly ride, and we can get on to L—— with nobody the wiser; but if you start out with that carpet-sack, I won't answer for the consequences. I can send it after you in a day or so."

Again I had to submit—anything to get out of the accursed place.

We mounted our horses, Mr. Rucker ostentatiously remarking that we were going out for a little ride.

"You won't let him get away, Mars' Andy?" cried a voice.

"Have no fear, boys; he is in Andy Rucker's charge," exclaimed another.

Once away from them, I thought my trials at an end. But there were yet other ordeals in store. From a cabin a shade more dingy than Mother Kane's there rushed out a fat black female, with three or four children hanging to her skirts.

"Stop, stop, gentlemen!" she cried; and we reined in accordingly. She laid her hand on the bridle of my horse.

"Ain't you de gentleman dat killed Bud Kane?" she asked.

Bud Kane's name was fast becoming the red rag to the bull.

"What's that to you?" roared I.

"Jes' this, sir: these is Bud's chillern."

"I wonder if there is anything or anybody in this town that Bud Kane is not in some way connected with?" said I, violently. "I suppose you want a little money to buy a black frock?"

"I ain't pertickeler ez ter the frock, but I need the money powerful bad to help raise the chillern, for Bud always wuz mighty fond of 'em;" and she too began to weep. "He always said he meant ter have Julius Cæsar eddicated. He wuz de favorite, because he wuz de oldest, an' de fust chile Bud ebber had. Den he made a gret pet o' Leonidas, because he wuz de youngest, an' prized accordin'; and de gal, Mary Margeret—"

"Why, look here," said I; "I have just seen a girl who told me she was going to marry Bud."

"Yes, sir, he tole me he wuz gwine ter marry. He wanted me to have him, but lor! I wouldn't marry Bud, because he didn't belong to de church."

I looked at Mr. Rucker. A grin convulsed him features. There was nothing to be said. I gave some money to the worthy matron, and we rode on.

At last we were well out of Sarsar, and my spirits began to rise. Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming after us at a rapid gallop.

"We are pursued," siad Mr. Rucker.

"Let me give him a run fr it," I cried.

"No, no; wait here; guilt flies; you risk nothing in facing whomsoever it may be."

"The pursuer turned out to be a lean litle man, who introduced himself as Dr. Mellar.

"I heard you were about leaving town, Mr. Merryfield," he said, briskly—"Merewether?—excuse me—and I wanted to mention to you a little bill for attendance on the negro Bud Kane. his mother being unable to pay, and hearing you had a fine feeling of honor—"

I got down from my horse, squared my elbows, doubled my fists. "Come on!" said I.

"Are you mad?" cried the little doctor; and wheeling his horse sharply round, he fled back to Sarsar.

Before I mounted again, I deliberately loaded my pistol.

"This is a seven-shooter," said I to Mr. Rucker. "One ball is for the undertaker, one for the grave-digger, the odd ones for any of the mourners who may wish to be paid for weeping at Bud Kane's funeral."

"I think," cried Mr. Rucker, reeling slightly in his saddle, as if convulsed by some internal emotion—"I really think we have seen the last of them. You may shake the dust from your fet, Mr. Merewether: you are out of Sarsar."

It was shortly before Christmas that this adventure befell me. Christmas day dawned brightly, as it seemed, to all the world but me. I had no heart to go to church, feeling in no mood for the jubilant services. I was alone in the house, and when there came a ring at the bell I answered the door. There stood a remarkably tall, lithe negro man, with my portmanteau in one hand, and in the other a little covered basket.

"Christmas gift, marster," he cried.

"Merry Christmas to you. You can get a glass of eggnog in the kitchen. I see

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you are from Sarsar. You have brought back my portmaneau."

"Yes, sir. Looks like you ought to know me by name, young marster. You nearly shot my head off onst. Don't you remember Bud Kane?"

"Bud Kane?"

"Yes, sir, dat's me. Mars' Andy tole you I was dead; but dat wuz jest a joke o' his. Somebody axed him what made him get so hateful to you, an' he said onst there wuz two men standin' on de court-house steps, an' one of 'em ups and knocks de odder off de steps; an' dey had him up fur 'salt an' battery. An' de judge says, 'What made you knock dat man offen de steps? he wuz a stranger ter you, an' not a-doin' no harm.' An' de man says, 'I knows it, judge; I didn't have nothin' agin de fellow; but de truth is, *he stood so fair I couldn't help it.*'"

And Bud Kane chuckled as if I would be at no loss to apply his choice anecdote.

"Here's a note Mars' Andy sent you," he added.

I took the note and read as follows:

"DEAR MEREWETHER, — I hope you don't bear malice. I know you will be glad that Bud Kane is *not* dead, and send this note by him to convince you of the fact. Of course the bail business was a farce. And I return the money you so handsomely shelled out to the various claimants.

"It is the season of forgiveness, so don't be backward about it. And in token of amity, accept the pups you admired—we call them Prince and Pauper —and give them to your sweetheart. Come again to Sarsar on a different errand, and I promise you a better welcome from rough old

"ANDY RUCKER."

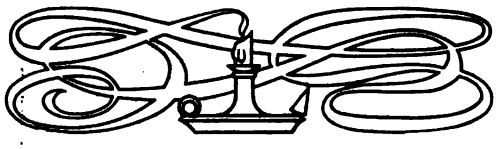
"You take those pups back," said I, "and tell Mr. Rucker I will accept nothing at his hands."

"Yes, sir," said Bud, with a look of drollery; "but can't I have my eggnog befo' I start back? Christmas-time, you know, marster."

"Oh yes, have all the eggnog you want; and when you are ready to go, come to me for a note I shall send to Mr. Rucker."

Bud Kane disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and angry, mortified, humbled in my own esteem, I set myself to the realization of how I had been duped. All the details of the fine joke—just where truth ended and imposture began—I should probably not know until I met Mr. Rucker. Then I promised myself an explanation and an ugly quarrel.

While I brooded over the matter the pups got out of the basket, and began to frisk about the room. Then who should come in but Angie, rosy and beautiful, on her way home from church. Down she went on her knees before the little beauties in black and tan; and then she went into such raptures over them, and kissed them so many times, that I couldn't stand it, but offered her them and myself on the spot! She accepted the three of us, and the next thing I knew I had Angie, Prince and Pauper in my arms, and was pressing a first kiss on her smiling lips. Pauper happened to be somewhere between her heart and mine, and in consequence was so cruelly squeezed as to give a piercing howl; but it was a rapturous moment. I loved all the world, I blessed Andy Rucker, and I forgave the Gentlemen of Sarsar.



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The Waves.

JOHN C. WRIGHT,
Poet of the Lakes.

They sing their song,
As they dance along,
  To forest, hill and plain;
They flash their love
To the stars above,
  And speak to the wind and rain.

Resplendent and gay,
In the breezes at play,
  They ripple and roll to the shore;
Ever sweeping and leaping,
Unresting, unsleeping,
  In white-caps and night-caps they rumble and roar;
Huge billows like pillows,
White-tasseled as willows,
  They are turbulent, choppy and wild—
Now dashing, now lashing,
Rebounding and splashing—
  They are angry—then tranquil—then mild.



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Michigan—Its Physiography

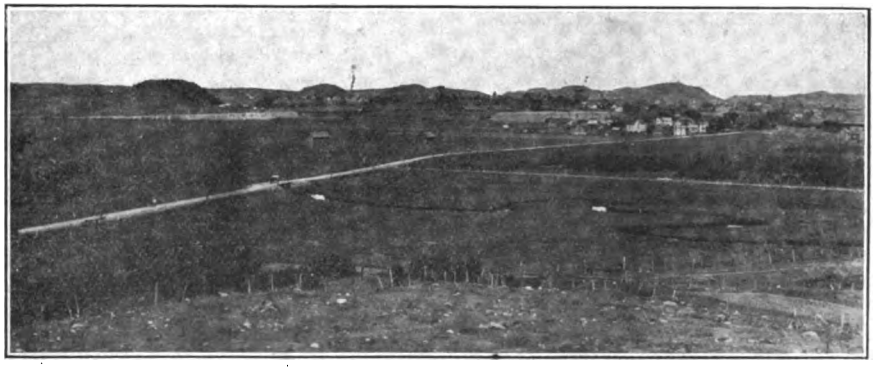
by ALFRED C. LANE

Former State Geologist of Michigan; Professor of Geology in Tufts College, Massachusetts.

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America's Famous Geologist concludes his fascinating and instructive study of Michigan.

Leaving Ishpeming, we follow, rising somewhat, through a valley which is bounded on the north and south by walls of older rocks, which are underlaid largely by black slates broken through here and there by knobs of igneous rocks, commonly known as diorite, or perhaps a better name would be amphibolite. It is also crossed by lines of moraine and between these are at times flat areas of swamp land. At Humboldt and at Champion one meets the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul com-



ing from the south. There is a line from Humboldt leading around to the Republic Iron Mine. This is an interesting mine which has been fully described by H. L. Smith and others and lies at the end of a sharp little trough and is surrounded by granite. The granite at this place is quite coarsely porphyritic and reminds one of some of the Scotch granites. The main line, however, comes north from Republic to Champion, and that is the point at which change is commonly made in going from the Copper County and Keweenaw Point to Chicago. The Chicago mine is an iron mine, although there is also a Chicago Copper company well worthy of attention, especially for the mineralogist, and it lies near enough to Lake Michigamme to give a beautiful view of the lake which extends from this point to the town of Michigamme, and in irregular fashion southward. Among the minerals which may be collected at this mine are: magnetite, hamatite, in the form of magnetite (that is martite), grünerite, chlorite.

From Champion the railroad follows across to the lake, crossing the mouth of the Pequaming. There is an interesting indication that the Pequaming may have once turned to the east instead of, as now, flowing into the lake, and then found its way into the head-waters of the Escanaba. The lake is excavated in relatively short scists and in these selists garnets and the curious cross-shaped crystals like staurolite and charastolite may be found. To the north of the railroad track the land rises rapidly and older rocks such as jasper,

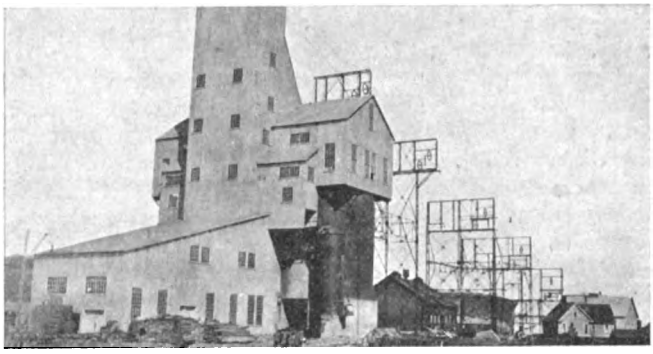
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iron ores, diorites and quartzites may here be found and a mile or so farther on granite is encountered.

Leaving Ishpeming, the train toils up the grade, passing the abandoned iron mines, to the summit, around which we have typical typography of the oldest rocks. There are white knobs of granite and between them cedar swamps. Numerous lakes also occur in the larger depressions and the country is admirably adopted for summer resorts in the hot weather, but for not much else.

fore, may be considered as remnants of an old plain surface which has since been cut into. The exact age is not certain; it may be cretacious.

From the summit the road descends rapidly. Near the old Taylor mine there is a little spur and it is off in this direction that there are quarries of the Michigan graphite. This quarried slate run about sixty percent silica and is used in Detroit for making a graphite point, which is an excellent preservative coating. As we approach L'Anse the





At Nestoria the railroad branches. A line continues east which is generally traveled at night going toward Duluth and the line toward the north goes toward the Copper Country. Following the latter we soon come to the summit of the road at an elevation about seventeen hundred feet above sea level, the hills around reaching about eighteen hundred, and it is noteworthy that there is a very large area over which the hills approximate this elevation, which, therefore, may be considered as remnants of an old plain surface which has since been cut into. The exact age is not certain; it may be cretacious.

From the summit the road descends rapidly. Near the old Taylor mine there is a little spur and it is off in this direction that there are quarries of the Michigan graphite. This quarried slate run about sixty percent silica and is used in Detroit for making a graphite point, which is an excellent preservative coating. As we approach L'Anse the view of Keweenaw Bay is a beautiful one. The railroad at L'Anse is on a terrace one hundred feet above the blue waters of Lake Superior. The distant copper range is clearly in sight as well as the lumber town of Baraga across the bay, and the white sands which are accumulated around the head of the bay, and probably the red sandstone bluffs further along may be seen. A boisterous brook comes broiling down over angular slate ledges close to the station, and a

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short stop we repay the geologist or lover of natural scenery. There are interesting quarries which expose the contact between the Lake Superior sandstone and the older slates which are also cut into by the woves of Lake Superior along the short.

Leaving L'Anse, the railroad skirts the head of Keweenaw Bay and from near Baraga north to Mission and Keweenaw Bay station slowly rises.

At first, the road is largely over sand, but before long we can see sandstone ledges nearly flat on both sides of the track. This is the same formation that is so extensively quarried and widely shipped near the entry to Portage Lake. A few miles farther north is the Portage redstone, known from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains as a particularly pleasing trimming for brick buildings.

At Keweenaw Bay station a branch leaves the main line by which one may readily reach the mines of the Ontonagon district. It passes within one hundred yards of the lake, close to the Adventure, Michigan and Mass Mines. The road is, however, mainly used to haul the rock from these mines down to the stamp mills, which will be seen close to the station, where the rock is crushed and washed and concentrated, the Lake Superior water being used to condense copper into what is locally known as mineral which may run really from fifty to seventy percent copper. This only needs to be melted to be run into wire bars.

After leaving Keweenaw Bay the only point which will attract much interest is the valley of the Sturgeon, which we enter and cross just before reaching Chassell. It is very interesting to note that the Sturgeon rises at a distant point and flows completely around the bay to avoid it in order to enter Portage Lake. The explanation for this curious round-about travel, or as it has been called, "willowy" type of drainage, is that it is above the grade of the moraines and left as huge shore lines by the sea of ice which once occupied Lake Superior.

From Chassell, the road skirts Portage Lake. This lake has now been connected by canals at both ends so that it forms a complete inland waterway.

Crossing Grand Portage we see the lake cutting the Copper Range and bordered by a plateau three to five hundred feet high on either side. It is much like a huge river and reminds one of a view he may obtain on the Hudson River. It is indeed conceived that at some pre-historic time the range was cut across by a river just as the Appalachian Mountains are now traversed by the great river of Pennsylvania such as the Susquehanna; and that in the ice age did not, in some way, follow up this valley, but was occupied by a tongue of ice so that when the ice retired it was left as a long and narrow lake. On the opposite side of Grand Portage one may see the smoking stack of the stamp mills and just after passing a small flag station, known as Pilgrim, the road passes very close to the Isle Royale mill, which has been filling up Portage Lake with the waste stamp sand derived from crushing the rock from the mine. This delta of stamp sand stretches far out into the lake toward a small and picturesque island known as Snowshoe Island.

This brings us to Houghton, which is the traveler's center, as well as the county seat of the Copper Country. Here we may also meet those who have taken the trip from the Saulte by boat, or who have come by the Copper Range railroad. A stream of small excursion boats and electric cars added to the steam railroad facilities gives good accommodations for seeing the Copper Country.

Houghton.

At Houghton itself there are the buildings of the College of Mines. They may be seen in approaching by train and a fine view is obtained of the terrace ninety feet above the lake by those who come to Houghton by boat. The buildings are largely built of Portage red stone which is quarried at a small town of Jacobsville, near the former outlet of Portage Lake known as Portage Entry. Near the College of Mines is also the building of the Geological Survey. This does not contain exhibits of interest to the general public, although much information regarding

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the structure of the Copper Country may be there obtained, but the buildings of the College of Mines contain a mineral collection finely displayed. They also contain some detailed maps of the adjacent country and a very good map of the Copper Country is contained in their year book. The school is noted for the particular character of its course. For four terms in a year the men are employed in doing things—coal manufacture, shop work, stamp-mill work, surveying and mine inspection—these are features of the course that even a casual visitor is likely to see. Even at night, the twinkling light on the tower of the Mining Building and the bonfires of the parties of students on the hills observing Polaris, are a sign that work is still going on. Its eminently practical character is only a reflection of the surroundings. From the hills to the north rise distinctly the tall stacks of the Quincy mine and upon the hills to the south are the shafts of the Isle Royale mine. One may readily take an electric up Quincy Hill and see the shafts of the mine north and south. Admission to the mines is not easily obtained. There is a very large number of visitors passing through Houghton every year and the expense owing to the delay of production involved in taking visitors through a mine is quite considerable. Besides this there is some danger and the miners are not generally dressed for company. There is, however, generally speaking, no difficulty in respectable people seeing the interesting operations above ground.

Before we leave Houghton for the various side excursions we should call attention to the number of broker's offices which are a symptom of the fact that the whole population is interested in the buying and selling of stock. There are many substantial residences out College Avenue to the College of Mines and the generally prosperous condition of the community shows that quite a little of the money made in the Copper Country mining remains in the Country. In fact, if one leaves the dividends of the Calumet & Hecla out of account, the money which is given into the Country in assessments about balances that which stockholders receive by way of dividend.

Excursions From Houghton.

1. To Portage Entry.

There is generally a small steamer running down to the so-called White City during the summer months. From that it is a short walk to the Portage Entry Quarries. The White City is itself something on the order of a small Coney Island.

2. To the canal.

Small steamers also leave Houghton just after dinner, returning just before supper, and at time go down again and back in the evening to the Ship Canal. This is along the winding and narrow part of Portage Lake and is a very pretty sail. One will notice that near the Copper Range the country is largely being cleared up and cut into farms by a substantial lot of Finlanders, who find this country and climate being than that to which they were used. There is an agricultural exhibition of Houghton County every fall. It is a pity that it comes to late to show the strawberries, although they last nearly to August and are without superior in size and flavor.

The Ship Canal itself opens on a long sand beach which is a favorable place for Sunday school picnics and also for hunting agates. Many of the smaller pebbles are more or less distinctly agate, but they are pretty thoroughly picked up except after a big storm.

3. Houghton to Freda Park.

The train leaves the Copper Range station at the west end of Houghton close to the bridge connecting Houghton and Hancock and close also to the landing stations of the larger boats. The train climbs the hill and near the Mill Mine Junction we have a very beautiful view of the general plateau of the Copper Range. Immediately south lies the high Kame knoll, known as Wheel Kate —and old station of the Lake Survey, fifteen hundred and eight feet above the sea. The smoke of the Calumet mine can be seen far off on the horizon to the northeast and the Quincy mine can be seen distinctly in the same direction directly on the other side of the valley of Portage Lake. Immediately to the southeast one can see a beautiful barrier beach range extending from some small

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knolls and marking one of the high, though not the highest, shore lines of Lake Superior at a time when it was damned by the ice so that it had to find it way out over the western end into the Mississippi valley.

Leaving Mill Mine Junction the road descends rapidly over a series of terraces strewn with gravel formed at successive recessions of Lake Superior and follows the valley of the Salmon Trout to the Red Ridge. Here is a huge dam which is well worth seeing by those interested in such things. It supplies the head of waters for the Baltic and Atlantic stamp mills. From this point we pass by the Adventure, Trimountain stamp mills to a beautiful park. This shore seems to have been laid out for the purpose for which it has been used. The lake, at a level from fifteen to thirty feet high at present, has cut back a shelf in the sandstone which is now uesd as a site for the park and for the various stamp mills. The ice at this level cut in so deep that it left bluffs, the dip of which is about ninety feet above the lake. Thus the trains loaded with rock can come in on a level with the stamp mill and the rock finds its way from the bins into which they are dumped mainly by their own gravity through the various machines by which it is crushed and then washed until it reaches Lake Superior—the inexhaustible source of supply for the water needed. This is an excellent place to see the most recent stamp practice, and the park itself, in which trees of the forest primæval have been left and only the underbrush cut out is the most picturesque place in which to watch the blue waters of Lake Superior and cool off on a hot day.

It will be noticed that the lake is now taking another slice at a level about thirty feet lower than that on which the stamp mills stand and the red bluffs of sandstone make a pleasing contrast to the blue waters below and the dark green foliage above. This is the same sandstone which will also be seen at the Ship Canal southwest of the lighthouse, and looks like the sandstone around Portage Entry. According to the State Survey it is practically the same, but the United States Survey believes it to be older.

4. Houghton to the Michigan Smelting Company.

An interesting trip is to ride along either side of Portage Lake corresponding to the trip suggested by steamer. There are good roads both up and down the lake. Three miles up is the very modern plant of the Michigan Smelting Company, but there may be some difficulty in obtaining admission. On the way up we pass the old stamp sand of the Athacite. The road turns up from a picturesque ravine toward the Athacite mine. Just at the turn is an interesting exposure of the Keweenaw formation along the road for a few hundred yards east. At this old stamp sand there is a small ferry which can be taken across to the Hancock side, and then there is an interesting trip for the geologist following the shore for about a mile and passing a series of upturned beds where the different strike can be beautifully determined, and where the black shales of the None Such Mine are are exposed to the docks where the powder and high explosive are stored. A little farther on we get to Sweet Town Creek, a litle stream which comes down from sandstone ledges. The rest of the way the road on the northeast side of the lake cut only heavy exposures of tile, but is, however, picturesque.

Houghton to Torch Lake.

Directly opposite Houghton is the town of Hancock, which is the twin town of Houghton. The two are connected by electrics, and opposite East Houghton and the center of the town are the smelting works of the Quincy Mining Company, the most convenient point, probably, at which to see the operation of melting copper. Two or three miles down by train or drive is the village of Dollar Bay, at which there is a plant for melting the copper and drawing it out into wire, so that one can in the Copper Country see the copper all the way from the rock to the finished wire.

A little beyond Dollar Bay is a dynamite manufacturing plant where visitors are not desirable, and where they do not often wish to go. It has not blown-up very often within the recollection of the writer.

After striking Torch Lake there is a

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continuous procession of stamp mills—at Quincy Mine, at Osceola, Tamarac and Wolverine and finally those of the Calumet & Hecla at Lake Linden. The Calument & Hecla also have two others at Torch Lake and one at Buffalo. This end of the lake can be quite as conveniently reached by trolley from Calumet.

Houghton to Calumet.

Houghton is connected with Calumet by two railroads and by trolley. The view of the country is rather better from the trolley and especially where it goes over the railroad one gets often a view almost across Lake Superior. One can see the Huron Mountains on one and if the day is fine, he may get glimpses of Isle Royale on the other side.

The trolley line leaves the point opposite the College of Mines and passing through Houghton, crosses the bridge to Hancock. A series of terraces are exceptionally well shown and the shore line is very plain indeed near the crest of the Quincy Hill. Thence it follows pretty nearly the main line of the highway and passes the shaft of the Quincy Mine, which has bought the old Franklin and Arcadian mines. The tops of the hills once formed little islands above Lake Superior and one can easily recognize the beach lines. Near an old stamp mill site, made of red sandstone, and known as Boston Pond we pass into the property of the Franklin Mine Company, which is practically the same as the Quincy. There are two lodes —Pewabic lode and another about five hundred feet southeast of it—a conglomerate, known as the Boston and Albany conglomerate. One can easily tell from which lode the rock is being taken, for the Pewabic is gray-green color, while that from the Boston and Albany is red. Beyond the Franklin we come to Calumet Park—a resort maintained by the street car company. This park is about half way between Calumet and Houghton and dances are held there every summer evening. Then we pass on to the property under the control of the Calumet & Hecla. The La Salle (formerly the Dicumsa shafts) are the first, then the Osceola may be seen on the left, and then as we go close to the town and the road makes a rise to see Kearsage 21 shaft of the Calumet & Hecla, which is on another lode yet. All these lodes are lower in the formation than those of the Franklin and Quincy. The street railroad crosses the town, passing through Laurium, and as we emerge on the north side of Laurium we see two shafts on the Kearsage lode which are not being worked. Beyond to the north are the shafts of the Centennial and Wolverine. Then as the road swings around and comes back southwest to town again we see to the right of us always the old shafts of the Centennial and rising from an almost flat plain the great Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet & Hecla mine, while north of this are the Tamarack. These are the deepest shafts in the world and the mine beneath is something like a mile from the surface, vertically over eight thousand feet on the dip of the lode.

While we have been looking to the right we have been passing around on the left the numerous shafts of the Calumet and Hecla which are inclined and which are arranged along the outcrop of the Calumet-Hecla conglomerate. Some of these are known as Hecla shafts toward the south and as Calumet toward the north. We shall also see shafts on the Osceola bingaloid in line parallel, but somewhat farther southeast. The general type of the lode may easily be recognized. These shafts are built so as to follow the slope of the lode, whereas, the Talc and other shafts are vertical and do not show the slope on one side so characteristic of the incline shaft houses.

Excursions from Calumet.

The rock that is west from the mines is run through a crusher and used upon the roads; thus in all directions from Calumet there are splendid roads and the trip by automobile or carriage is especially to be recommended. Among shorter shorter trips which are an easy half day's walk, are the following:

1. Go through the town, using the tall stack of Tamarack No. 5 as a landmark, and follow a road that goes through the location of the shaft to the northwest and then rises up over a hill which commands a beautiful view of

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Lake Superior and also of the great mining location. The road then turns north and goes down over a series of well marked beaches, those at about six hundred and twenty-five feet above the present lake and four hundred and eighty feet above the present lake being especially marked. One can follow this road down to the Tamarack water-works, or upon reaching Tamarack No. 5 shaft, one may continue west and take a road down to the Calumet water-works. Both roads give fine views of Lake Superior all the way. A hole put down by the Calumet Heckla Company on section No. 16 is not very difficult to reach, furnishing a perpetual stream of alcholine water at 43° temperature, quite as attractive as many springs which are largely bottled and sold.

2. Calumet to Douglas Houghton Falls.

The street-car line may be used for part or all of the way. It goes from Calumet down as far as Laurium and at the south end of the town it branches, and following this, one may notice outcrops of rock. By leaving the car about half way down the hill (the point may generally be learned from the conductor) and walking about a quarter of a mile west one will come upon the ravine of the Douglas Houghton Falls. This was once a most beautiful falls in a heavily wooded ravine, but the country has now been entirely cleared of timber and the beauties are generally gone. It is, however, frequently described by geologists, and is of considerable interest as showing the east side of the copper range. This is marked by a profound fault or crack in the earth's crust under which the strata are much disturbed, and about a mile northeast of Douglas Houghton in a similarly situated ravine, the Lake Superior sandstone has been turned up on end and certain layers which are extra hard have remained like gigantic masonry, forming a so-called "wall-ravine."

The high-way followed by electric road is also paralleled by steam-roads within sight only a few hundred yards away, which are carrying the rock from the mines to the stamp-mills on Torch Lake. Not far from Douglas Houghton Falls there are outcrops of a very coarse quartz porphory. It is a handsome rock and is of more interest as its pebbles are the Houghton conglomerate.

Continuing down the hill we pass first the enormous stamp mills of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, admission to which must be by card, but it is not usually difficult to get one. About two miles farther south along the shore are the smelters where the concentrated copper is melted into wire bars. The water for the power is obtained from Torch Lake and returned thereto. The pumps used are the largest in the world, pumping thirty-four hundred gallons a minute. In the course of the last few turies considerable improvement has been made, so that now it is of commercial interest to rewash the material, which was of old run into the lake as waste rock.

3. From Calumet out on the Point.

The drive from Calumet north is one of great interest and is now more accessible by the Keweenaw Central road. Leaving Calumet, we pass over the locations of a number of the new and important mines of the Kearsage lode. In this lode the copper is deposited in the interstices and bubble cavities of an old lava or it may replace the lake itself. The deeper waters of all the mines of the Copper Country are somewhat salty and whatever the original source of the copper it seems to have been moved about and finally deposited from a copper chloride solution. The shafts which we shall see are those of the Centennial Company and will be noticeable since they are too close together, but diverge slightly in direction so as to divide up the property better.

We next pass some of the Kearsage shafts, then of the Calumet and then of the Wolverine mine which has paid very well, then some more of the Kearsage shafts, then the nearly vertical shafts of the Allouez will be noted. This property did not own the outcrop of the lode but had to sink more than one thousand dollars to strike the lode. This sinking was at an incline of 80°. Upon reaching the lode the shaft curves gracefully and follows down the lode which here has a dip of about 41°. Next beyond the Allouez is the Ahmeek which has been remarkably rich. Next the Mohawk and be-

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yond that the Grashet and Ogibway, so that for eight or ten miles north of Calumet the lode is continually worked with all varieties of richness, and there is a continuous line of shaft houses. About the time these lodes cease to be worked we notice to the northwest of the railway the frowning cliffs of the so-called greenstone—the backbone or highest range of the point. This was bridged by one huge lava flow which was in places over one thousand feet thick and it rises in a rampart not unlike the palisades of the Hudson. Indeed the rock is very similar. This one lava flow may be followed continuously from the end of Portage Lake to Keweenaw Point and may also be identified on the north of Lake Superior, so that it may have originally covered an area of over twenty-five hundred square miles. In that respect it resembles the great lava flows of the Snake River of Idaho. The outcrop has, however, been cut through in a number of places. One of these is the Allouez Gap just north of Calumet into which the railroad descends after leaving Wolverine Mine. Another is where the Eagle River passes it near Phoenix and here a spur of the railroad follows the river through the gap to a resort, known as Crest View, where another most beautiful view of Lake Superior may be obtained. Certainly no one should visit Calumet without going to Crest View, as a trip and back may be easily made in a day or evening, and will furnish a much better idea of the Copper Range than the relatively flat country around Calumet which is heavily mantled with gravel.

(*Concluded*)



The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

All of the newspaper representatives who "cover" the District Attorney's Office and the other offices in the Criminal Courts Building, were on hand when the eighth performance of "A Man's Friends," the Ernest Poole play, was put on for the first time at the Astor. They were particularly interested in the last act, when the District Attorney summons the reporters to his room to hear a story to be given out by Boss Whalen, the prosecutor's principal opponent.

"Pop" Flannery, of the City News, found fault with one of the stage reporters because he made a pencil note on his cuff. "Not a bit like it," declared Mr. Flannery, "only a make-believe reporter makes notes on his cuff."

Master James Murray, who looks after the Evening Journal at the Courts Building, hadn't heard "Pop" Flannery's remark. Mr. Murray told the manager of the Astor—just in a friendly sort of way y'understand—that it was too bad one of the stage reporters hadn't been told to make a note or two on his cuff. "It would have been a realistic little touch, do you see?" pointed out Mr. Murray.

With talk of this sort, it was only natural that the managerial suggestion was made—"Why don't you fellows go on and play those parts yourselves and show us what you think the real thing is like?"

"With all my heart," said every real reporter, and it was so ordered.

They said they'd go on Saturday night—just drop around a few minutes before it was time for them to appear.

"How about cues?" suggested Hugh Ford, the Liebler Co. stage director.

Apparently this hadn't occurred. But this was a detail. To cover it, however, the entire delegation, under command of

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"Pop" George Flannery, assembled at the Astor Friday evening at the stroke of five and submitted to a rehearsal, which wasn't really necessary at all. Among the reportorial veterans, if thespic cubs, were Robert J. Wilkes, of the Evening World; Robert H. Cartwright, of the Evening Journal; Harry Carlisle, of the Evening Sun; Leonard Mitchill, of the City News; James Murray, of the Journal, and Charles Hall and Harry Brown.

And the following day the Sunday Herald approved the performance, and said among other things that the Criminal Courts boys were splendid space-getters, as actors.

* * *

Howard Kyle, who plays the wicked Simeon, skilled at bartering, in "Joseph and His Brethren" at the Century Theatre, New York, had been allowing cast-off clothing to accumulate for years in the hope that some day an old suit might be needed in a production in which he was engaged, and the garment might then be readily obtained from those on hand. In moving to a new apartment, however, Mr. Kyle found he had no room for the twenty-odd suits that had thus accumulated, so he set out in search of an old-clothes man. After some trouble he found one, brought him to his house, and spread out the twenty-odd suits for his inspection.

"Three dollars for the lot," was the old-clothes man's offer.

"Three dollars for twenty suits! I'd rather give them away," said Kyle.

"Throw in that pair of shoes and I make it three and a quarter."

"Why," exclaimed Kyle, "You're worse than Simeon in "Joseph and His Brethren!"

The cast-off clothing merchant smiled and a gleam came into his eyes.

"If I had Simeon for a partner," said he, "I be a rich man."

* * *

Woodrow Wilson's youngest friend has gone on the stage. That is to say, little Bertha Kirstein, considered by many competent judges the most beautiful child in the country, has been engaged for a part in "Racketty-Packetty House" at the Children's Theatre.

Last Fall, when the Baby Parade was on at Asbury Park, little Miss Kirstein won the prize, and the president-elect said something pleasant to her. Whereupon Bertha spelled out a nice little letter, telling Mr. Wilson how much she appreciated his courtesy, and adding that he was just the kind of a man she would vote for if she had a vote.

The little letter pleased the future President, and he sent Bertha an answer which she prizes highly, and which now rests in a fine gold frame on the wall of the dressing room in the Children's Theatre. It runs as follows:

"My Dear Little Friend:—I cannot tell you what gratification it gives me that you should think of me. Your letter has given me a great deal of genuine pleasure, and I hope that, as the years go on, you will continue to feel that I am the sort of man you would like to support and keep as your friend.

Cordially and faithfully yours,
WOODROW WILSON."

* * *

George Arliss, star of "Disraell," has received word through the Rev. Walter Bentley, Brooklyn, N. Y., that he has been unanimously elected president of the Actors' Church Alliance of America. Bishop Greer is the new honorary president. The organization is the outcome of efforts made by members of the theatrical profession and the church to secure for the former the enjoyment of Sunday as a day of rest.

Mr. Arliss continues his phenomenally successful engagement in Boston. Three times after a closing date had been announced, so that "Disraeli" could fulfill bookings in other cities, the box office receipts at the Plymouth swelled, so that the other engagements were shifted.



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Telephone Complaints.

"Your service is rotten" comes a voice over the telephone to the Manager's or the trouble clerk's desk, and strange to say neither one of these employes is expert enough to lay his finger on the cause of the poor service without further inquiry. The same complainant in consulting his physician goes to great length in describing his harrowing symptoms, but he realizes that the human machine is a wonderful and complex organism.

He needs to be told that the telephone system of a big city is quite as intricate and complicated. There are literally millions of feet of fine wire in a telephone office and thousands of pieces of ingenious apparatus. When a telephone connection is made, not less than seventy-five separate devices are actuated, and the number may run much higher, as for instance in making a long distance call. Some kinds of telephone apparatus are as complicated as a watch or a typewriter. There is one familiar machine in which over fifty different kinds of trouble have been known to occur. A chart which has been prepared for the instruction of telephone repairmen shows 2,500 different possible kinds of trouble, and indicates their symptoms. An exchange of fifty thousand telephones allows only one less than fifty thousand different connections to be established for each telephone, each of which connections represents a different path for the electrical current from any of the others, and to some extent presents different electrical problems. The average length of such a single circuit is three or four miles, at any point in which distance some outside influence may attack and injure the wires.

Yet all these contingencies have been so classified and studied that a competent repairman can detect and remedy the difficulty in short order if he knows the facts. He has many advantages over the medical practitioner to be sure, in being able to apply tests and to inspect the entire system. It is fortunate for a human patient that the physicians cannot take him apart and put him together again as freely as the telephone expert dismounts and re-assembles electrical apparatus.

These considerations indicate that in reporting telephone troubles, the patron may be of great assistance to the repairman by being specific in his verbal or written complaint. The number of the telephone from which the trouble occurred is of first importance, together with the subscriber's name, and address. The time of the day and the date are important. Usually the number called is necessary. A full statement of just the nature of the difficulty is extremely useful. About one-half of the complaints are definitely proven to be cases of "don't answer" in which the called party was out of reach of the telephone at the time of the call. The actual cases of trouble are cleared in remarkably short time. Cases within the telephone office are cleared in an average of thirty minutes, and the average for the whole city, inside and outside cases included, is but little over two hours.

The number of telephone troubles is surprisingly small, considering all the possibilities heretofore noted. The average for Detroit is less than one trouble per year per telephone. Telephone operators are sometimes blamed for apparatus or line troubles.

It is human to err, especially in such matters as misunderstanding hastily spoken numbers. Yet the discipline of an exchange and the supervision exercised over the young women, together with the simplification of their duties, renders it less likely that the operators are at fault, than that the trouble is of mechanical or electrical origin.

— ADV. —

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The GATEWAY

JUN 14 1913

LITERATURE, ECONOMICS, SOCIAL SERVICE.

The New Captain of Industry

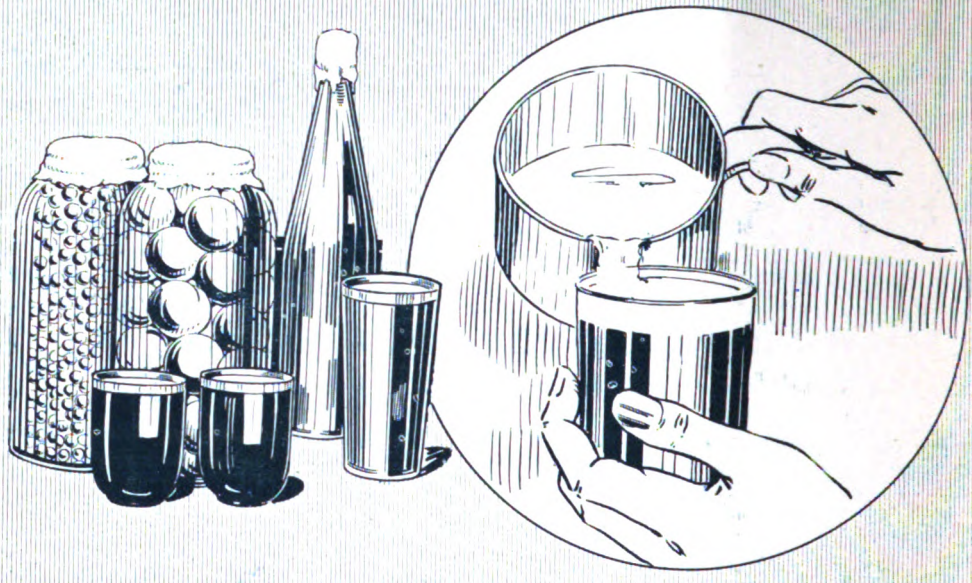
by JOHN F. HOGAN

Etc., Etc.

FOR THE INTELLIGENT

Vol. XX. JUNE, 1913. No. 5

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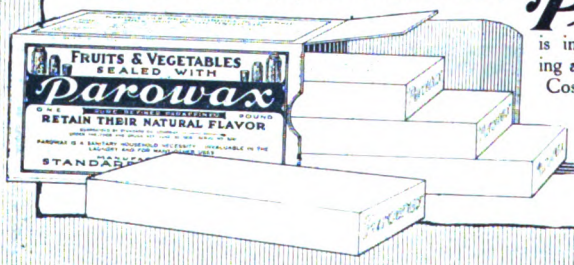
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THE GATEWAY

A Magazine of the Times devoted to
Literature, Economics and Social Service.

VOL. XX. JUNE—1913. No. 5

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Entered as second-class mail matter, Oct. 5th, 1903, at the Post-Office at Detroit, Michigan under the act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

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PREAMBLE

of the

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
ADOPTED AT 1905 CONVENTION.

Reaffirmed at 1912 Convention.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on, until all the toilers come together on the political as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor. through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth, and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands, make trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things, which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employer.

These sad conditions can be changed, and the interest of the working class upheld, only by an organization formed in such a way, that all members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

ONE OF THE RESULTS.

(*From the Appeal to Reason.*)

The Socialist party in 1908 polled 424,488 votes for Debs and in 1912 it polled 901,361 votes, a *net gain* of 476,873.

While the republican and democratic and prohibition parties not only did not gain any votes to correspond with the increase of population from 1908 to 1912, but actually lost votes aggregating over 200,000, the Socialist party far more than doubled its vote and came within a few thousand of polling *a round million of votes for the social revolution.*

And this nothwithstanding all its disadvantages in being without representation on election boards and being unjustly deprived of legal votes enough in one way and another to make the total foot up, if honestly returned, *at least two million votes.*

The New Captain of Industry, through humane methods, is preventing the spread of Socialism and Discontent. What are you doing.

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The New Captain of Industry.

Whose Humanitarian work realizes the larger hope for our Country. His belief in equality and brotherhood of man, applied in his business, is one of the strongest arguments against Socialism and unrest in the industrial world.

by JOHN F. HOGAN.

Third Article of Series.

THIS IS THE THIRD ARTICLE OF THE SERIES, "WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE UNITED STATES?" OTHER ARTICLES TO FOLLOW WILL DISCUSS "THE POLITICAL DEMAGOGUE," "THE LABOR AGITATOR," "THE YELLOW PRESS," ETC.

¶ What is the greatest force in the world today?

¶ Money, you answer.

¶ Money is indispensible, it is true; but it never builded a nation; it never won loyal allegiance of soldiers; money never bought a Seat in Heaven.

¶ Self interest is another answer. But Self interest concerns only the individual himself. It is restrictive in its intent and destructive of society generally.

It means Might is Right.

¶ Public opinion is a great force—one of the greatest in the country today—but public opinion must be generated from something else.

¶ Again we ask, what is the greatest force in the world today? We answer

¶ It is Love.

And Love in its broad and highest sense has always been, and will continue to be, civilization's greatest force.

¶ What has Love not done? It has changed the sinner into saint; it has made the tyrant, merciful; it has humbled the powerful, elevated the lowly; it swept aside caste—and has made all men equal. Even greater than these, Christ came on earth and suffered death, because of Love!

* * *

¶ And because the heartless, tyrannical, man-murdering and woman-prostituting Captain of Industry of old, failed to recognize and heed this world-aged fact we are now passing through a moral revolution that will end—?

A French revolution?

Shall we have a Robespierre, a Marat? Shall the blood of our innocent flow thorugh the streets; shall murder and rapine prevail; shall Virtue be punished and Vice rewarded; shall the horrible scenes of the French revolution be repeated in our own land?

In other words, shall God reign, or shall Hell and Devil triumph?

Upon the answer to this question depends the future of our country.

* * *

¶ We are not talking poetry—Love means Loyalty in its practical application to business and this is a business article.

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¶ Already, the solution is emblazoned by the new commercial leaders so that all may read—and reading, understand.

* * *

¶ Love is the connecting link between Capital and Labor; it is the bond that welds the one to the other, holds them together. It is the spirit that passes from poor to rich, and from rich to poor. It goes forth from the heart-broken mother straight to the innermost chambers of her criminally degraded son and is answered by an awakening in a soul-responsive heart.

In its very nature, Love's mission is to bring together, and to hold together, man to man, the various elements of society, Love binds in unity the man and the maiden; better still, Love holds them.

Later on, Love keeps the family united, forming a single unit of Society.

¶ And this unit of Society, combining with other units, makes up a Universal Brotherhood, each unit doing its part and depending on other units to do their share in the progress and perpetuation of Society.

The Love you and I bear to our fellowman, our brother, has made possible the great Society of which you and I are members, today.

Without Love, men cannot endure to be together. Just so soon as Hate enters, war begins, and Society is disrupted. You, reader, can point to many instances.

* * *

¶ The old buccaneering Captain of Industry ignored the fundamental basis which keeps Society harmonious and intact.

Thank God, his time is over. In his place, stands a man who recognizes the all-controlling influence of Love in the perpetuation of Society.

¶ And the new Captain of Industry, first and foremost, is a builder and constructor, who believes that business is not war, that it is, instead, harmony and progress.

He believes in the basic principle of Brotherhood founded on the Love.

He has taken the principle of Love out of the skies, has made it practical in its application to business.

¶ The new Captain of Industry believes that loyalty flowing from Love, between master and man, is necessary to secure industrial freedom.

He knew well that greater returns are produced from contented loyal employes than from discontented workmen.

He knew that to win contests, his fighting force must be organized, thoroughly equipped, ably officered, and above all must be loyal to their leader.

¶ Men need assurance of some degree of permanence of employment, of promotion, of care, of noble guidance, of living wages.

Soldiers won't fight for you if they know you will pay them off after the day's battle. They might "lay off" even before the contest began.

How could the old Feudal baron get along if his dependence for supremacy rested solely on the pittance he paid his retainers?

But the Baron had a man's soul in him! He recognized that his men were entitled to a share in his conquests, and he fought their battles as well as his own, thus creating among his men a spirit of loyalty to him that resisted the bribes of enemies.

His men's services were not to be purchased in the open market by the highest bidder!

¶ Look at Alexander the Great! Just before the battle, his whippers-in would go through the camp and with the lash force his unwilling soldiers into action. Founded on greed and selfishness, Alexander's great empire went to pieces, following his death.

¶ Contrast this picture with Washington at Valley Forge—his ragged soldiers—their sufferings from the cold and hunger—the apparent hopelessness of their cause.

The great Captain, sharing these privations, found his tower of strength in the loyalty and love of his men; and throughout prayed to God Almighty for strength in these dark hours of need.

Bulwarked upon these noble and heroic qualities of love and loyalty, the Republic of the United States will continue to endure as long as those high qualities rule the land.

¶ The new Captain of Industry has

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made Washington and his soldiers the practical guide.

* * *

¶ The new Captain of Industry recognizes and accepts as true the unity of Society; that rich and poor, buyer and seller, employer and employe, master and man, have interests so closely interwoven that whatever affects one necessarily affects all members.

Discord, in this harmonious unity, he concludes, results in chaos disintegration, war, isolation—and final extermination.

* * *

¶ Love is the compelling motive for men to live together; for without love—with hate in one's heart—men cannot build a Nation.

This great, central illuminating fact is the basis on which the modern Captain of Chivalry conducts his business.

* * *

¶ Men work for money. The new Captain of Industry gives him a just proportion of his profits. "Golden Rule" Jones was a type of this class.

¶ Men work also for promotion. The new Captain of Industry opens up many avenues of advancement. Charles M. Schwab is only one example of a man starting at the bottom and going to the Presidency of one of the world's greatest industries.

¶ Men want to labor under healthful conditions. The new Captain of Industry builds factories affording plenty of light, heat and air, as well as sanitary, educational and social comforts. John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register Company, is a brilliant example of the new captain's care of the material welfare of his employes.

¶ Did the employe have an accident? He is taken to the new hospital of the Solvay Company, erected for the workers, at Detroit.

¶ Is he sick with tuberculosis? The new consumptive hospital built by the Sante Fe railroad at Albuquerque, N. M., is at his disposal, where he is cared for without cost.

¶ Do slack times threaten lack of employment? Mr. E. H. Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation kept the great mills going night and day, during dull months being forced to find a foreign market for his products.

Ben. S. Hanchett, President of Grand Rapids Street Railway Company, is another example of the new chivalry. High wages, promotions, rewards, humane consideration won the good will and loyalty of his workers. No strike or dissension has ever interrupted their harmonious relations.

¶ A whole man is a better asset than a one-armed man. Safeguards against accidents are installed from Coast to Coast, under the influence of such men as Dr. Josiah Strong.

Woman's influence has played an important part in all this, as witness the splendid work done by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

* * *

¶ But why continue? The new Captain of Industry upset old traditions. His workers are not slaves. They are human beings, like himself, and are treated as such.

The new Captain of Industry solved the great industrial problem in a very simple way.

He acknowledged every man his equal—and in return his employes gave him loyalty.

¶ Some years ago, while on a train, the present writer met Frank Morrison at that time Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, (and who still occupies that position), and heard from Mr. Morrison a glowing tribute to the humanitarian impulses of the Standard Oil Company, more especially the loyalty of their 60,000 employes.

¶ "There has never been a strike among the employes of the Standard Oil," remarked Mr. Morrison, "which in itself is most remarkable, due no doubt to the high wages paid the men, the care they receive, in sickness and ill-health, and to the methods of promotion and reward."

¶ Everything Mr. Morrison said then is true, with compound interest today, and is one of the vital reasons why the Standard Oil Company has never been attacked through its men.

Every increase of one cent in price of oil by the Standard Oil to the trade, was quadrupled by the retailer to the con-

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sumer, but the Standard Oil Company has patiently borne the attacks of press and pulpit without explanation of the real facts, thus protecting its customers through many muck-raking campaigns that inevitably followed.

The loyalty of the army of employes and the world-wide chain of customers, is the vital force that has made, and is keeping, the Standard Oil Company first among the world's industrial corporations.

* * *

¶ Another conspicuous example of the beneficent side of the grand new movement is Theodore N. Vail, and associates, in the American Telegraph and Telephone Company.

Under the wise discretion of these new leaders, a series of educational, social and welfare movements have been introduced that would require a large-sized volume to do justice.

¶ This company was the first to take the public into its confidence by giving facts concerning the innermost financial operations of this giant corporation.

President Vail and associates established in all the leading offices of the system throughout the United States, restaurants where hot meals are served at less than cost; rest rooms for the girls; liberal vacations with full pay; free nursing and medical attention—and many other humane activities.

* * *

¶ In Chicago a new spirit has been revealed that already has gone world-wide. The humanitarian impulses of the younger McCormicks of Harvester fame, announce a new era bearing on the great new understanding between all men.

¶ Unsolicited, the noted family encouraged their thousands of employes to create a workers' pension and accident fund, contributing hundreds of thousands as their gift, to be at the disposal of the men during accident or sickness, thus safeguarding the family and relieving the mind of the dread of starvation, and old age; safeguarding devices against accidents; more liberal wages; humane treatment of all employes—these are some of the splendid innovations, carried out by this far-seeing and beneficent corporation.

¶ In quoting Mr. Harold F. McCormick, we are technically violating a steadfast rule, but we believe we are justified by the high purpose served. On account of Mr. McCormick's absence in Europe we are unable to get his permission to reproduce the following from a personal letter to the present writer:

¶ "The great promise that is held out to the men and women who are now making the struggle is that they, too, may move forward as others have done, and set their children a notch or two closer to the goal towards which all mankind is striving. Eliminate this faith, strip away this promise, render the future empty of hope, and you break down our every safeguard. To me, the man who is making a serious effort to better his condition and that of his family is the most hopeful sign of American life. That he fails, or that he strives clumsily and ineffectually, that he finally takes to coarse habits, awakens in me a deal of sympathy and some apprehension lest his non-success may drive him to embrace the enticing theory that shifts the responsibility for his misfortune upon a system of government rather than leaving it where it belongs, upon his own shortcomings."

* * *

¶ Mr. C. W. Post, who has been largely misunderstood in his attitude towards organized labor, has proven his detractors to be in the wrong. His magnificent gift of an immense building in Battle Creek, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, used for the benefit of the workmen and their families, is but one of the many evidences of his sincere interest in their cause. As a worker, in the blacksmith's shop in the early days, and through the many vicissitudes of a heart-rending struggle before he attained his present eminence in the business world, Mr. Post learned to know by actual contact with life the true condition of the working classes, and the struggles and the hardships that go to make a man. It is knoweldge gained by passing through the fire himself that has been the compelling force of this man's humane attitude toward his fellow-man; and has induced him to devote much of his time and a large portion of his wealth to improving social conditions.

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¶ Isn't it strange that these great humanitarians have been subject to indictment and trial for violations of the Sherman Law?

* * *

While these pathfinders have been making history along humanitarian lines, material rewards have come to them.

With contented workers, and consequent greater efficiency, the output has increased, and cost of production lowered. The personality back of goods made under Christian conditions has created a big demand for them. Men prefer goods made by contented workers, under humane conditions.

¶ Another startling innovation is on the way. A world-famous corporation is today working on the plan. It presages a revolution in industrial affairs—a revolution greater even in its final results than any ever before attempted.

It is the application of a "Bradstreet," to the labor and industrial standing of the firm. And the workmen are to be the critics!

The rating of the employer by the employe will be based on shop conditions, such as ventilation, sanitation, comfort, safeguards against accident; wages, promotions, medical and hospital care, pensions, insurance, humane treatment and other living conditions.

Think of the advantage a 95-per cent firm has over one rated at only 40 per cent!

And this rating will, in turn, be applied by the employer to his workmen—and one of the faults of labor organizations will be thrown aside.

Thus, both employer and employe will reap the benefits.

* * *

¶ "The wealth of man," says Carlyle, "is in the number of things he loves and blesses and the number of things he is loved and blessed by."

* * *

¶ We end as we begun, with the word Love.

What a message of hope in the opening paragraph from the will of that late greatest Captain of Industry, John Pierpont Morgan, whose love for his fellowman was so well shown by the millions he scattered with an open hand, to hospitals, houses of refuge, church, and to mercies unnumbered.

It was only when his will was opened and read that the real nature of the man was revealed.

¶ It reads as follows:

"I commit my soul into the hands of my Savior in full confidence that having redeemed and washed it in His Most Precious Blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father; and I entreat my children to maintain and defend at all hazard and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin, through the Blood of Jesus Christ and through that alone."

* * *

¶ God-speed to the new era of industrial freedom, founded on Love!



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The Path the Calf Made.

S. W. ROSS

One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew—
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead;
But still he left behind his trail—
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh
The first migration of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one;
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf,
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For such high reverence is lent
To well established precedent.

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Lourdes—A Famous Shrine

by J. H. REED

More than fifty years have passed since the little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, made known to her relatives and friends the visions that had been vouchsafed to her in the cavern by the Gave; and it is impossible not to be impressed with the extraordinary position that her native village has since come to hold throughout the Catholic world. As we linger over our *cafe complet* an unbeliever among us raps the table dogmatically with his teaspoon. The neurotic imaginings of an hysterical girl, he tells us, a little brown water out of a rock and the infinite gullibility of evolving humanity in its lower intellectual stages—these are the ingredients of the renown of Lourdes. And yet and yet—well, by the day's end, even our unbeliever, unbelieving still, has contrived to modify his statement by a little, has come to behold in this scene of twentieth-century pilgrimage, in this odd jangle of electricity and mediævalism, of science and, if you like, superstition, something that lies too deep among the root fibres of the human being to be a mere spectacle for an instructed scoffer.

For, in the first place, if ever there were a spot designed by Nature to the ends of worship it would be Lourdes, perched above the plains, yet itself in something of a valley, bisected by the brown torrent of the Gave, bubbling down from its springs in the surrounding mountains—Lourdes, with the green hills rising up from it on all sides but one, rich in verdure and starred with flowers, campanula, campion, and gentian, and backed by the still snow-topped grandeur of the High Pyrenees. Within a couple of hours of Lourdes there are mountain fastnesses unequaled in Europe; and we cannot help remembering that faith has always throned itself among the hills that, if they breed brigands here and there, produce religionists all the world over. While in the second place, as half an hour's stroll into the winding streets would assure the least appreciative, whatever else might be dwelling upon these swarthy passing faces, there was certainly no stuff for even the tenderest of ridicule—less, indeed, perhaps, than might be beheld upon an August day in Keswick.

The older part of the town, lying on the right bank of the Gave, clusters round the rockly cliff upon which the old Chateau, a typical frontier fortress, and once held by the English, is set four-square, a sober comment upon the more garish modern architecture, that surrounds and surmounts the Grotto lower down and upon the opposite side of the stream. But it is here that the true soul of the place abides; and for every pilgrim that climbs up to the stern old battlements there will be a thousand to flock before the candle-lit crevice under the Basilica. The one may have played its part perhaps in the making of a little earthly history; but this other has become one of the gates of God. Within it—it is scarcely larger than an ordinary dining-room—there stands now an altar before which one or more masses are daily said. To one side, beyond walls worn smooth with the elbows and rosaries of half a century of pilgrims, is placed a picture of the Virgin, a shrine illuminated with a stack of continually burning candles. Across its entrance is now a palisade of railings, against which, except at certain times, the faithful must be content to wait and watch, and through which, as they kneel before the Grotto, the Communion is administered to them.

In front of the Grotto, stretching back to the roadway that has been built, with a parapet, alongside the river, are arranged rows of seats seldom empty of worshippers, while beside it are the Piscines, or baths, where the sick may be dipped in water led from the Grotto spring. Perched upon the rock, out of which the Grotto has been carved, is the Basilica, the great church that commemorates the visions, and whose slender

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spire has become the most prominent landmark for a good many miles around. Below it is the crypt, lined with memorial tablets, set there by such as have been desirous of visibly recording the blessings that have been granted to them; and below and in front of this is the Chapel of the Rosary, whose porticos stand open to the great open space, flanked by descending terraces around which, in the afternoon, will be gathered the strangest multitude of sufferers, perhaps, to be seen in all the world, the sorrowful clinic of our Lady of Lourdes.

Just now they are crowded about the entrance to the baths, far more of them than can be admitted, one fears, in this single day, even though the official hours were never so elastic, or the *brancardiers*—a body of self-elected attendants—never so eager or efficient. Here there are waiting in rows upon the seats, in chairs and stretchers, on strong arms and crutches, the tangible illustrations of a whole library of text-books — poor *maladies,* with patient faces, some frankly hopeless, brought here by the efforts and hard savings of a pleading family, others still holding with both hands to the unconquerable hope in a Divine interposition. Are there not a thousand crutches hanging there from the rocky front of the Grotto, evidences of past favors from the Blessed Virgin—visible signs of mistaken diagnoses, says our unbeliever—and behind these the reports, true and legendary, of a thousand other benefits and cures?

So they wait, an always changing audience, knocking at the portals of Heaven's mercy, sprinkling themselves with the holy water brought to them in little cans and bottles, and biding their time, with what patience they can command, for their turn to be dipped bodily in the healing stream. Sights that would ordinarily revolt, perhaps, become here merely the occasion for murmurs of pity, for the reiterated invocations of passers-by. Scarred faces, that would be timidly veiled in any other corner of the world, are here laid bare to the sunshine with a frank pathos, if haply even looking upon so sacred a scene may gain some little boon of miracle. As we linger upon the hot pavement we study them for awhile, sick and well, men and women, who might, any one of them almost, have set for Millet or Le Breton, dogged, devoted, childlike, if you would have it so, but with the childhood that believes and is made happy in a lateral Heaven and a very personal Godhead. Is it not wonderful? A young priest, speaking English, pauses for a moment at our side. Is it not wonderful? And he reminds us that, alas! France must be no longer regarded as a Catholic country. He shakes a sorrowful head. The State has pronounced against religion—against clerisalism, if you like to put it that way—but in reality against religion, and with a fervor of bitterness, of which only a Latin race could be capable. They have robbed us of the children, he says, and the times are evil; and yet, behold, is there another country in all the world that could offer such a spectacle of faith as this? The smile that is never far away, for all the solemnity of Lourdes, breaks out again, if a trifle wistfully. Ah, *la belle France,* but it will all come right in the end. The pendulum will swing back. The heart of the people must have its God again, and its God is still the dear Son of our Lady of Lourdes.

And it is here, after all, we reflect, that we see Lourdes at its best, here at the Grotto and the Piscines, in the Basilica and the crypt, and the Rosary Chapel, in the great space below the terrace, and around the gaudy statue of the Virgin at its opposite end. Up there, towards the Chateau, whether we will or not, the more commercial side of it all must intrude itself upon us—the great hotels, with their lifts and telephones and large profits, the electric trains, the shops full of statuary and medals, the waxwork presentations of scenes in little Bernadette's short life—she died some twenty years ago in a convent—all these; and we cannot help feeling that Bernadette, by her visions, has conferred a very substantial material prosperity upon her relatives and fellow-citizens. And yet again, all the time, so simple is the history, so artless the investigations that followed it, so entirely sincere the devotion of the many to the few, that one cannot but spurn as unworthy any idea of a deliberate charlatanism. The prosperity has

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been the gift of Heaven, the inevitable adjunct to a holy celebrity. And why not?

On our way back from our morning stroll we meet an English pilgrimage, the largest that has ever come here, on its way to be received by the Bishop of Tarbes, whose palace overlooks the valley of the Grotto. We exchange greetings and pass on, up through some narrow by-paths of the town, and presently crossing the river higher up, drop down into a path by its side, winding up towards the beautiful valley of Angeles, towards Pierrefitte and Cauteret and the inner heart of the French Pyrenees. And here, for a brief breathing space, we touch fingers again, upon the outskirts of the town, with a more usual existence. Here the grass is being cut in great fragrant swathes, and upon the banks of the river the old women are washing their clothes. The air is heavy and languorous, unpurged by yesterday's thunderstorm, and we turn regretful eyes towards the snow tops of twenty miles away. Lazily we complete our circles, returning again through a busy market-place into the crowded streets. Black eyes flash at us appraisingly, brown fingers hold up rosaries for our regard, and we are called upon to observe the attractions of a hundred inexpensive trinkets. We pass the hospital, filled to its last corner with the sick from all corners of Europe, tended by devoted Sisters, and the scene, we are assured, of numerous unexplainable miracles. We pass sheds where the poor and hardy may spend the night for nothing, and lodging-houses to suit any sort of purse. And so the hot hours pass away for us quickly enough until, as three o'clock draws near, there comes for each sick person, for every faithful pilgrim indeed, the supreme moment of the day, when the officiating priest, bearing the golden monstrance, shall hold out in benediction to each worshipping sufferer the broken body of his Lord and Saviour.

This is the ceremony towards which converges the whole of the day's preparations. It is the crisis, as it were, of the universal worship, the breaking-point of spiritual tension, a breaking-point, often enough, of tears and sobs, and the commonest moment, we are assured, of healing manifestations. Here there must be gathered, in an almost tropical sunshine, at least ten thousand persons ranged round in a great circle, below the steps of the Rosary Chapel, the sick innermost, with the *brancardiers* watching over them, and outside, four or five deep, their women-folk and odd outsiders. This is a place for the mute revaling of secrets, and faces, that have hidden from the world all outward traces of illness, are present inside the ring, the declared sufferers from who shall say what manner of divers diseases. We notice that the sick of each pilgrimage are ranged together, decked with little badges of distinction, while before each separate body of them moves a priest, a rosary in his hand, leading them in prayer. The men of the various pilgrimages, such as are able-bodied, have not yet come upon the scene, but will presently march here in procession, bearing their particular banners, and each carrying a lighted candle in his hand. To the last moment of waiting the *brancardiers* are busy making room for sick late-comers, easing and arranging with the deft hands of pity and experience. And so at last to the chanting of a hymn come the first figures of the long procession from the Grotto.

Marching in two parallel rows of single file, sufficiently wide apart for the banner-bearers in the middle to have plenty of elbow-room, they come in an apparently interminable series, entering the wide open space at its distant end, and dividing to take each side of the waiting circle on their way to the platform in front of the Chapel. Here they begin to gather themselves *en masse*, an army of black smocks, for a background to the white-robed priests. Presently, at the far end of the procession, there comes into sight the canopy, borne by four bearers, beneath which walks the officiating priest—an English bishop today, as it chances—bearing the golden, sun-shaped monstrance with its sacred burden. Behind him walk one or two attendants and his chaplain; and so in a moment or two the great hour of the Blessing of the Sick has begun. The fervor becomes intense; and as the bishop, in his heavy robes, moves slowly from patient to patient, the crowd in

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his immediate neighborhood fall upon their knees, the others in one voice, if with many tongues, calling out across the wide spaces their age-old cries for mercy: "Seigneur, Seigneur, ayex pitié de moi!" "Lord, save us, or we perish!" "Mein Herr und mein Gott!"

The hot sun pours down upon us. There is no shade. The great arena is a white glare of reflected light. And to the bishop, swathed in vestments, stooping continually to each succeeding sufferer, the center, if only vicariously, of this great tide of adoration, our sympathy goes out. For fully an hour, perhaps for longer, his slow journey must proceed. None can be left out. He must neither slacken nor be weary. As he draws near at length, and we too bend at his approach, we can see the perspiration standing out in beads upon his forehead. The crowd about us thrills to the approaching wave of ecstasy. But for him it has been the wave's crest all the way along. And yet it is just this, as he tells us afterwards, that robs him of any thought of bodliy fatigue. He is borne upwards upon it as upon a sea of visible and passionate belief. And he himself is supported by the very exaltation of all these ten thousand worshippers, that it has been his high privilege to arouse. Afterwards, in the quiet of the hotel, he may encounter the inevitable weariness of reaction, but out here his mission holds him tireless. So, finally, and to an ever-deepening note of almost agonized entreaty, he completes the long round, moves up towards the platform at the top, takes his stand before the assembled body of men and priests, and pronounces above the whole kneeling concourse the words of his last benediction. An immediate stillness falls over us, prolongs itself for a moment, and then, from a far corner there comes a sudden odd cry. The multitude of faces swings round like a leaf to the wind. A meek-faced little woman, who has been bed-ridden for fourteen years, rises up from her invalid chair, totters a few steps into the open space. Behold, she is a *miraculée*.

A few minutes later we are enabled to make our way through the surging crowd about the Bureau des Contesttations, the little room near the Grotto, where the doctors, always in attendance, receive and set down the testimonies of the patients, examine the evidences, laugh away gently the too-ready protestations of a cure that are so frequently made, and admit to the records such as seem worthy of their place. The crowd beats against the door, but inside there is a comparative calm, and we are allowed to examine the *miraculées* at our leisure, all women today, four of them, emerged from the thousands. The little meek-faced woman, with the rapture of her devotion still shining in her eyes, rises and shakes hands with us. The evidence of her bedridden years seems satisfactory, although we note that there appears to be no obviously insurperable physical reason why she should not have walked away. But no matter. The controvedsial side of Lourdes and its cures have been fought out on many arenas; and if we construe the miracle after another fashion we can still congratulate her very heartily upon the happy consummation. We stay a little while with the doctors, chatting about their work, impressed with the unfailing tenderness and sense of humanity with which they strike the practical note, that must inevitably come as something of an anticlimax to the scene that we have just been witnessing.

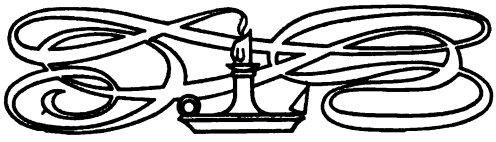
On the road to the hotel we overtake the bishop, wending a liesurely way back to dinner. Two Belgian women kneel down to kiss the big amethyst ring that is the sign of his office, the bond of their common Catholicity lying too deep for any interference of race or language. Must we believe these things? We know already that to do so is no essential canon of the Catholic faith, and this bishop, humblest of prelates, is yet something of a stateman. No doubt, he assures us, for every temporal blessing these poor folk receive they will receive twenty spiritual ones; and how can so great a faith be spent in vain? So we return together rather silently, and one of us, at any rate, with the conviction that he has been admitted to the inner sanctum of a great and vital creed. The details might have jarred perhaps upon a too esthetic purist; even the objective of it all, to the large majority, this apparently whimsical interference of the Divine Pity, after much beseeching, in

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the humdrum earthly ailments of so tiny a proportion, might have seemed crude beyond belief. Yet we know that, for all that, these acres of sun-baked gravel had still been holy ground; while if this afternoon had been in any degree typical, then its consecration rested upon a tradition scarcely less sacred perhaps than that assigned to it by its most literal believers.

And yet perhaps, of all hours spent at Lourdes, it will not be this, but one later, that will remain longest in the memory of a brief visit—an hour that struck a note no less ardent than that of its predecessors, but with a certain added quality of rejoicing, that came as a fitting crown upon the day's devotion. Between eight and nine o'clock, as we drank our after-dinner coffee in the little boulevard, there came up to us the first bars of the Lourdes hymn, and presently between the trees we could see a growing myriad of tiny lights flashing about the Grotto. The hymn waxed stronger, *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria—Ave, Ave, Ave Maria,* with a slow and almost barbaric, yet joyful, monotony. And as we went down towards the scene of the afternoon's service, we could see it gathering shape, this giant procession of candle-bearers, men, women and children—French, Flemish, English, American, priests, peasants and gentry—moving towards us with no semblance of confusion, but after a settled plan, a river of light in the soft June darkness.

Above it the outlines of the Basilica had already been penciled out in electric lights, its delicate spire, in a haze of pale-blue radiance, lifting itself up against the deepening violet of the sky. At the opposite end of the dim arena the head of the carved Virgin was surrounded with a bright halo of tiny lamps; and upon the summit of the Pic du Ger, three thousand feet high over the little town, there blazed out among the stars a flaming cross, the last word, if one may so put it, in the stage-management, as though the very heavens themselves had declared themselves in worship. For an hour we stood there, while they filed past us, rank upon rank, each separate battalion of singers renewing the melody of the hymn in all manner of different keys, and with a hundred varying accents, but never conveying the least impression of discord—a spectacle and chorus unique surely in two hemispheres. They were still singing when the bells struck nine, and it must have been nearly ten o'clock when at last the whole vast gathering assembled before the Rosary Chapel to recite the Credo with such an intensity of unquestioning conviction that our young priest of the morning, if he were present, must have felt his very being leap out to embrace them. It would have been the day's last note for him, no doubt—a note of triumphant justification.



All for Her Sake—as Usual.

The colored sexton of a wealthy church had a very stylish mulatto wife. Finding his domestic income not quite equal to his expenses he decided to apply for an increase in salary. So he wrote a letter to the committee in charge with this explanation at the close: "It's mighty hard to keep a sealskin wife on a muskrat salary."

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The Bracelet

by SADIE HOFFMAN

Miss Tormentilla Jones stopped and looked in at a window. James was expecting she would bring the present home with her, and it was obvious James must not be disappointed. Rapidly she ran her eye over the goods the shop front displayed, dismissing the bulk of them as impossible, but hovering here and there in an uncertainty of thought.

She was startled by a voice at her elbow; it was a voice she had not heard for twenty years, and she hesitated an instant before she turned to the speaker. Her agitation was apparent and, observing it, the owner of the voice hastened to press his advantage. "Miss Tormentilla," he repeated, "Miss Tormentilla, I have come home."

This time the lady he addressed turned towards him; she had completely recovered her dignity and her tone was restrained. "You are rather late in arriving. Thompson," she said.

The christian name struck on his ear, and he paused for a moment to weigh its meaning. After years of companionship with persons of pettier resources, he underestimated Tormentilla's habitual directness, and jumped to an unwarrantable conclusion.

"You will spare me an hour," he said. He wore a carnation in his gray frock-coat, and a certain sprightliness Tormentilla had noted in his appearance seemed to have communicated itself to his speech.

She looked him in the eyes, her silence being just long enough to make it perfectly clear that his words had been heard. Then she spoke:

"Is not this change delightful, after the fog?" she said, lifting her eyes from his face to a patch of delicate blue that was appearing behind the chimney-pots over the way.

The newcomer bowed, smiled, and adroitly followed her lead. He had, he said, travelled overland from Marseilles and throughout the journey the weather had been detestable. He had, he supposed, felt it the more in contrast with the charming climate conditions he had experienced in the Mediterranean. At this point his eyes twinkled, for long ago Tormentilla Jones and Thompson Holder had had lessons together, and when they had quarrelled Tormentilla's craving for details of travel again and again had humbled and brought her to his feet. At that time his parents had been living in Egypt, and he had been out to them for a couple of months. In reality his knowledge was small, but, boylike, he had made the most of his advantage, and Tormentilla, in her thirst for information, had been willing to acknowledge his superiority. Now it flashed through his mind, that, if her attitude in this matter was at all what it had been of old, he was better equipped as an authority. But he realized already that the task he had undertaken would not be easy. During the years of his absence it had not been his habit to think much of his friends and relations left behind him in England. Most of the time he had been too busy fighting his way to the position he now occupied, but, vaguely, he had always intended some day to return and reclaim the playmate of his youth. This morning he had been lying in wait for her. Before she arrived he had felt no misgiving; but now he was uncomfortably conscious that certain things lay between them which Tormentilla would find it difficult to forgive; one of them being the fact that his mother had pased out of life in ignorance of the whereabouts even of the son she adored.

Already Tormentilla's rebuff had come dangerously near to a dismissal, and, after all, was there any object

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in prolonging the interview unless he saw some chance of getting the lead into his own hands? They had drifted along the pavement as they talked, and he had become conscious that Tormentilla was bestowing on the shop windows a scrutiny that he could not believe was characteristic. A look of anxiety that was growing in her face did much to restore his self-confidence. He addressed her, and this time she turned with a start—

"Before I went away you detested shopping. If you are not in the mind for it to-day, may I be of service? It is so long since I spent a Christmas in England that I shall enjoy it."

Her aspect had changed. There was an uncertainty that was almost appealing in her manner,—"I am so stupid at getting things for myself, and now James has commissioned me to buy him a present."

Holder hastily collected his memories of Tormentilla's brother. But, in spite of his efforts, they remained scattered and hazy. James was rather a colorless person. After a pause he ventured to suggest a walking stick or an umbrella.

Tormentilla interrupted him—"The present is not for himself," she said. "It is for him to give to," she hesitated, "a friend whom he intends to marry."

"Ah—something suitable to open negotiations." Holder's statement was a question.

"No; not exactly that," Tormentilla replied. She was in no way embarrassed now; she was merely thinking of Holder as an unexpected ally in an enterprise that was difficult, and obviously if he was to prove serviceable he must be thoroughly informed.

"They have known each other for years and James has determined upon marrying her. What he desires is something, not ostentatious, but of sufficient value to make his meaning unmistakable."

"How much is James proposing to spend?" Holder's voice, for the first time in the interview, betrayed a slight nervousness. Money, he knew, had always been scarce at the Vicarage, and he seemed to himself suddenly to be vulgarly rich. But he need not have feared. For the moment their positions were reversed. An undisguised pride swelled in Tormentilla's reply.

"Twenty pounds," she said, "is his limit."

"Ah." By the gravity of his tone and a slight inclination of the head, Holder conveyed his appreciation. Miss Tormentilla immediately fell in with his suggestion, and as they made their way to a jeweler's it was clear that he led and she followed.

Brooches and bangles were brought forth for Tormentilla's inspection and Holder stood slightly in the background watching her. The things were attractive enough in their way, and Tormentilla was in a biddable mood and showing no desire to be critical. But he knew that, as yet, nothing had appealed to her or stirred her imagination.

The shopman was looking past Tormentilla to the more promising customer behind. He thought the pair ill-assorted, and in truth was not quite certain if they were shopping in company. Tormentilla bent over the tray. Catching the man's eye, Holder's lips moved—

"Antiques—garnets, old paste," he murmured.

A moment later opals and pearls, emeralds and topaz were swept to one side, and Tormentilla was confronted with relics of a day that is gone. Her eyes kindled, and she lifted a band of dull red stones embedded in silver. Their attraction, she supposed, was probably a matter of association based on memories of her childhood, but the garnets seemed to her to be dignified and distinguished in contrast with the modern and more glittering stones. She would have liked them as they were, but James, she knew, would feel differently; she could imagine his horror of "second-hand" articles. She was unaware that her thought had been expressed till she found that the shopman was replying to it.

"Certainly, Madam, certainly, a modern setting of course. Something of this kind?" And he began sketching a design on the lid of a box that lay near him. He began at the outer edge, marking first the smallest stones that

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were to lie furthest along the band. Finally, he placed the central stone, saying as he did so, "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to draw the other side, Madam?"

Hitherto Tormentilla had been marveling at his ingenuity; now she interrupted, laying her hand upon the drawing and speaking sharply: "That—the big one," she indicated the large central garnet, "must be put straight, and not endways."

"Straight, Madam?" For a moment the salesman's suavity had forsaken and he prided himself on matters of taste. Tormentilla's manner on entering the shop had been apologetic, and he had thought her old-fashioned dress shabby. The astonishment conveyed in his tone bordered on insolence, and somewhere in the background Holder emitted a chuckle.

Tormentilla drew on her glove. "I misunderstood," she said; "you had determined on a design. I had presumed the bracelet could be made up to order."

When the instructions were finally taken and the two were leaving the shop, Holder turned to his companion. She looked twenty years younger and her cheeks were aglow.

"I was glad," he said, "that you settled that brute, but why in the world did it matter?"

In speech as in looks she was for the moment the old Tormentilla. "It mattered, tremendously," she said, "for it wasn't just a present."

Holder was obstinate; he forgot to be politic, and the dispute seemed of moment.

"No," she said, "I cannot agree. The stones were rectangularly set in the band, and you fancied they had carried a message before. Very well, but in other respects you had altered their arrangement."

. . . . . .

Tormentilla lifted the lid, and a bracelet the exact counterpart of the one she had bought three days earlier for James was disclosed to her view. Stamped in gilt letters on the case was the name of the Bond street jeweler from whom the first had been obtained. Clearly some mistake had been made; either the shopman supposed that a pair of bracelets had been required, or he was unaware that the order had been executed.

About to replace the bracelet in the box, preparatory to packing and readdressing it, her eye was caught by a slight difference in design between the new arrival and its forerunner. Here the central stone was set diamondwise where earlier it had been horizontal. Tormentilla experienced the same sense of disapproval to which she had given expression in the jeweler's shop. Then, suddenly, she understood, and in setting down the box her hand trembled. Something prompted her to look up.

Thompson Holder stood in the doorway.

Boldly, nonchalantly, he strolled into the room and seated himself on the arm of the sofa. His heart was in his mouth, but he showed no sign of trepidation.

"At the lower end of the Mediterranean," he began.

For a second Miss Tormentilla seemed about to leave the room, and his fate hung in the balance. Then she turned.

"How many days this side of the Canal?" she demanded, and sat down on the sofa.



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THE REWARD

DANA K. AKERS.

No watching thousands to cheer me on,
Or nations' plaudits, or bugle's blare;
But, through the tumult, to hear your song—
To know you're watching—to know you care.

No grateful homage that men can show
Or glad huzzas from exultant host
Can equal the joys that my heart shall know
If the course I have taken hath pleased you most.

Honor and triumph their time shall bide.
The trophy I seek is a heart that's true.
Joy spurs me on to the end of the ride
With each step bringing me nearer you.

When all is over and men rejoice,
When my comrades cheer as the goal is won,
My heart shall be waiting to hear thy voice,
Thy smile and thy whisper: "Brave heart, well done."

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MORGAN.

¶ "I began to repeat:
'Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said—'
¶ "I hesitated for an instant and the succeeding words came from the big arm chair with odd distinctness:
"'This is my own, my native land!'

* * *

¶ Colonel George Harvey gives us a new view of the great Master financier whose personality heretofore, has been confined by narrow critics, to the one accomplishment—finance.
¶ But, are these critics right?
¶ J. P. Morgan was the master yachtsman of the country. As Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, the foremost organization of its kind in America, he was instrumental in building our Defenders which kept at home the America's Cup. No one did more than Morgan in maintaining a high standard in yachting circles.
¶ J. P. Morgan was the greatest collector of Art in the world. His collection, now in the United States, is for the benefit of the people of this country. As an art connoisseur, he ranked high; as a patron of art, he was supreme.
¶ J. P. Morgan's charities are unnumbered. Thousands live to bless his name. A glance at his last will shows the broadness of his gifts as well as the deep religious spirit which inspired him.
Without his aid, the great South-west would still be a wilderness. Morgan was a developer and through his money and ability, the desert was made into a garden.
During the Cleveland administration, Morgan upheld the credit of the United States. Without his aid, great harm would have resulted.
But to get back where we started.

* * *

¶ Colonel Harvey now discloses another side of this remarkable man. He pictures Morgan's patriotism, his great love for country, a love that found expression in his proffer of assistance to President Wilson at any time needed. Here are the words quoted by Harvey:
"'When you see Mr. Wilson tell him for me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal.'"
If we are to believe the "key hole" critics on the radical press, this great man's epitaph ought to be "He was a money grabber."
And their only valid excuse must be concealed in Morgan's last words to Colonel Harvey:
"I think the people know me better now. I hope so."
Morgan would not allow himself to be known through the press.

* * *

May there not be others whose true personalities are, like Morgan's, hidden under a false sense of modesty? Let the light shine on them.

* * *

RETRENCH!

¶ From all parts of the country is heard, the cry: "Living is higher and no relief in sight."
What is the answer?

* * *

¶ Higher wages for the clerk, the mechanic, the laborer?

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These benefits have been secured, still the cry goes forth: "Living his higher and is going still higher.
What's to be done? There must be a stopping point, somewhere.

* * *

¶ Let us not discuss the decreasing purchasing power of the gold dollar or the substitution of a more staple article as the standard of value. Instead let us look at some of the causes in our own home. Perhaps we can keep down the fast increasing expenses, that is, we can if we have the nerve.

* * *

¶ The Bureau of Labor statistics inform us that food prices have increased between 60% and 70% since 1896.
The decrease in farm population; the increase in population as a whole; the decrease in our live stock products; the use of manufactured foods, are the principal causes for this rise in food prices.
¶ We are living today in more luxurious surroundings, than ever before.
Automobiles take children to school; the man to his office; the woman to her clubs and her shopping; increasing indulgences in pleasures; silk stockings in place of cotton as of years ago; more clothes and of a finer texture; more hats and of greater variety;—these are a few of the problems that go to make living higher as the years go on.

* * *

¶ The daily press a short time ago stated that a Cincinnati woman wished to sell her body to a physician. She wanted to buy fine clothes!

* * *

¶ Professor Sargent of the University of Chicago charges women with being directly responsible.
"The mad pursuit of women for the varying fads of dress has caused the high cost of living today," he declared.
¶ Professor F. J. Warne in the Good Housekeeping Magazine, adds further testimony—and from the lips of women themselves—to the charge that women are largely to blame for the increase in living.
"Extravagance in dress is startling," he says. "Not only have the number of hats, dresses, shoes, hosiery and ornaments worn by women increased in number but also they have cost more in each case. A dress is worn once—then cast aside; she must have an automobile dress, a golfing suit; a sea shore dress, etc. She must also have them as often as the styles change—and the styles are constantly changing. What is true of women as a whole is especially true of young girls who are being brought up in extravagances which cannot be sustained by the young men who marry them."
This is one of the most prolific causes for divorce.
Extravagance is fast leading to a great social unrest, in fact, it is one of the primary causes of the present uneasiness. The thoughtful man looks with dread towards the future. And well he may.

* * *

¶ But who is responsible, in the last analysis, for this condition?
We say men are responsible and it is up to men to shoulder their responsibility without whining. The situation is serious—men, are you equal to the task?
¶ In other words, are you men or are you jellyfish?



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The Chosen of Fate

by WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS

Something fresh, clean and interesting—that's what you need after the deluge of nasty, impure modern stories that have served to debauch our homes and children. The Chosen of Fate fills the bill. It is interesting and instructive, giving us a glimpse of life 2500 years ago during the first circumnavigation of Africa. And William Newton Nichols, by reason of years of research in ancient history, has, we believe, produced a story that's bound to take. The narrative is written in the style of that period, which, in itself, is a literary novelty. We believe you will like it.

William Newton Nichols is a name that is becoming widely quoted among American writers.—Editor.

THE MIDDEN-HEAP.

Tools of the Giver of Thought are we, formed each to carve a line
Base or noble as the Great God wills to fit His plan divine:
Aught of the meaning shall we e'er know, aught grasp of His design,
Its pattern wrought with craftman's hand, set mete and sacred sign.

Handfuls of dross-spoilt ore were we He gathered where it lay,
Buried since the Dawn beneath the Earth and covered with foul debris,
By fire and fan He purged us, till, freed from the cumbering clay,
Tools well-tempered we wait till He needs our strength in His day.

Ever on high among the Nations His twin Colossi stand.
Fair Justice and Law, the great creations of His all-skilled hand;
Battered and bruised, o'er hill and vale, scattered through every land
Lie the bones of those who were His tools, tombed but by the drifting sand.

Battered and scattered, by Memnon's shrine lie the tools the carver cast,
Used and broken but the midden-heap may give them rest at last;
Yet the thought that flowed through the chisel's point, all the strength in the mallet massed,
Still endures, when as a God 'tis a memory of the Past .

And the thought that swayed each warrior's sword, all the lore the scholar had.
The song that swept the lyre's strings, made men be valorous, joyous, sad,
The purpose we toil for, the sage's dream,—even when all are dead,—
Shall live while they give aid to men, or sweeten the bitter bread.

PROLOGUE

The reign of the Saistic Dynasty marks the close of the age-long existence of Egypt as an independent nation under rulers of its own race.

For five thousand years, at least, Egypt was one of the Great Powers of Earth—most of the time *the* great power—but now, at Charchemish on the Euphrates, in 605 B. C., under Necho II, declines before the rising power of Nebuchadnezzar, whose father and his Median allies overthrew Nineveh.

Drawing back from Syria, which had been the fatal lure to Egypt, as Italy later proved to the German Emperors, Necho sought to find new outlets for Egyptian enterprise, to seize all points that should be of aid in the forthcoming contest with the Asiatic powers for final supremacy.

The older Dynasties, with their capitals far removed from the sea, had neglected the Sea-Power factor in their wars. Furthermore, to leave an opening for the Greeks and Kheta to turn this force against them had, for a thousand years, been a thorn in Egypt's side.

The new Dynasty of Sais, however, dwelling near the sea, familiar with sea-going peoples—and indeed owing their

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throne to the aid of Greek mercenaries, when their founder wandered a fugitive in the marsh, not only utilized the Greek and Phoenician sailors that throned the Nile ports, but strove to make the Egyptians themselves familiar with the sea.

Here, however, they came in conflict with the ingrained religious prejudices of the later Egyptians, who regarded the sea as unclean. They especially dreaded death by drowning, or burial at sea, because it precluded embalming—and unless the body was embalmed so as to be kept imperishable for that last dread trial before Him who is the Searcher-out of Truth, their souls might never enter the Abode of the Just, but instead would be annihilated.

Even existence in the World of Torment was denied such unfortunates!

The revolt of the Warrior-Caste in the preceding reign, and the migration of 200,000 of them to the wild regions of the upper Nile, made Necho very careful in antagonizing them, although he realized that only by extending his sea-power could he meet the attack brewing beyond the Desert and rocky defiles of Palestine.

To enable him to utilize his fleet on either sea at will, he built a canal from the Pelusium branch of the Nile to the head of the Gulf of Arabs, the western arm of the Red Sea.

When Hanno, the Phoenician, who had previously voyaged beyond the Pillars of Hercules, came to the Court at Sais with his theory of the insularity of Libya, Necho realized at once the lever a possession of such a route and trading coast would be in the coming contest. He knew the Ophir, which Solomon and Hiram of Tyre had traded to, lay somewhere along the eastern coast, and tradition told of wars waged between Egypt and the Cushites (or the Chaldeans, their successors) over the possession of the emerald mines of the Siniatic peninsula and the gold-producing land of the South.

The voyage, as we shall see, was a success. The rapid rise of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar, however, prevented any use being made of the knowledge, and the subsequent conquest of Egypt by the Persians (whose attention was turned to the Mediterranean entirely, by their struggle with the Greeks) caused even the fact of the voyage to be almost forgotten at the time Herodotus wrote the brief lines that embodies all History has recorded of the most remarkable voyage of Antiquity.

The Mythology of Egypt had evolved, from the early conception of one Goddess, into a Triad of which Nieth was the mother; and then by Triad after Triad, added by the priesthood of different Nomes, into a multiplicity of Gods so great that none knew all the Gods of Egypt.

* * *

Yet, while the inhabitants of each Nome claimed its Triad to be Supreme, they readily worshipped the Triad of the Nome they were in. The Great Gods, however, were always Osiris, Isis, and their son, Horus, who was later supplanted by Ra and Ammon—who at times were one, at othertimes, separate Gods.

Sais, however, yet worshipped Nieth, the Mother of the Gods, as its special protector, and, being in power, temples again arose throughout Egypt to the Starry Goddess.

A main feature of Her Worship was he bands of priestesses, who filled a position midway between that of the Catholic Nun and the Hindoo Nautch girl.

Often Princesses of the reigning House deemed it an honor to be counted among the priestesses, yet, in their case it did not, seemingly, bar marriage.

From the foundation of Egypt, the power of the Pharaohs had rested on an hereditary warrior caste, composed originally, in all probability, of the descendants of the men who first subdued the numerous kinglets, whose thirty-odd kingdoms filled the Nile valley.

During the later Dynasties there had been a re-inforcement of the Warrior-Caste from a tribe of warriors of Libyan stock, the Mashauasha, residing west of the Delta.

But the advent of the Greek mercenaries had displaced both the old and new Castes, and made the mercenaries the core of the army, relegating the Egyptians almost to the position of auxilaries. The frontier garrison-duty fell to them, carrying with it separation from their

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families for periods of one or more years, and the especially vexatious duty of scouring the deserts for robbers, many of whom were kindred to the Libyan Caste.

CHAPTER I.

WHO KNOWETH THE WAYS OF THE GODS?

Horsemen, chariots, and footmen; Greeks, Libyans, Egyptians; dark-skinned Nubians, cruel-nosed Semitics, Philistines, Phoenicians, the routed army of Necho fled in tumult and disorder through the valleys of Lebanon and the coastal plain of Palestine.

On they fled, not stopping even to look at the Plain of Megiddo, where, but a few short months before, they had piled in heaps of dead all the force of Josiah of Judah.

"Charchemish" would no Egyptian willingly engrave on a monument afterwards—for from thence had rolled back Egypt's wave of conquest—never again to advance while Time should last.

"No more shall there be a Prince of the Land of Egypt," rang the vengeance-breathing cry of Judah's prophet.

But, with heads erect even in defeat, two officers of the Hermotybies, the Light-Armed—or scouts—of the army, strode along the dusty way; while, on either side, their squads scouted the hills for possible ambuscade.

One, tall and white-haired, with face wrinkled from the sun and wind of many a campaign—the other a youth just entering full manhood. The elder, Amenhotep, was one of the few who had remained loyal to Psammeticus in the great mutiny of the Libyan Caste; and now, under the Greek-taught son, found his ancient services forgotten, and only the hardest and least honorable duties assigned to him and his regiment.

As Niklo, the younger, gazed into the face of his superior, and noted the look of bitter patience there, he laughed, sardonically, saying:

"Thinkest thou Necho rememberest the 200,000 men who found wives and children beyond the Cataracts? Hadst those solid ranks of Egyptian spearmen fronted the Chaldean at the River, thinkest thou we fled thus?

Nay! Rather had our banners noweralship of Necho? Will not the Greeks floated oe'r Babylon's far-famed walls, and thou and I lounged in its famous gardens, looking far oe'r wells and plain! Bah! Had Necho been of the blood of Rameses—of Seti, or of Thothmes—he had not waited, when Nineveh fell, for Cyaxares and Nabopolassar to divide the spoil—but had struck them while they were weak and worn! But this Greek-taught descendant of him who hid in the fens—how shall he know how to conquer? And now shall I, who am of the ancient Warrior-Caste, waste my life, as thou hast had to thine, on arduous duty without chance of honor or glory?"

Amen-hotep strode awhile in silence, ere he answered, "Youth is always the time of hot-headedness and of anger at defeat; but age learns that oft the Gods drive us by defeat to the place, or the deeds, that shall bring us honor.

Psammeticus was but one kinglet of twelve when he poured the oblation from his brazen helmet—and was driven from his kingdom for it—yet, wandering in the fens, he met the pirates—those Men of Brass the dream had foretold—and by their aid he conquered, one by one, those eleven kings. Sixty years have swept over my head—less than thirty over thine—and, perchance, it is the will of the Gods that I go to my tomb with no great deed to carve thereon, nor to make my feet light when I come before Osiris. Yet, still the Gods whisper to me in dreams, that all is well—that men shall not forget me, nor fail to carry my body in honor to the tomb!

Thirty years ago was Egypt glad that the Assyrian came no more beyond the Desert; now we have aspired to make the Euphrates our boundary, and been beaten. Yet the cities of the Philistine are ours—and shall not we be able to defend Ascalon as well as the Philistine did? Nine and twenty years lay I in siege before its walls—shall the Chaldean pass them in a night?

In thine old age it may, perchance, be that this Nebuchadnezzar shall die—and thou knowest these Asiastics — great father, great son, worthless grandson!"

"Aye! and thou knowest Egypt—great father, great son, worthless grandson! Psammeticus — Necho —? Shall he that follows Necho have even the gen-

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strive to seize the Throne for themselves, as the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the "Shepherds" of Eld did? Whom shall we rally to its defense? The blood of my Caste has nearly run its course—of thine, Napata, not Memphis or Sais is the stronghold! Canst the Fellaheen be taught to fight? I doubt it; and if so, who shall till the soil? Truly, Egypt's blood seems outworn—like an aged tree that even the sweet waters of the Nile no longer revives."

* * *

As the shades of evening fell, Amenhotep, as was his daily duty, collected his scattered squads of scouts and took possession of a hilltop overlooking the camping place of the army.

Below in the plain the wearied fugitives sought rest for the morrow's march—but, that they might thus sleep, the Hermatybies must keep vigil on all the surrounding hilltops, and occupy the passes leading into Judea on the east and Syria on the north. Their only chance for rest and sleep came in the daily change from van to rear-guard. Those who had been the van remaining in their position in the morning, while the army defiled past; and then becoming the rear-guard until the succeeding day, when they would be first to quit their place of encampment and hasten ahead as scouts.

Instead of the great square shield and long, heavy spear of the regular infantry, the Hermotybies carried only a small round target, light throwing spear, short sword, and bow and quiver. Neither did they wear the heavy helmets, corselets and greaves of the Greeks, but were protected only by a coat of heavy felt, and a leathern cap. As Niklo walked the round, inspecting the outposts, in the long watches that come when midnight is past, his thoughts turned from the duty of the moment, and, leaping over the events of the long Syrian campaign, dropped him down into the midst of a scene for years forgotten.

At his feet flowed once again the beloved Nile, lapping its lazy waves on the little beach. Overhead a date-palm sheltered him from the glare of the midday sun, and playing in the court before him were a bevy of village maidens; the eldest not yet sixteen. As they raced, with shieks of laughter, not knowing any man was nigh, one lithe form caught his eye again and again; for the red-gold of her hair shown in bright contrast with the dark locks of her companions. Once he caught the flash of deep blue eyes; like the mountain lakes he had since seen in Syria—and his heart trembled at the thought of the vision.

Then he laughed aloud, to the scandal of the men of the outpost, who were holding every muscle tense with the alertness of their watch.

The vision came again—but there was sadness in the eyes of the maiden, for one, dressed as a priestess of Nieth, called to her, chidingly:

"Kitla! Kitla! Is this beseeming conduct for one who shall yet minister before the Goddess? Come thou with me and study the ritual, that thou mayst know what becomes a priestess of the Mother of the Gods!"

As Niklo's gaze wandered far over the hills and plain that led to Egypt he mused, questioning:

"Where abides the maiden, Kitla, now? Hath she grown in beauty as foreshadowed by the bud? Or hath the blight, that falls upon the priestesses of Ammon, fallen upon this dew-flower of Nieth?" Then, while he gazed, came the mystic glaze into his eyes, that was to mark his descendants in all generations—and he saw where he had never been—but was to be!

Within the sacred courtyard rose the gleaming white Temple of Nieth—not covered by roof, but open to the sky; since Nieth Herself there abiding ever hovered over Her worshippers to bless.

The altar was of whitest marble, with gleaming tusks of ivory, banded with gold, as a railing. To right and left stood Her standards of blue, sown with stars of gold; and before ranked the long procession of white-robed priestesses. Upon the altar burned the sweet-smelling incense, brought from the unknown East, and, as its smoke billowed up through the unfettered opening to the blue above, the long lines knelt and rose, swayed to right or left, as the words of the ritualistic prayer fell from the lips of their white-haired Mother-Superior.

Nitocris was she, sister of Psammeti-

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cus, and, while a High-Priest ruled in name, her word, when she spoke, was law; not only in Memphis, but in Sais, and in all the convents of all the Gods of Egypt.

But Niklo's eyes, in the vision, rested on the nearest of the first twelve, whose gleaming hair contrasted so oddly with her white head-veil. Then, as she turned in a sidewise genuflection, Kitla's face, grown to wonderous beauty, looked into his—and the vision was gone!

* * *

Chilled by the morning dew, he rose stiffly, as the first rays of the sun gleamed across the mountains of Judea. Below he heard the calls of the priests of Ra Ammon, and saw the smoke of the morning sacrifices rise on the air. Prostrating himself to the east, he muttered his morning prayer to the great God of Light, Protector of Egypt, and sought his courch for the brief repose possible whilst the army marched past.

Yet, as he fell to sleep, there stole over him a sense of security, as though some one watched over his slumbers; and the last thought, as he closed his eyes, was:

"Can the maiden know aught of me?"

. . . . . .

Once again Memphis' streets echoed the footfalls of troops; though, where of Eld had swept by mighty armies, returning victorious with long trains of captives and spoils, now but the scanty companies of the Hermotybies passed—to camp beyond the walls a little ways until their numbers should be recruited, and new duty assigned. Still the sight drew a concourse of the townspeople to wonder at the warn looks and torn accourtrements of the men, after their long campaigns in Syria.

As they passed the avenue of sphinxes leading to the Temple of Nieth, each company saluted—the men with a clang of spear to shield, the officers with a sweep of sword.

As Niklo raised his sword in salutation, striding before his company and crying to them:

"Salute the Goddess!"

He saw in flesh; standing beside the bowing Nitocris, returning the salutation, what he had seen in the Vision—the glowing face of Kitla!

A second time he saluted, gazing, as he did, directly into her face; which paled, then flushed; and standing as she did, just back of the range of vision of Nitocris, Kitla returned the salute with a bow of mockery.

Naught saw Niklo of people or city, as he marched to the camp, only her face floated before him, and he muttered:

"Nieth shall have no more constant worshipper than I, whilst we abide near Memphis—and that face! Truly my dream fell but too short of the glorious reality!"

Amen-hotep, as the days went by, sometimes speculated curiously at the increasing religiousness of his favorite Captain of Scouts, but, as he noted also an increasing devotion to drill and the instruction of the new men, he concluded that Niklo had finally forgotten his dissatisfaction at the prospect of unrewarded duty ahead, and settled down to striving to perfect his company in tactics.

But, if he had followed his favorite Captain, as he wended at sunset towards the Temple of Nieth, he would have seen him stop first at a flower-seller's near the gate, and purchase roses for an offering on the altar. Always roses, of the deep, dark type he had plucked so often when camped in the Syrian hills around Damascus.

* * *

If he had followed him farther he would have seen that once, once within the Temple, he wended his way, not to the great central altar, but to a lateral shrine where ministered a priestess whose hair and cheeks matched in shade the roses that he, on bended knee, placed in her hands for a peace-offering to Nieth—the Mother of the Gods and Dispenser of Destiny!

As the days passed their hands sometimes touched, and their eyes sought the depths of the other's. Blue gazed into brown—dark hair wondered at the glory of the red-gold—startled sometimes by its living radiance, when a stray sunbeam lit it up; till words succeeded looks, and the Moon oft looked down on two who strolled along the Nile's moonlit waters; or the stars of Nieth cast faint shadows on the sands where they lingered beneath the shelter of a palm.

(To be Continued)

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The Wrong Girl

by JAMES SWAN

To me was allotted the role of sight-seer. I thought from the first that I should take no part in the little comedy about to be produced. Claudia, of course, was, as always, leading lady, but Noemi was decidedly the heroine. Dacent was at times the hero, without anything of the heroic; he was a hinge on which the whole plot depended. Mrs. Gurdon and the Welshman were supers, the former rather amateurish, but Apmaris excelling all the actors; the whole *denouement* was due to him, and without his handsome presence the scene would have lacked a graceful adjunct.

I became interested in the whole thing at a fairly early stage; to pursue the necessary metaphor, I might say that I was present at the dress-rehearsal for, before I met Dacent, Mrs. Gurdon had confided in me, in the heavy-parent style of very early Victorian drama, that he was to marry one of the dear girls. I gazed with increased interest on the dear girls. One might have gazed on Claudia for ever, so long as she were aware of the scrutiny. She lived to be gazed upon. It was extraordinary to see the girl pose. I have glanced at her through a window to find her absolutely ungainly, almost plain, and, being announced a minute later by the maid, I have found Claudia transformed, reclining gracefully with folded hands on pensively held chin, in a dim corner of the studio. She was a particularly beautiful girl; but when, in moments of carelessness, she dropped the mask of languor her radiant beauty seemed to fade. Her loveliness was a pose, and a very successful one. Moreover, her affection for her sister was stimulated; in public she treated Noemi with wayward gentleness; when they were alone she ignored or bullied her. Noemi's necessary pose of sisterly affection, instead of elevating her to grace and interest, degraded her somewhat—it hampered her. Artist in all other matters, she lacked the power of self-abnegation requisite to such a part; hers it was to outshine Claudia in all things save in this and her beauty; she could not sort out the artist from the woman inside her. It may also have been that the adjustment of which Claudia was acknowledged master became, in comparison with Noemi's greater qualities, the most despicable triviality, so that what in one was a grace became in her sister a blemish.

It was evident that Dacent was a victim. Mrs. Gurdon had decoyed him, and now waited for the girls to play and land him. If you had met Noemi in the street you would have known from the set of her hair that she would die rather than "encourage" any man on earth. Whereas a single glance at Claudia's bepuffed and ornate coiffure would have as decidedly proved that her second mission in life was to annex some fellowman. Claudia it was, then, who chose to play him, and the wonder was that he consented to be played.

At first it was my part to speculate, next to smile, and then to be unfeignedly sorry while he submitted, with apparent ill-grace, to the blandishments and wayward fancy of the fair angler. Before him, her chosen, she never dropped the mask. He could see what a very lovely girl she was physically, and it was not improbable that he believed her to be accomplished. She was the kind of girl from whom you expect accomplishments, but she had not acquired even the art of piano-playing. True, she could do more with her eyes than any other creature I have ever seen; they acted independently of her face. Noemi's eyes, needless to say, did not work alone. Her mouth sulked or gravely smiled in unison with steel-grey eyes that lacked lustre. I remarked on only one occasion that her eyes were really fine—when the ground was covered with snow. And snow was the last thing you would think of in connection with Noemi; she was so intensely human, so vibrant, that the very soul of her must have been

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flesh-colored, a warm, living tint that would put the dead-white snow to shame.

Yet Noemi also lacked accomplishments. She could paint only—how she could paint! Not the china-teacup style nor the heavily shaded wild-rose kind of art; she painted landscapes that glowed on the canvas, and men and women that might have lived, so great the longing in their faces. Noemi had been taught to paint and to draw, but hers was the kind of talent that is balked by instruction, not encouraged. Strange girl! She accepted teaching from no one on any point. Even her manners were her own; she had evoked a code of morals without help of laity or clergy, and if the dicta of the greater moralists happened to coincide with hers, so much the better for the greater moralists; she was not dependent on them. Her speech was decided even to brusqueness and her discrimination imperfect.

In Claudia such tastes would have been allowed, encouraged; but Noemi's soul should have been boundless; it must have been her parentage—the curse, most unjust, working to the unsinning generations—her miserable parentage and surroundings that had set limitations to her genius. Mr. Gurdon and Claudia had warped her.

Apmaris and I saw, very early in the play, that unless Dacent took to his heels at once he was lost. But it was not ours to advise. As Apmaris put it, we were in the stalls for the time being; we couldn't behave like the rustic in the pit, crying rapid warnings to the unsuspecting hero. Mrs. Gurdon, from her standpoint, also saw that the man's hesitation meant gain for Claudia.

"I never advise the dear girls," she said; "they're both—what d'you call it? —free agents."

I hadn't the courage to suggest that Dacent wasn't.

"He's well off, I expect," I remarked.

"Not what you'd call a *parti*," said she, "but a thousand or so." I looked at him with increased interest, wondering why the man didn't at once leave for Morocco or the Urals.

Mrs. Gurdon rolled the words round her tongue. As she herself admitted, a thousand or so wasn't much; but, then where there was *true* love . . .

I roused myself sufficiently to say "Of course" and to go. I had been staring blankly at the victim, in truth quite amazed that anyone should be taken in by Claudia's affected manners. Noemi's close hand-grip as I said good-bye surprised me, her face still more; the girl was absolutely radiant, and I didn't forget her joyous smile for a long while.

* * *

Some days passed before I had time to call again at the Gurdons', but by chance I met Apmaris, who was greatly elated at the turn things had taken.

"*De plus*, Noemi's always so pleased and pleasing nowadays," he told me; "altogether the whole thing's going on beautifully. Of course you know the plot, but you mustn't miss the acting. Act II. is about to commence. Don't miss a word of it, man!"

I went round that evening most opportunely. There was a soiree, as Claudia said; the poor relations called it a conversazione, and Mrs. Gurdon had been heard to designate such entertainments by the name of "Small and Earlies." Fortunately it was small, but not so very early. Indeed, it was past midnight when we flocked into the studio to see Noemi's work. The girl was always somewhat reserved about her art, but on that memorable occasion she smilingly and aptly expatiated on her subjects, told us amusing tales of the people who "sat" for her, explained, at my request, her idea for her coming picture. It was clear to us who knew of her ability and who now saw the fruits of her toil that the girl was sure to succeed. It was an hour of triumph for her; frankly expressed as were our praises, her manner of accepting of them was no less frank but decidedly more graceful. Noebi became, for the moment, quite wonderfully handsome, and I am sure that the others, as much as I, forgot that there was ever a Claudia.

The second act culminated in a magnificent "curtain." When we returned to the drawing-room Dacent left immediately; he was pale, distraught, and hurried; he lingered pitifully in front of Noemi as he made his adieux, but

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she dismissed him brusquely, yet kindly withal, and he crept away.

We followed some time later, and were walking along the deserted street when someone called to us. Along the grassy pavement, and across the muddy roadway, ran Noemi, still clad only in her light house-dress, with draggled flimsy skirt and ruined slippers. In silence and amazement we turned; Apmaris gently took her hand under his arm and led her towards the house again.

She broke the awkward silence as we splashed across the street. "They've run away!" she panted. "Oh, oh, oh, they've run away!"

We stared at each other across her bowed head.

"They've run away!" she sobbed, becoming every moment more hysterical.

Mrs. Gurdon's grief was somewhat marred by her evident sense of triumph. The machinations of herself and Claudia had met with success. Still, for the suddenness of the business and the unseemly hour, she made a very creditable attempt to act up to her role. Her insane suggestion, that she harped upon continually, was that one of us—Apmaris for choice—should take Noemi immediately to Dacent's rooms for the purpose of reclaiming the runaway. But Noemi, calmed and flushed, indignantly refused to stir or let us go, as we halfheartedly suggested. Since her first transport of surprise and shame the girl had returned to her usual calm, restrained aloofness, almost indifference, save for her pout and close-drawn brows. Now she once more flared up, derided her mother openly, and frowned Apmaris into silence. She would not hear of any interference; she and Claudia had little in common, no sympathy, no love; why, therefore, asked Noemi, should one attempt to save the other from a natural folly? Or why interfere between a girl and her happiness?

We saw that we could do no more, and again left to go homeward. We were quite bewildered by the turn things had taken. That he should run away with her! It was so unnecessary that it really seemed the more likely. She must have become very desperate, but when a girl is twenty-seven it doesn't take long for her to become either sensible or desperate.

In spite of what we said to the loud-lamenting mother that these hasty runaway affairs always turned out happily, I must confess to feeling very sorry for Dacent. The memory of his awkward adieux, his wistful, distracted glances at Noemi, clung to me through the night

* * *

It seemed fitting that the next scene should take place in my rooms. Dacent had arrived before I was up. I heard him moving restlessly about in the adjoining room while I hurriedly dressed. When I went in to him he did not greet me. He was haggard and spent.

"I've had the most awful experience that ever man had," he began bluntly. "Look here!" he said, flushing hotly, and handing me a note; "last night I received that."

I returned it in silence and he replaced it with care in his pocketbook.

"I tried to see her after that,'" he went on, "but when we got out of the studio she wasn't there. I didn't dare tell Noemi, and as for you chaps . ."

I replied indignantly.

"I was half-crazed," he said in extenuation. "I really was half-mad; *she* must have been quite mad! What would you have done?"

"What did *you* do is more to the point?"

"She said she'd be there before me," he continued. "So—so I didn't go to my flat."

"Didn't go?"

"No . . . I've been walking about all night between Everso street and her own home to see when she'd sicken of it and go back. Now I daren't go to see *them,* because they mayn't have found out, and I'm certainly not going to my flat until she's cleared off."

"They have found out," I said.

His face fell. "They have, have they? How do you know?"

"They called us back last night."

"They?"

"Well, Noemi," I admitted.

"Ah, Noemi!" he repeated, as if the name was a novelty. "Was she much upset?"

"She was terribly cut up," I said.

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"She was quite ill."

At this the man grew very grey and walked about the room again. I told him all—of the mother's wish and Noemi's angry refusal, and as I recounted what she had said his face became ashen. He went speechless from my room when I had finished.

I had thought at times during the *tete-a-tete* that I should derive much amusement from his attitude when he went, but I felt depressed and somewhat hopeless.

When Noemi came, not like the ladies of West End drama, but unveiled, on foot, and undisguised, I was not wholly surprised. The situation was distinctly more promising. She also began straightway, and my mind whirled.

"I came to you," she said, as if I had asked, "to you because you were very calm and rather aloof last night, and John Amparis is always biased in my favor. Now you and I like each other just enough, and you must listen with an open mind." She stood now with her back to me and looked through the window. "I was distracted, upset, last night," she said. "Her note was the first intimation we had of the whole affair, although, of course, anyone could see that both she and mother wanted to make a match between them. But we never guessed *that* would happen—I never guessed. Now, mother says there's only one thing to do, and she's really quite glad that it's come about so, I believe—you saw that, too, didn't you? Now, it's *this* I've come to say. He mustn't marry her; I know it sounds terrific. You'll think it worse when you hear why. You would never guess my motive. . . ."

And with that she turned and looked at me. "Do you yourself think," she questioned slowly, "that it was *his* plan?"

"No."

"No," she said after me, and returned to the window. "He always seemed a very nice man. We liked him, trusted him. If I had behaved as you and Mr. Apmaris expected, I should have been entirely calm, rather indifferent and not ashamed at all of her. You always thought me very broadminded, enormously so for a woman of my position. You found me at first absolutely shocked and prudish, overwrought, hysterical. When you two kind men had gone the second time, I went to my room and unpacked my travelling bag." She faced round. "I was going away today. Tell me, truthfully, do you believe it was *her* doing, not his?"

I felt that I must tell her; we each knew more than the other. I for one would divulge my knowledge.

"He knew nothing of it," I said, meeting her steady eyes. "He never even guessed."

She came towards me, silent, and I spoke further.

"He was here just before you came; he told me his version, his defense. He hasn't been near his flat since he got her insane note."

When next I looked at her she was flushed and tearful. With a brave smile, she held out her hand.

"You are good to tell me," she said, with a sob in her throat. "This morning we were to have met and been married at half-past eleven."

The shock of her announcement left me saying baldly, "There's still time." Mechanically I led her out, hailed a cab, and drove to the corner of her road. I got out tremulously enough, and went to the house.

Mrs. Gurdon had just gone up to put on a hat and cloak preparatory to driving with Dacent to the flat. He told me with downcast looks and sullen tone that the lady had disbelieved every word he said, had abused him maternally, and was going to insist on his marrying Claudia. By the time I had heard all this I had got him down the steps and round the corner into the cab. Then I flew to Apmaris, and by dint of bribes and threats we arrived at the Registrar's office in time for part of the ceremony.

When we came out of the office, Apmaris and Mrs. Dacent spoke apart. My idea burnt in me.

"Dacent," I said, "yours is to save your sister-in-law alive."

Apmaris was splendid. "I can't think why I haven't been consulted," he protested. "You must know, Mrs. Dacent, that this fellow dragged me here without my knowing a bit where we were

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going! And if you only would leave things to me! Miss Claudia's not in the flat, she's at home in her own room with the *migraine*. Last night after we'd left you, Miss Noemi, I went off at once to Dacent's place to talk him over. I knew you were terrifically worried. And there she was, very angry about his not turning up. Then I told her that he'd not received the note, that I'd had it—and it was a good shot—I saw that she *had* given or sent him a note. I talked her over, told her that if she went back then, under my care, no one, not even Dacent, should know. She came like a lamb. I broke the latch of the studio-window, and helped her in. That's my business!"

In less than half an hour's time we had all casually dropped in at the Gurdon's. Mrs. Gurdon was indisposed, poor woman; I believe she thought she was becoming demented, and that she had in her own brain muddled the events of the past evening horribly. Claudia, pale but lovely, avoiding Dacent and John Apmaris, devoted her fair self to me. Mrs. Dacent packed her bag again, and I saw them off by the boat-train.

Apmaris was still more splendid; he took Mrs. Gurdon and Claudia to the theatre that night. But the curtain really fell when Noemi kissed her sister good-bye.



Time for Desperate Measures.

It was way out in West Texas. An old woman was waiting nervously for a train on the Katy. We will call it No. 2. The agent came out and chalked up—"No. 2 is twenty minutes late."

The old woman sniffed.

Presently he returned and chalked up:

"No. 2 is forty minutes late."

The old woman groaned.

But when he reappeared and wrote: "No. 2 is sixty minutes late," she could stand it no longer.

"For the land's sake," she said, "will somebody please take that piece of chalk away from that man or we never will get away from this place."

Then He "Caught On."

A prominent politician, at a dinner recently, was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected to office.

"After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat worse for wear, who came into a dance in Texas. The floor manager saw him and led him out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back again. Finally, the floor manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance."

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Meditations of a Modern Don Quixote.

BY W. H. N.

The difference between a Philosopher and a Fool is that the Fool *thinks* he is a Philosopher, but the Philosopher *knows* he is a Fool!

"Woman, Wine and Song"—a trinity of good things that always puts a man in "wrong!"

The Mosaic law forbade Solomon the possession of statuary or paintings—so, being denied the counterfeit, he contented himself with the real—and collected a thousand living beauties to adorn his palace!

For three things will a man stake his all—his happiness, his life, and his liberty—Fame, Wealth, and Woman—and for a fourth will he risk even these—another woman!

Love is well called the Solace of Fools—for the Sage forseeth the bitter end—Marriage!

Of Eld they said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's,"—but Woman claims for her tribute all things—Human and Divine!

A Woman's love is like wild honey gathered by a bear—gained only by arduous toil, its first taste is sweeter and of more exquisite perfume than the Ambrosia of the Gods—but ere the winner have eaten his fill he is stung to death by its maker!

There is an ice that burns like fire, and a fire that chills to the bone—but only a woman's smile can fill your breast with desire, and leave your heart turned to stone!

The Creator gave the first man a Paradise, and he lost it trying to satisfy a woman's whims.

This trait is about all his descendants have left of his heritage—except a hatred of Snakes and a liking for Apples!

AS A STORY TOLD.

When Evening's light grows dim,
And, through the garden's close, you walk with him
    Who holds thy heart in fee,—
Then, as a story told
Of one that knew Love's unease of Old,
    Keep me in memory!

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Personal Opinions on Current Events

Captain John Hood, U. S. N., Analyzes Our Navy.

"At no time has our fleet been developed along lines of consistent thought to meet a definite end which should be the guarantee of the nation's peace. Today we have a fleet too small and heterogeneous to meet the ends which justify its maintenance and too large to be carried as a burden for a plaything.

"Cut off ruthlessly and sell and scrap all vessels on the navy list of no fighting value and all superfluous yards and stations not needed for the maintenance of the fleet which uselessly are absorbing large sums of public money in their care and up-keep.

"Provide and train enough officers and men on the active list and on the reserve to fully man this fleet for war. Provide necessary bases and arsenals, and educate the people that no fleet is adequate for the preservation of peace which has not the readiness and strength to meet the enemy and say, 'thou shalt not.' Show them its trifling cost as compared with even the smallest and successful war, ours with Spain.

"We have inherited from our fathers no entangling alliances, but we have the Monroe doctrine. As the nations of Europe and Asia become overcrowded with their ever increasing populations, this doctrine promises to be a fruitful source of contention and challenge and that doctrine is no stronger than the American fleet. There is the principle of Asiatic exclusion; the principle known as the open door policy and there is our determination to assume military control of the Panama canal territory and its contiguous waters.

* * *

Chicago Agriculture Conference Puts Problem Up to Federal Government.

The cost of taking the products of the farm to the consumers is unnecessarily large, and the methods employed are wasteful.

"Efficient methods for the distribution of these farm products are of pre-eminent importance in reducing the cost and raising the standard of living. The government should establish an effective agency for the study of the problems of marketing.

"The state governments, in similar manner, should take up the study of more economic and efficient systems of marketing. The universities, agricultural colleges, newspapers and organizations for the promotion of economic welfare, should give the question their immediate attention."

It is the opinion of the conference that "the small farmer is at present unable to secure for sufficient time at a reasonable rate, and under favorable conditions, the capital with which to purchase a farm, or to procure the equipment and materials necessary." It recommends that national and state governments and other agencies mentioned should give immediate consideration to the provision of adequate means to which farmers may secure loans, under favorable conditions.

"We favor organized co-operation, both of consumers and producers, under proper supervision, to promote efficient distribution, economical marketing and reduce expenses between producers and consumers; also organized co-operation properly supervised, for securing more advantageous systems of rural credit.

* * *

Prof. Bird, U. of M., Discusses Difference in Races.

"Primarily, the north was settled by the sturdy races, while to the south went the mongrel tribes from Southern Spain and the cut-throats of Europe. The continual warring, the wanton murders on the main streets of Mexico, are attributable to the stock whence came the nation. This applies to Nicaragua and other republics as well.

"They have no problems, they live by the rule of the iron hand. We have problems and we think them out. Now we are confronted with those of divorce, of wages and of party strife. The day will come when a man instead of being a Republican or Democrat first and a citizen afterwards will be a citizen always."

* * *

Herr Sokolow, of Russia, Speaks of Dangers to Jews.

"This great melting pot of America, with all its opportunities for gaining the material things of the world, is our danger. It swallows up all that comes to it; obliterates individuality; deadens the hearts of men. It would make all people alike, as it tends to fashion all cities and towns and buildings alike.

"The Jews must not lean on any other nation; we must stand apart; in that lies our strength. The far Holy Land is our home; there is room for all who will go; and opportunity and contentment.

"Zionism deals with the future of Jews. It looks far ahead; it analyzes the relations of the Jews and other nations of the world; and it reveals what must be done if Judaism would not lose its identity among the nations of the world. We must not let the great melting pot swallow up our language, our customs and our souls.

"Zionism has a claim upon every Jew—the claim of past glories, but what is more, the claim of a mighty future."

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The Theatre

by W. W. AULICK

Dorothy Parker, daughter of Louis N. Parker, the author of "Disraeli," "Pomander Walk," and "Joseph and His Brethren," has completed the sketches which will illustrate the published version of the last-named play. Prior to Miss Parker's assumption of a stage career—she had never appeared professionally until she played the heroine of "Pomander Walk"—she achieved much success as an illustrator. Many of her drawings were published in *London Sketch* and similar publications. To illustrate her father's most successful play, Miss Parker has drawn character sketches of Joseph, Jacob, Reuben, Simeon, Potiphar, Potiphar's wife and Asenath as they were enacted in "Joseph and His Brethren" at The Century Theatre. Her sketch of Asenath is that of herself in the character of the high-priest's daughter whom Joseph marries.

* * *

Viola Allen has sailed for Europe, the first of the big stars to undertake the annual pilgrimage. Miss Allen will also be the first to return, inasmuch as she contemplates spending only from six to eight weeks on the other side.

* * *

May Irwin usually closes her season suddenly and unexpectedly as soon as she hears the call of the St. Lawrence country, where she spends her summers. This season, however, the call of laughter is so strong that it is likely to drown out the call of the St. Lawrence until very late in the season. Never has a May Irwin play been more hilariously received than has "Widow By Proxy"—and that's saying an awful lot.

* * *

May Irwin has added a laughing night-cap to her most successful comedy, "Widow By Proxy" in George Ade's comical one-act play "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," thus giving her audiences double laughing measure. One critic declared that either end of her double bill was funnier than anything else, and the two combined made a program that defied adjectives.

* * *

There has been an interchange of camels between "The Garden of Allah" and the "Joseph and His Brethren" companies. Sahara, one of the desert beasts on tour with the big Robert Hichens-Mayr Anderson spectacle, has been suffering from a severe case of homesickness, while Whitey, an old circus camel acting in "Joseph and His Brethren," has grown restless for the road. The keepers of the camels in both shows diagnosing these complaints, the switch was at once effected. Both animals are reported to have expressed effusive pleasure at the change of atmosphere.

* * *

George Arliss, now completing his third season in the title role of Mr. Parker's "Disraeli" finds leisure to lend active support to a rational campaign against such articles of feminine apparel that cost pain and torture to defenseless animals in their acquisition.

* * *

In a few weeks the tour of the season's most profitable attraction, "The Garden of Allah" will come to a close. This successful dramatization of Robert Hichens' famous novel opened its season the last week in August, beginning with an eight-weeks' record breaking engagement in Chicago. In all twelve cities have been visited to date, records for busines having been shattered in nine of them. In the

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first thirty-four weeks of the season the receipts totaled $623,177, a sustained average of over $18,000 a week, the most marvelous business ever recorded, at regular prices, in the history of the theatre. The highest week's receipts were slightly in excess of $27,000, nine weeks in all exceeded $25,000, and only twice in the whole season did the receipts fall below $10,000, a figure way above the average takings of the ordinary "big success," these two weeks being the ninth and tenth in Boston, a city with a large Catholic population, during Lent. Two more weeks divided among four cities remain of this extraordinary tour, the receipts of which, it is estimated, will be limited only by the capacity of the houses played.

With the twenty-eight weeks of record-breaking business at The Century Theatre last season, Author Hichens will have received $182,000 in royalties for the first two seasons of "The Garden of Allah's" dramatic career. These royalties are based on a sliding scale, the bigger the week's receipts, the bigger the author's percentage.

* * *

So great was the demand for seats towards the close of the run of "Joseph and His Brethren" at The Century Theatre, which ended on April 26, in order to make way for the spring season of Italian light opera, that extra matinees were added to accommodate the crowds. Not until it is considered that The Century Theatre is the largest house devoted to legitimate drama in this country, and that eight performances a week were not sufficient to house the audiences flocking to see Mr. Parker's pageant play, can the great popularity of this attraction be gauged.

* * *

Pauline Frederick who plays Potiphar's wife in "Joseph and His Brethren," **has been selected by Artist Harrison Fisher as his ideal type** of American beauty.

* * *

"The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory, one of the most comic of the one-act plays in the repertoire of The Irish Players during their American tours, is to be played in vaudeville this summer.

* * *

The Drama League of America, organized for the support of good drama, has bulletined "Joseph and His Brethren," Louis N. Parker's play, now being given at the Century Theatre. This official statement of the League is independent of any outside influence, and the fact that a bulletin is issued on a play at all indicates that because of its artistic merit or the timely and vital nature of its appeal, the Playgoing Committee deems it worthy of support.

The bulletin says of "Joseph and His Brethren": "It is more than a superb spectacle of an ancient and picturesque people. It has a dramatic interest that is not at any time submerged in the brilliant and artistic scenic effects. With the exception of occasional melodramatic situations, the familiar story is treated with impressive dignity and dramaturgic skill. Set amid scenes of barbaric splendor and idyllic beauty, it conveys a decided moral uplift, in its portrayal of the joys of forgivenness and supreme faith in the justice of the God of Israel. The dialogue, in harmony with the noble spirit of the whole, includes some impressice lines other than Scriptural,—notably Jacob's speech to Joseph upon attaining manhood. The ensemble is delightful in its varied and artistic costuming, and with the well chosen cast, reflects in action a reverent and sympathetic appreciation of the theme. Brandon Tynan, as Joseph; James O'Neill, as Jacob, and Pauline Frederick, as Zuleika, the jealous, passionate wife of Potiphar, are the most effective among the many well-contrasted characters. Altogether, the pageant is one of the most satisfying spectacular achievements ever presented."



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To A Dead Mother

M. A. GILLETTE

Since thou hast gone, I often see
In garden closes
Faint visioned effigies of thee
Among the roses;
Some semblance of thy beauty's bloom,
That clung around thee,
But never was I fain to say
"This rose is thine" until today—
Today I found thee.

Where Poverty in squalor lies,
Within the city,
Where summer burns but never sighs
With breath of pity,
How little speaks of thee; but there
Thy rose of roses, sweet and fair
I found this morning!
The white rose in its broken pot
An attic window's garden plot
I saw adorning.

Ne'er bloomed a sweeter flower of love
In greenest valley,
Than that white rose, set high above
The squallid alley.
If anywhere on earth thou art,
Here would'st thou hide thy mother heart
In self-abasement;
This rose must house thy spirit mild
To cheer the little sickly child
Behind that casement.



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How Books are Written

In the olden days, the portrait of some individual with a far-away look in his eyes, a quill pen wedged behind one ear and a trace of ink near the tip of the middle finger of the right hand, at once was recognized as the likeness of a writer of the day. Not so in our time. Modern authors do not belong to a composite group. For even the methods they employ in the mechanical preparation of their manuscripts are wholly as original and fully as individual as the styles which characterize their completed works. The modern writer has his own particular modus operandi which is so peculiarly his own that it might well be called an eccentricity.

Seated at a typewriter in a little log cabin up on the crown of old Harpeth Mountain, near her home in Nashville, Tenn., Maria Thompson Daviess, author of the new southern romance, Andrew the Glad, works out her charming plots. Miss Daviess uses the typewriter even in preparing her preliminary notes and in jotting down her first ideas and impressions.

"I have almost come to believe," said the author laughing, "that the only time I really do think is when I am seated at my typewriter. And I have become so attached to it that I do not like to think of the day when it will be supplanted by some new, 60-horsepower model, that will even do the thinking if necessary.

"The fact that I am 'addicted' to the use of the typewriter when working on a story," said Harold MacGrath recently, "caused me no end of anxiety and delayed the preparation of my last novel, The Place of Honeymoons, for several weeks.

"I started the book while sojourning at Como, Italy, that picturesque little mountain-lake resort where most of the scenes of the story are laid. I struck upon the idea, decided it was a good one and determined to lose no time in getting a first draft of a manuscript completed. But lo and behold! When I started to look for a typewriter, without which I could not have composed a line, I could not beg, borrow or steal one in the whole of Como. There was not a typewriter in the place. Immediately I got in communication with an agent in Milan, Italy, and ordered one sent by the first train. It arrived promptly, but imagine my dismay, when, upon unpacking it, I found that it was an Italian model, with an Italian keyboard, minus about half a dozen consonants, which since babyhood I had been accustomed to using, and in other respects designed to meet the requirements of the descendants of Romulus and Remus and not the progeny of the Puritan fathers. That keyboard was a rebus and I was compelled to give myself a thorough course of instruction in accustoming myself to the peculiar arrangement of the letters and the lack of certain others before I could begin to work in earnest on my story.

Another of the typewriter brigade is Emerson Hough, who wrote "John Rawn, Prominent Citizen." Mr. Hough has never written a manuscript for one of his novels, in longhand. In explaining his method he said:

"I always have the material that I am going to use in my story pretty well in hand before I start to write anything at all. I know just how I am going to start, what my big scenes will be and where they will occur, and where my story is going to end. I also have a definite moral in view, so that, one might say, my work in putting my stories into manuscript form is little more than a mechanical process.

"I'm not exactly what you might call a 'speed demon' on the typewriter; I take plenty of time. By arranging my machine so that the spaces between the printed lines are as wide as possible, I may interline easily and copiously if necessary. Then when I see I am at the bottom of the page, I roll back the sheet and start up at the top and read down. As I go along I make my inserts and corrections directly with the typewriter. Thus,

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when I have gone over the work in this manner, each page is in pretty good shape and my final revision takes but little time."

Although Will Irwin, author of "The Red Button," has never actually written with a cigarette, it is doubtful whether he has ever written without one, for to him a peculiar blend of dark-brown cigarette papers are as essential when he writes as are pencil and paper. Mr. Irwin smokes incessantly while writing and his method of setting down his stories is wholly individual.

The first draft of one of Mr. Irwin's stories has much the appearance of an object lesson in hieroglyphics. He abbreviates every word for which he can devise an abbreviation and in addition, he uses a code of signs and symbols, which he alone can interpret. After the first draft is completed, Mr. Irwin puts it aside for several days, at the end of which time he betakes himself to his typewriter with his composition and "works up the diction," as he explains it. This typewriter manuscript is generally the final draft of Mr. Irwin's book.

Only the first five chapters of "The Valiants of Virginia," by Hallie Erminie Rives, were really written by the author. For Miss Rives suffered an injury to her right wrist shortly after she had started to work on the manuscript and was unable to do any writing for several weeks. Rather than delay at a time when her ideas were so well in hand, Miss Rives sought another means of tabulating her thoughts. She purchased a phonograph and transmitted her ideas to records. Then when she recovered from her injury, she transcribed that part of the story she had dictated. It was an expensive experiment, but the results fully justified the means. Miss Rives asserts that the portions of the story she dictated are some of the best in her book. And the "Valiants of Virginia" is considered Miss Rives' most delightful story.

"It just depends which hand I happen to pick up my fountain pen with," said Mary Roberts Rinehart, the well-known author of "Where There's a Will," "When a Man Marries," "Seven Days," etc., in explaining how she prepared her manuscripts. "I am ambidexterous. When I was a little girl I was left-handed, but my teachers and parents insisted that I learn to write with my right hand also, and I did. Now I am glad of it, for when the fingers of one hand become cramped and tired, I just shift my pen to the other hand and go on with my work. But it is easy to discern where I have made these shifts. My right hand makes beautiful round, vertical letters, while my left hand operates in a decidedly back-handed fashion."

Mrs. Rinehart writes all of her manuscripts in longhand, always with a fountain pen, and uses ruled tablet paper. Her writing is very legible and her manuscripts are characterized by the neatness and care with which they are prepared. It is said that it is hard to distinguish between a first draft and a final draft of a Rinehart story.

Much in the same manner that Abraham Lincoln write the Gettysburg address did George Randolph Chester prepare the original outline of "The Jingo." It was while riding on a train from New York to Chicago that Mr. Chester conceived the idea for his novel and wasted no time in jotting down an autline on the back of an envelope that he took from his pocket. The story was completed at Mr. Chester's summer camp on Lake Michigan. Mr. Chester does a great deal of his writing out-of-doors and is a member of the "pencil corps."

Robert J. Burdette, the clergyman-humorist, whose delightfully human sketches and poems were recently published under the title "Old Time and Young Tom," is in a class by himself when it comes to preparing his manuscripts. Life and its significance, life and its humor are Mr. Burdette's theme and he seems to see things through a special spy-glass of his own. A resident of California, where "it is summer the year round," Mr. Burdette spends much of his time in a large wicker easy-chair on his front lawn, "getting inspirations." Naturally a re-

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served and quiet man, when left alone to his own thoughts he seems to be happiest. But when he strikes on the theme for a poem or sketch, he becomes a veritable human dynamo. He wastes no time in getting started in the actual work of putting his composition in writing, but peculiar as it may seem, he does little of the actual writing himself. It is some member of Mr. Burdette's household who writes as Mr. Burdette dictates while pacing up and down in his study. When the first draft is thus set down, Mr. Burdette goes over the work himself and makes the corrections and changes.



A note book is a crutch for debilitated brains.

The best bosses were once the best workmen.

Of all the malcontents the non-producer is the worst.

"Just as good," is the mother-in-law joke of business-life.

The fellow that marries a home never get through paying for it.

A bad habit is like a bad egg—you can't tell how bad it is until the lid is off.

The girl that talks about something besides boys and clothes is called intellectual.

Surrender gracefully. Do not give up a point in such a way as to make an enemy.

The pay envelope of the man who hates his work never contains many "yellow backs."

We may pity those who bore us, but we usually hate those who make it obvious that we bore them.

One of the barriers to prosperity is a poor man trying to build up a home with a seal skin wife and a muskrat salary.

"What a pathway of roses life would be if all the impulses of our silent moments were made the guide of everyday life."

Don't whine. Tell people you are a failure and they will believe it. Talk and act like a winner, and in time you will become one.

Never make silent motions for the bartender to fill up the glasses. When it's your time to treat, shout out! It sounds liberal and costs no more.

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Auld Lang Syne

By Frank H. Vizetelly.

Perhaps the following facts concerning "Auld Lang Syne" may prove of interest. The earliest known version of the song was published in 1716 in Volume III of a collection called Watson's "Scots Poems," and this may be but a variation of an earlier edition. Its opening stanza runs:

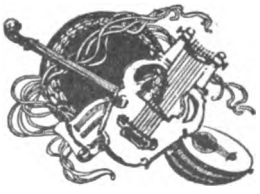
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely passed and gone?

The burden of the song was "Old long syne." In 1724 another version was published by Allan Ramsay in "Tea Table Miscellany." It ran:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtained in glorious wars.

The burden of this version varied and was "As I was last syne," "As they did lang syne," etc. The version by Robert Burns, written in 1788 and no doubt based on earlier songs whose burden was "Auld lang syne," was first published in Thomson's "Original Scottish Airs," Volume I, issued in 1793 and set to a mediocre tune. It was not until 1799 that the song, set to the tune so popular today, appeared in the third book of the same series.

That William Shield wrote this tune is by no means certain. Maitland's recent edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" does not credit him with its authorship. The air is commonly believed to be an old Scottish melody, which was published and republished under different titles from the year 1757. It was known as "The Miller's Daughter." "The Miller's Wedding," "I Fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas," and was attributed to Shield merely because it was introduced at the close of his overture to "Rosina" in 1783 and was signatured "to imitate the bagpipes." Shield, who lived for forty-six years after "Rosina" was printed, never claimed the authorship of the melody, which James Duff Brown has suggested may have been inserted in the score of "Rosina" at the suggestion of William Napier, a Scottish music publisher in London, who was one of Shield's friends.



Another Banking Plan.

"I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

"We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh, but I mean a charge account, such as I have at the big dry goods stores."

This is Really True.

A man named Stone and one named Wood met on the street recently, and they stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable sheath-gown passed. Simultaneously, Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; then both turned to rubber.

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True to Her Sex.

An old colored woman was sitting with knees crossed in the shoe department of a large store when a young woman clerk stepped up to wait upon her. "What size of shoe do you wear, Aunty?' she inquired.

"Well, honey, I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"

Good Work.

There were four of them talking confidentially in a corner of the smoker.

"I tell you, boys," exclaimed a loud-voiced drummer, 'I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing it's line of goods than ours."

"Humph! What do you sell?" asked a curious one.

"Baby carriages."

Good Advice—But—

One of the fair passengers of a yachting party noticed that the captain was anxious about a mishap to some of the machinery of the craft.

"What's the trouble, Captain?" she inquired.

"The fact is, Madam," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, my, don't worry about that," replied the lady. "As it's under the water nearly all the time no one will notice that it's gone."

At Mother's Knee.

One night at bedtime while Willie was being undressed, his mother said to him: "I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's, and didn't tell any stories."

"No, I didn't," he said, "only the one you put me up to, Mamma."

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"Well, you see, Auntie asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake, and I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough,' just as you said."

Merely a Suggestion on His Part.

The last applicant for help found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said to the frayed and rag-tended hand.

"I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"

When Theory Didn't Work.

The new teacher surveyed her wriggling, restless charges with some dismay. But, true to her oft-studied book of instructions as to the best manner of implanting knowledge in the young mind, she began:

"Now, children, what is it that a cat is covered with? Is it fur? Is it hair? Is it feathers? Is it wool? Johnny Halloran, you may answer.

Johnny, seven, soiled and starved-looking, arising in a state of mingled contempt and perplexity, replied:

"Say, honest, is youse kiddin' or ain't youse never seen a cat?"

The Doctor.

"Is your son out of danger yet?"

"No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits."

Why, Indeed?

Spinster Jane was being condoled with because she had no husband.

"Save your pity," she said independently. "I have a dog that growls, a parrot that swears, a lamp that smokes, and a cat that stays out nights. Now why should I get married?"

Pat's Faith.

There had been an epidemic of colds in the town, and one physician who had had scarcely any sleep for two days called upon a patient—an Irishman—who was suffering from pneumonia, and as he leaned over to hear the patient's respiration he called upon Pat to count.

The doctor was so fatigued that he fell asleep, with his ear on the sick man's chest. It seemed but a minute when he suddenly awoke to hear Pat still counting: "Tin thousand an' sevinty-six, tin thousand an' sivinty-sivin——"

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A Bug Which Eats Lead

In a previous article the damage done by water to telephone instruments and house wiring was discussed. Obviously, there is equal danger from water entering the lead-covered telephone cables which extend overhead or underground between the telephone instruments and the central exchange.

These lead sheaths about the wires are squeezed on under tremendous hydraulic pressure while the lead is hot and plastic. They are then carefully tested and inspected and are guaranteed waterproof when new. The trouble is to keep them so. Says Prof. B. V. Hill of the Chicago Telephone Company:

"A very minute hole in the armor of a telephone cable will cause its failure if water gets in. If it chances to be a large unit subscribers' cable, hundreds of lines may be out of service, or, if it is a trunk, one office district may be cut off from another until the repair can be made. These leaks are so persistent and so insidious that only perpetual watching and considerable expense protect a city cable plant from very serious injury by them.

"Rats and squirrels frequently gnaw holes in the lead armor of cables. Probably a rat is sometimes caught in a duct alongside a cable and makes a hole to liberate himself. Otherwise it is hard to see why these animals should risk ruining a fine set of teeth on anything so flavorless as lead cable armor. It has been suggested that a rat expects to find water, having at some time found water in lead pipes, or that he has in some way acquired an appetite for the particular brand of paper with which copper wires are insulated. Whatever may be the situation of the rat, there appears to be no more excuse for squirrels chewing lead cable armor than for boys smoking grape vines or corn silk.

"There have been found certain cable-boring insects, said to be a minature form of the beetle Dermestes Vulpinus belonging to the family Dermestidae. This borer was first found to attack telephone cable sheath in Australia about ten years ago; later it was found in Southern California. It has also been seen in the hoof room of one of the packing houses at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago. The hoof room is the room where hoofs are stored preparatory to the manufacture of glue and the like. I have photographs which show a larva of this species found in a telephone pole and a bit of lead through which the parent bored to enter the pole to deposit the egg as well as spot in the pole where the larva was found. The hole might be taken for a nail hole but that the irregular surface of the wall has the appearance of something having bored round and round in a sort of a spiral. Some years ago this beetle was found to have damaged fuse in Portsmouth, Va. The old style fuse used at the time had a hole in one side to allow for the expansion of the air in case the fuse operated, instead of the saw cuts now made in the fibre casing of the fuse. These insects had apparently entered the casing through this hole, had cut up the asbestos packing around the fuse and opened the lead fuse-stripe iself.

"Moisture is the persistent enemy of good insulation. Pure water is a very poor conductor of electricity, but pure water is found only in scientific laboratories and ordinary water is so full of dissolved salts of various kinds that it is all too good a conductor.

"It may be of interest to add here that moisture does not make its way into the paper insulation of a cable nearly so fast as would be imagined. There have been a number of instances where a cable has lain in the conduit for from four to ten years with a hole as large as a twenty-five cent piece in the sheath until an unusually heavy rain has flooded the ducts and the cable failed entirely.

"The foregoing shows a few of the enemies of good telephone service which have arisen largely out of the delicacy and complexity of city circuits."

— ADV. —

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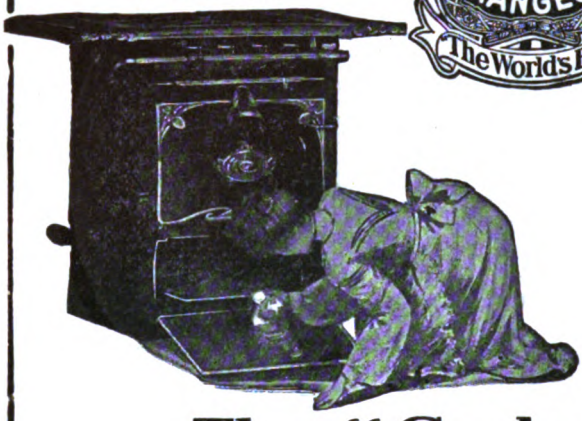
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The Old Way.



The "Garland" way.



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"Get the Hook"

[TRADE MARK]

"Easy-Grip" Garters

And you won't have to stop on the street to hitch up your sox. Web under all metal.
Worn so loosely around the leg you simply forget them, still



THEY NEVER SLIP DOWN

"EASY-GRIP" hooks adjust themselves; all edges are well rounded and will not tear. Large, flimsy hose can be held tightly around the leg by taking a big bite, or tight sox held by a few threads.

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FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost.

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COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

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The regular retail price of these tires is $8.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 (cash with order $4.55).



Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

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We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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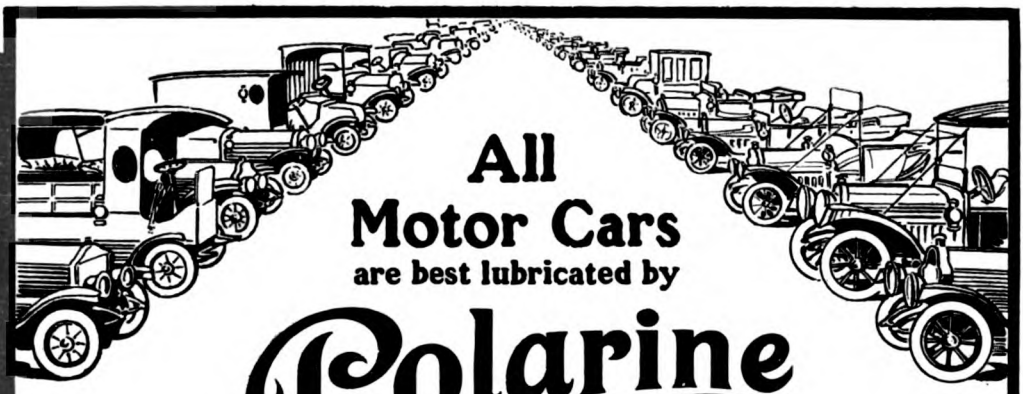
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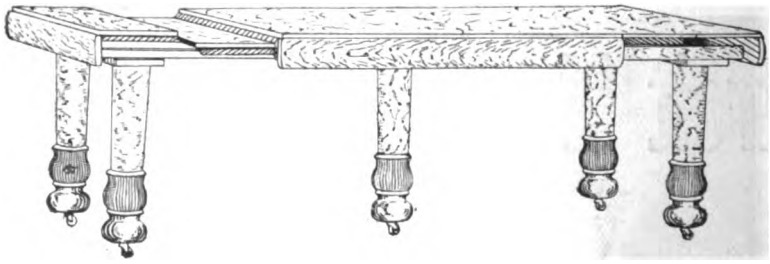
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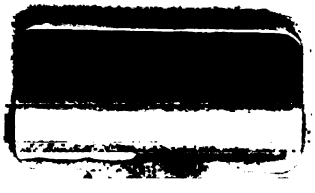
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